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OF TO-DAY

AN ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK
FOR THE SEASON
1887

CHARLES EYRE PASCOE

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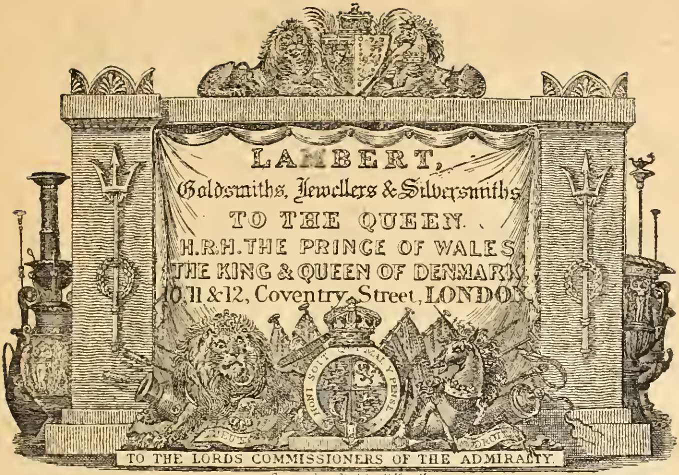

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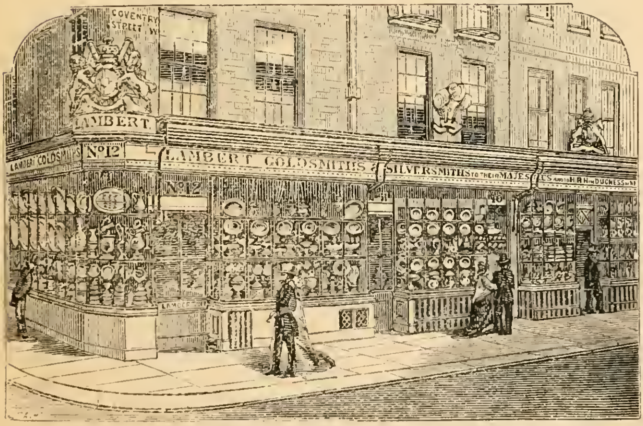

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CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.

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THE 20th of June, 1887, completes the 50th year of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen's reign. Of course her subjects everywhere, but in London, perhaps, most of all, are preparing to celebrate this Jubilee. When we have elbowed our own way to the front and tossed up a cap with the rest, we shall be in better position to tell of what's going on. At the date of this present writing we are a long way back in the crowd, and can only speak from hearsay—from what the "World" tells us, and "Truth" and the "Daily News" and the "Times." And when this book is published to the thousands who year by year ask for it (Mr. Sneer may laugh; but we take leave to repeat, *the thousands who year by year ask for it*), the daily journals will already have told in greater detail than we could possibly attempt the special preparations made for keeping (as we hope) that great Festival of the year in London of to-day. Still we must do our part.

Then, by your leave, good Sir. Stand aside, please, and give us room to clear our pipes for one loud, long, and lusty cheer for Queen Victoria and the proposal of a sentiment—The Queen! God bless her! Hip, hip, hurrah!—and one ringing cheer more, please. And as we happen to note an American friend or two in the crowd, perhaps they will oblige with a *tiger*, as we have heard it more than once vigorously given, at great feasts in Boston, Mass., wherein we were sometime an humble sojourner.

Thank you, gentlemen. Now let's pass on our way and see what's to be seen to-day in London.

Stay—just one word more. Masters, spread yourselves and allow the ladies room to see and space to listen. Ladies and gentlemen,—We cannot allow this auspicious and memorable opportunity to pass without offering a remark or two in the proper vein. Ladies and gentlemen, to suit the humour of the hour our talk in this chapter should be of banquets and banners and garlands, of brilliant illuminations, of tissue-clad ladies in gilt coaches, of handsome cavaliers on prancing horses, of naval reviews and military spectacles, of trumpets, drums, and salutes, of roasting of oxen whole, and drinking of tuns of ale, of children's merry-making, and old folks rejoicing, of stout-lunged huzzas and waving of caps—in fine, of all that pageant-making and enthusiastic festivity with which the Queen's lieges propose to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. We should speak of Public Thanksgiving in the Abbey of Westminster; of other great functions of State; of Drawing Rooms, Levées, and Balls; of the inflowing of guineas for raising an Imperial Institute; of other guineas contributed to the building of a Church House for the clergy; of the intended magnificent hospitality of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London; of the great annual gathering of Bards and Welsh choirs in the Albert Hall; of presentations to the public of parks, and statues, and schools, and churches, and alms-houses; of galas all over the world; and, as we most earnestly should have wished, foremost of all, of greater prosperity and happiness among the Queen's humbler subjects. All this is what we ought to have talked about here if we were not in danger of the journals forestalling us.

But, ladies and gentlemen, since that is *sure* to be the case, we venture a word or two here (as you have been so good as to favour us with your attention) respecting ourselves. The opportunity seems a fitting one, if Mr. Critic and Mr. Sneer will kindly step aside and give us permission to speak. If it is not precisely true, ladies and gentlemen, that, during the fifty years of Her

Majesty's reign, every man has eaten in safety, under his own vine, what he planted (cries of "No politics"), and sang the merry songs of peace to all his neighbours, yet England has heretofore been blessed almost beyond example. Her literature, ladies and gentlemen (will Mr. Sneer have the courtesy to refrain from interrupting?) has assuredly won its proudest triumphs under the sovereignty of women (a voice "Tell us something new"), as many (if the gentleman will only give permission to finish our sentence) more eloquent wielders of the pen than we have said time and time before. The reign of Elizabeth was made immortal by—

"Hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom."

That of Anne, the Augustan age, as it is most familiarly called, sometimes by those who know least about its literature (gentlemen, Mr. Sneer continues to interrupt), marks the next great epoch in our literary annals. And the reign of Queen Victoria the next. It is scarce necessary to recall the names of those whose contributions to our literature are to be classed among not the least lasting and precious memorials of her time. The most of these names are in one way or another associated with London —London life, London scenes, and London people. In what way they are associated, no one has told us more than authors of Handbooks, so called, with whose labours, ladies and gentlemen, some of you, no doubt, are sufficiently familiar. That industrious literary worker not seldom sows what another reaps, and, in the eyes of his more distinguished literary brother, who frequently avails himself of the other's industry, at small sacrifice of his own time and little charge to his own pocket, and generally with but reluctant acknowledgment of his takings, is only a literary *chiffonnier*. Beginning with Ned Ward,[1] whom everybody has vilified, and ending with Timbs and Thornbury, whose compilations many have sneered at, there has been hardly a writer on

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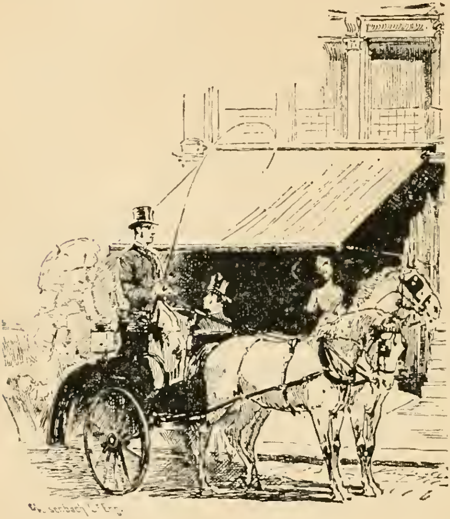
[1] "The London Spy."

London, London life, and London ways by whose labours some one has not profited.

Ladies and gentlemen, this book which we have had the honour to submit twice before for your acceptance, and which, very generously, you have each previous year asked for in larger number than we have been able to supply, illustrates the life and fashion of London of to-day. In regard of this, it speaks of the Hotels of to-day, the Restaurants of to-day, the State ceremonies of to-day, the Galas, Festivals, and Amusements of to-day, and finally, the Streets and Shops of to-day. If as strangers to the Town you wish to know Where to Stay, the author ventures advice upon that subject; if where to eat a good old English dinner, or a dinner in the most *recherché* style of the *haute cuisine Française*, he proffers advice upon that; if you wish to learn something about the Theatres, Concerts, and Pleasures of the town, he has not lost sight of that; if, ladies, you desire to know whereabout in London you may view the height of the mode in respect of gowns, bonnets, and hats, he informs you upon that; and if you, gentlemen, are bent upon studying the highest fashion in respect of coats and cravats, he has not failed to consider your commands upon that.



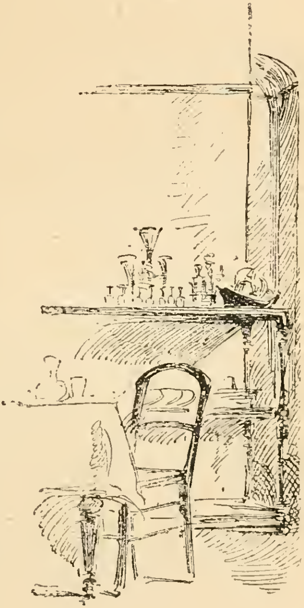
In a word, ladies and gentlemen, he offers for your acceptance a book which informs you upon most things likely to interest, when you flock to the capital city to celebrate the great National Holiday decreed for the Fiftieth Year of the reign of good Queen Victoria. If it should happen that some future historian a hundred years hence open this book for information of the London life of that year, he will find it sufficiently trustworthy, as well, the author hopes, in relation to its reading-matter as its illustrations. And the literary brother who may then have to write for a living, if "Comrade" Jones or "Citizen" Robinson do not provide him with a living without the necessity of writing, may with all our heart take from it as much and freely as he please.

With grateful acknowledgment of past favours, ladies and gentlemen, the author begs leave to remain your most obliged, and obedient, humble servant.

CHAPTER I.

WE TAKE A LOOK ROUND WITH THE READER.

WHERE is the London of our grandfather's time? Almost improved away. Nay, where is the London of our dearest mother's day? Scarce to be recognized. But a month ago we traversed it, if perchance we might light upon the place of her girlhood, and found it dismal, murky, and unfashionable, having long since passed without the pale of what are known among house-agents and auctioneers as desirable residential neighbourhoods. Yet in the early years of the century, let us assure the reader, the district about Theobalds Road, Harpur Street, Lamb's Conduit Street, Southampton Row, and adjacent streets, were inhabited by persons of the first respectability. The gardens of Gray's Inn, now least like gardens of any cultivated patch we know within central London, a discredit to any assemblage of gentlemen calling themselves ancient and honourable, were then the playing-ground and promenade of many a pretty school-miss whose papa stood well among merchants of the city. On Sundays their wives took the air in these same gardens after morning service at the Foundling Chapel (has not our own mother told us so, our mother who used to ride home a-top of the coach from the Misses Appleton's School on Clapham Common to spend Sunday at home); and what a wretched, sooty, forsaken place it is now! Most worthy Ancients and Honourables of the Society of Gray's Inn, why not cultivate somewhat of the kindly sympathies of your predecessors, turn your joyless "gardens" into real gardens, and open them to the little children of the neighbourhood? Does the reader care to see intact a street of the well-to-do middle-class of the Georges, then let him turn aside into Harpur Street, in Theobalds Road, and he may see one. Alderman Boydell (of Shakespeare Gallery fame) once lived here, as did other of his brethren of the scarlet gown. Harpur Street shelters no aldermen now. But you may still see the rings for the oil lamps, and the extinguishers for the flambeaux which used to light Mr. Alderman Boydell's guests to their carriages after dining with that worthy patron of the Fine Arts.



Yes, old London is going, going, indeed, has well-nigh gone. Occasionally, we try to revive its recollections by sending a coach-and-four out of Piccadilly with red-coated guard and tooting horn, and a gentleman driving in drab-coat and cheese-plate buttons; but it is only a make-believe. It is a kind of children playing at horses, and baby throwing brown-paper parcels into the "boot." Here and there, we may stroll into an old tavern with sanded floor, and fancy John in the greasy suit, with the bunch of seals at his fob, in waiting. But John isn't the old John; he is young Fritz, or Gustave, and so we turn out again into the street to get our cut of mutton elsewhere. "Your hotel, madam," we remarked lately to the landlady of an old-Georgian inn in Holborn, "must now be one of the oldest in London, probably the oldest in these parts." "Yes, sir, it is," she answered, "and it would be a good deal better for me if it were more modern." Just so. The king has arisen that knew not Joseph. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* We must put on our hat, tie up our muffler, and go out into the cold, and work ourselves into an honest glow in contemplating the modern. Good-bye the old, welcome the new. "Hand our traps, please John, into that brand-new cab-landau that's passing;" and "Driver, drive us to the Métropole." No! "Hold hard, cabby! Drive to the 'Criterion.'" We are a cup too low. We'll have a nice little lunch arranged by the manager (if he will be so good) in the East Room, and then, with your leave, we'll have a look at London of to-day. You'll not be angry with us, sirs, if we plunge at once into the fashion of the time, and call for our Petite marmite, our Rougets à la Spiers, our Bécasse et Salade, Biscuits Criterion, and pint of Richebourg, which have been recommended. Then, back to the Métropole, and you shall hear what we have to say.

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London of to-day is, as to its greater part, a new city. There are persons still living who remember when its western limits reached but a short distance beyond the now thickly populated districts of Pimlico and Paddington. Those limits now extend almost to Kingston in Surrey, and to Brentford in Middlesex, having long since encroached upon Fulham, Shepherd's Bush, and Kilburn. In the beginning of George the Third's reign there was nothing but a dreary, monotonous waste of dank pasturage between Cavendish Square and, what was then, the village of Marylebone. It was not till the year 1764 that Portman Square was laid out for building; and it was nearly twenty years before it was completed. Harley Street was begun about the same time. Soon afterwards Portland Place, formerly reckoned the most magnificent thoroughfare in London, and still one of its broadest and pleasantest, was built; and also most of the streets that intersect it. Regent Street, the "Circuses" so-called at either end of it, and Waterloo Place, all date from the early years of the present century. The Clubs—the Athenæum, Reform, Carlton, Oxford and Cambridge, Army and Navy, United

Service (Senior and Junior), in point of fact, the whole of Pall Mall and the splendid terraces fronting St. James's Park, have grown up within a period of fifty years—1826-1876. The Regent's Park district—that is to say, that part of London north of Portland Place—belongs to the second decade of the century. Belgravia, much of Mayfair, Tyburnia, Notting Hill, the Hyde Park fashionable quarters north and south, with their splendid mansions, have all risen within comparatively recent times. Between Kensington and Chelsea the fields over which Addison walked are now as much built upon as Belgravia. The pleasant walnut-tree walks and mulberry orchards of his time have long since made way for roads, for so-called "gardens," and for spacious squares. Elm Park, one of the last unoccupied spots between London and the old gardens of Cremorne, is now covered with streets and terraces; and of Cremorne itself, once the favourite resort of many a gay Londoner, nothing remains. On the river-side, between Cheyne Walk and Chelsea College, a row of fine red-brick houses has grown up, and the picturesque scene by the "Old Swan" has vanished. Prince's famous grounds have gone into the jaws of the devourer, which threaten to leave no green thing behind him. In the north-west of the town similar work goes on, as the mansions on Fitz-John's Avenue testify. In the far east, rows and rows of neat little houses appear all the way down the road to Ilford. On the Surrey and Kentish side, even to Sydenham and Chislehurst, Wimbledon and Croydon, the work of building progresses, enlarging to a wonderful extent the area of modern London.

The lines of communication with London in the south—the bridges which cross the Thames—London, Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo, Charing Cross, Westminster—are all of more or less recent construction; none dating farther back than the beginning of the century. The greater number of London's public buildings are of more modern date still—the General Post-Office, the Foreign and other public offices at Whitehall, the Houses of Parliament, South Kensington Museum, Burlington

House, &c. To these might be added the Thames Embankment, a large number of churches and chapels, public institutions, hospitals, schools, &c.; all the great railway termini—Charing Cross, St. Pancras, Waterloo, London Bridge, King's Cross, Euston Square; the numerous theatres and places of amusement, the palatial mansions of the West-End, and the monster warehouses of the City—all these are but the work of yesterday. Since the end of the eighteenth century London has undergone a marvellous change. The monster Metropolis, which is still swelling every year—to which, indeed, many thousand houses, forming several hundred new streets, covering a distance not far short of a hundred miles, were added but a year ago—which is increasing in a way which makes it bewildering to contemplate, not its final limits, but where those limits will reach even in the near future: this monster London is really a new city. It is this London—almost without limit in extent—new as to its life, its streets, and the social condition of the millions who dwell in them, whose very manners, habits, occupations, and even amusements have undergone as complete change within the past half-century as the great city itself—it is this London which we purpose to discuss with the reader. We will not tax his patience with telling him of the square miles it covers, nor of the exact numbers of its population, nor of the births and deaths which take place within its limits in the course of twenty-four hours, nor of its trade, food-supply, means of locomotion, and the rest, all of which information may be gathered from Reports, "Blue" and other books, within reach of those who may be curious in such matters.

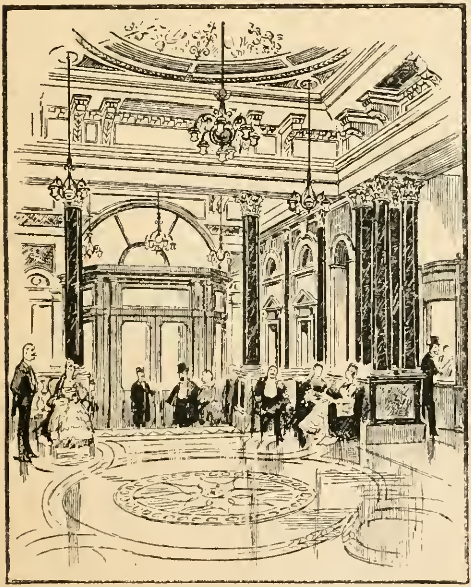
London of to-day has taken somewhat of the form and ways of a Continental city. Broad new streets and boulevards are opening in various parts. We have a grand new thoroughfare at the eastern end of Piccadilly recently completed. We are promised a grander, opening up a vista from the Strand to Buckingham Palace. Huge, foreign-looking hotels are lifting their white fronts as fast as if London had only just begun to find out that strangers from afar might care to come and visit her. It is certain that the number of strangers who come to London for a long visit is marvellously on the increase. The Americans, who some years ago used merely to rush through London on their way to their beloved Paris, now begin to find out that London is a remarkably pleasant place to make a stay in. Even Frenchmen are beginning to make prolonged visits to our metropolis, and to admit that the climate is not invariably disagreeable. English enterprise has gone to meet the new comers by establishing Restaurants on the most approved Continental pattern here, there, and everywhere. The citizens are, we think, showing a disposition to eat and drink less, to amuse themselves more, and to take more of their pleasure in the open air, even at night. Perhaps some day Londoners will be found innocently sipping coffee, *eau sucrée*, and gooseberry-syrup, o' summer-nights, under the trees of Northumberland Avenue, or the Mall in St. James's Park, in the fashion of the light-hearted Parisians.

At amusement, indeed, Londoners work harder than ever. They are determined that the dulness begotten of irksome and too constant labour shall not reign in their upper circles at least. Each successive Season sees some new device for killing time. One year it is in the direction of out-door sports, another of indoor entertainment. "Pastoral Plays" are come into vogue, and display (as has been remarked) a confidence in the climate of London which is generous and patriotic. The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has lately been devising Masques after the fashion of Venice and Milan. Its contemporary, the Society of British Artists, has taken to the liberal (in more senses than one) fashion of continental towns, of entertaining friends on Sunday. Even the conservative Benchers of the Inner and Middle Temple are following the mode, in forsaking their ancient dinner-smelling halls and receiving the fair sex and their lords in the summer in the pleasanter Temple Gardens. The taste for open-air fêtes is more and more cultivated. Let us not forget to name the Strawberry Fête (at Chiswick) of the Horticultural Society, and the Evening Fête and Floral Exhibition of the Botanic Society as among the best examples of these. Of indoor amusements, private theatricals take the lead, though amateur concerts (witness Lady Folkestone's Orchestra of Ladies) are increasing in enterprise and success. Dances at the New Club (the only successful "society-club" ever started, so says Count Vasili: has he forgotten "Almacks"?) are the most fashionable of the day. The annual Military tournament is perhaps the most popular amusement of to-day. The Horse Guards authorities give the London public no more than a week of it (though it begs for more), lest the applause of the arena should prove detrimental to military discipline. These changes and novelties, incident to "London of to-day," are among the sights of the Season which we have duly chronicled in this book for the information and entertainment of visitors and their friends.

Chapter II.

WHERE SHALL WE STAY?

AN authority,[1] whose dictum we shall not venture to dispute, says that what a stranger chiefly wants to know in the pages of a guide-book is, "which, and where, are the best hotels and restaurants?" Cheerfully accepting this ruling, and thankful for the suggestion it embodies, we begin the practical part of our work with an honest endeavour to tell the "stranger" all we know concerning these matters in relation to London. "Where shall we stay?" "Which hotel do you recommend?" are questions very sure to be asked of some one in arranging the preliminaries of



HALL OF THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE.

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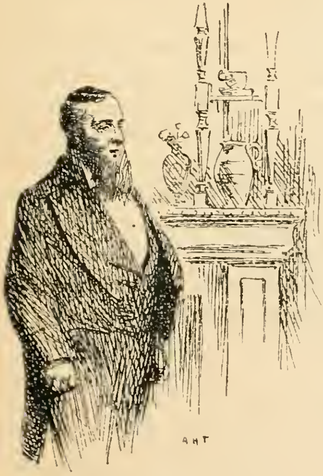
[1] "The Athenæum."

a first visit to the metropolis. Such questions, however, can only be satisfactorily answered by a foreknowledge of the contents of the purse, or of the resources within reach of the inquirer, and of his preferences and requirements. An expenditure of a guinea a day to one person may mean extravagance of the grossest kind to another, while a third may object to go beyond the reasonable limits of ten or twelve shillings, even though his resources be ample. Again, in what particular district of London does the visitor wish to stay, and for how long? It might be inconvenient, for instance, to lodge at a West-End hotel while one's business took him early each day to the City. In like manner, a lady bent on shopping and sight-seeing would hardly desire to stay in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, though, by-the-way, many ladies do live close at hand, at the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars. But if some difficulties are in the way of giving a straightforward answer to this common inquiry, we may still be of service in aiding the reader to answer it satisfactorily himself. The most obvious difficulty is that it is not always possible to learn except by experience, what one will have to pay as a casual guest at an hotel, whether he be lodged indifferently or well, whether he eat and drink of the best, or eat and drink of the worst. There is no way of getting at the actual cost beforehand. The guest must occupy his room and go through a course of meals and send for his bill before he can decide whether he is being treated well or ill, unless, indeed, he has already stayed at an hotel which satisfies every reasonable expectation. Then, of course, as a wise traveller he will give such hotel the preference whenever he comes to town.

In that admirable picture of Vanity Fair in the beginning of the century, drawn by the master-hand of Thackeray, a few pleasant little touches are thrown in illustrative of the London inn of seventy years ago. Our old friend Dobbin has just arrived at Southampton in the *Ramchunder* East Indiaman, Captain Bragg, from Madras. He drives off by swift post-chaise to London, and is set down at the "Slaughters," then a famous hostelry in St. Martin's Lane (kept by a Mr. Robertson), where the Major stayed whenever he came to town. "Old John," the head-waiter, receives him at the door, "in the same greasy suit, with the same double chin and flaccid face, with the same huge bunch of seals at his fob, rattling his money in his pockets as before, and receiving the Major as if he had only gone away a week ago. 'Put the Major's things in 23, that's his room,' said John, exhibiting not the least surprise, though Dobbin had been absent from England some fifteen years. 'Roast fowl for your dinner, I suppose?' And the Major following his things into 'No. 23,' where stood the great moreen bed, and the shabby carpet, and all the old black furniture with the faded chintz, just as he recollected them in his youth, fell to unbuckling the straps of his trunk, and with a chuckle of inward satisfaction said to himself, 'I'm glad old John didn't forget me.'"



THE HEAD-WAITER.

It is very pleasant to receive that half-respectful, half-familiar salutation of the head-waiter on entering an old-fashioned, or indeed new-fashioned London hotel. A man, be he never so big a "swell," walks inches taller among the other guests, if the head-waiter happen to show him some exceptional attention as he walks into the coffee-room, bowing him forward with a pleasant smile, and showing him to a seat with every mark of honest gratification. We have noticed in our rambles through London, now extending over a period longer than we care to remember, well-known actors and men of letters, public functionaries, popular M.P.'s, barristers in big practice, ay, and more distinguished people than these, talking in the most confidential manner with the "head-waiter," and discovering keen appreciation of the little civilities shown them by that personage. It is pleasant, we repeat, to be received at an hotel with some show of kindly greeting, if not by the head-waiter, by one or other of those whose duty it is to see that we and our belongings are well bestowed. A shake of the hand from the proprietor or manager as we enter, a respectful show of recognition from the hall porter, or an agreeable smile of welcome from the gentleman who sits at the desk waiting to give us a room and number, these are civilities which cost nothing and are very profitable in securing the good-will and recommendation of guests. In a city like London, competition in the hotel business is necessarily as active as in every other branch of trade; and the hotel proprietor, or manager, who is courteous and obliging on principle, must soon discover that his principle and interest are identical. What man soon forgets the place or person where or by whom he was affably received, where there was no visible motive for such reception? The poorest memory, the least impressible nature will retain so much as that, and retain it too with some feeling of esteem.

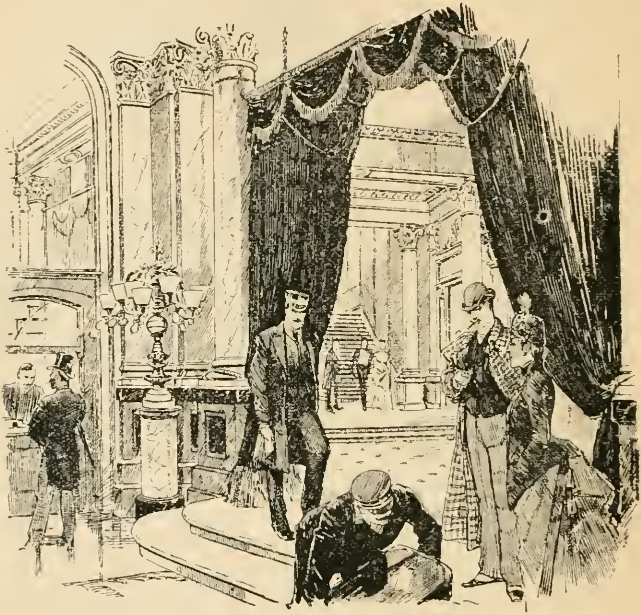
But to return to the question we have set ourselves to answer. Were we asked from personal knowledge to make a selection, we should say that each of the undermentioned, in its particular line, might serve as a representative of the best class of London hotels. The management, accommodation, and cuisine of these are, to our thinking, as good as can be, and the prices, for such advantages, moderate.

Brown's Hotel in Dover Street (21-24), enjoys an excellent reputation. Many visitors to London during the Season have a preference for a small, quiet, home-like hotel, away from the hubbub and noise of the great streets. Then this is the very place for them. "Brown's" is an old hotel modernized; that is to say, it combines something of the old with something of the new system. It has all the modern conveniences; the rooms are cosy and pleasant; the service is good; the cookery and wines are excellent. A general dining-room recently set apart for that purpose allows a guest the option of dining with other guests, as in the case of the larger hotels. As good a dinner as can be had in London may be had here: the tariff the same as that of other first-class hotels. May we interpose a personal matter? The "Athenæum" (to which journal we have already expressed our obligations in this chapter), with its usual penetration in matters literary, perceives that "all who advertise in Mr. Pascoe's book receive notice also in the text." Mr. Pascoe may be permitted the opportunity of saying "right here" (as Americans say) that that is so, and for the reason that he personally knows nearly every firm advertising in the preceding or following pages, and he writes exactly what he knows about them, just the same as the "Athenæum" prints what it knows about books. But that journal forgets also to say that a large number of business firms, hotels, restaurants, &c., which do not advertise in Mr. Pascoe's book, are noted in the text, comprising at least four-fifths of the whole number. The reader will perceive that "Brown's Hotel" is advertised herein; but such fact does not preclude the author from adding that he knows it to be one of the very best hotels in all London from actual experience of its comforts, and therefore it is he recommends it. To revert once more to the impersonal "we."

BROWN'S
HOTEL

THE RULER OF THE ROAST.

"Mackellar's" is another excellent hotel in Dover Street; so also is "Batt's." Each is of the highest respectability. "Batt's" is a smaller hotel than "Brown's," and retains, perhaps, more of the "family" character, though patronized also by gentlemen without family. Thomas's in Berkeley Square, the Bath in Arlington Street, Rawlings's in Jermyn Street, may be considered representative of the best class of Private hotels at the west end of London.

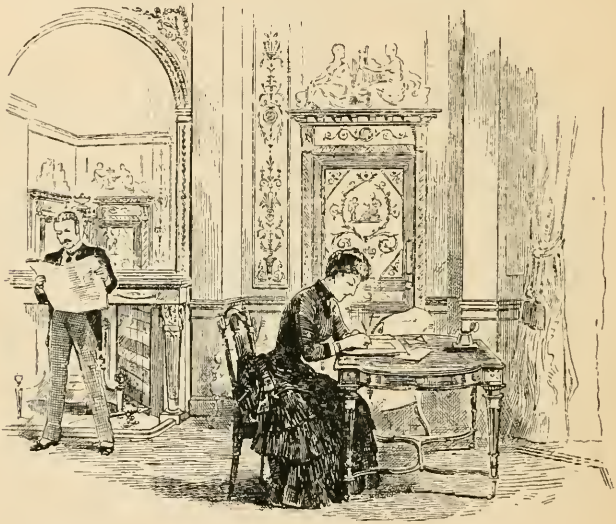


THE HALL OF THE GRAND HOTEL.

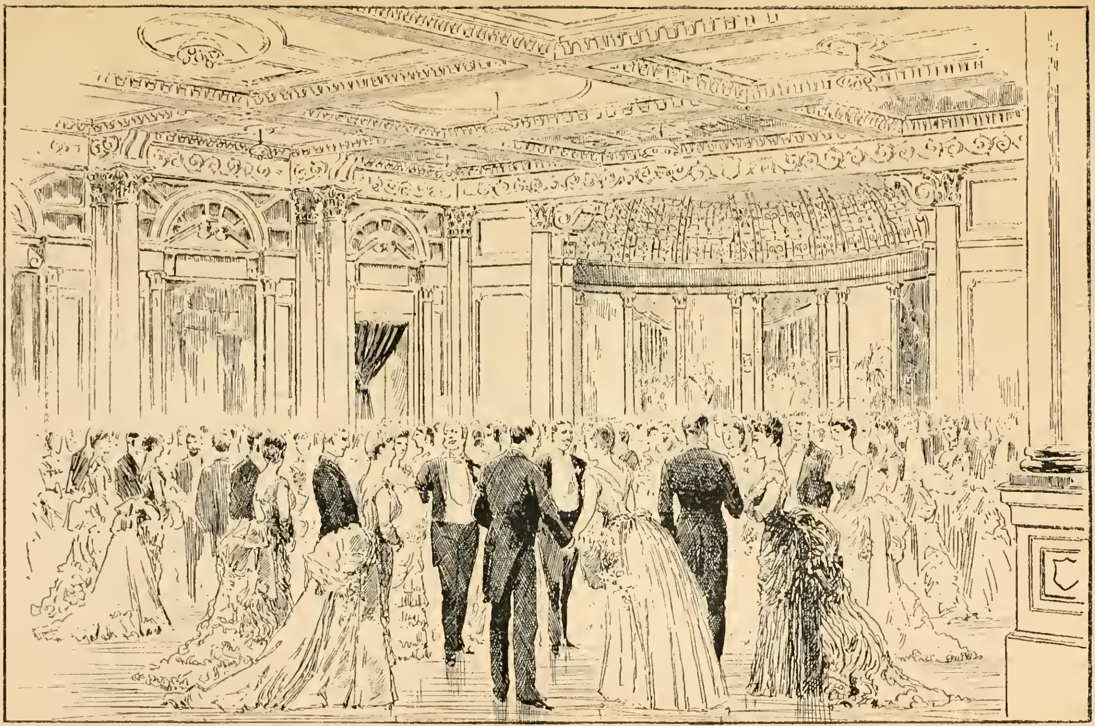
From among the great joint-stock hotels open to the eye of everyone, the Métropole, Grand, Langham, First Avenue, Westminster Palace, &c., it is perhaps more difficult to make choice of one for special commendation. In point of exterior grandeur and sumptuous internal decoration, we should say there are no hotels in Europe to equal the Hôtel Métropole and the Grand. We doubt, indeed, if that birthland of hotel magnificence, America, have any to excel them. For a matter of 12*s.* or 15*s.* a day, a gentleman may stay in one of these palaces. For a trifle more he might fare like a prince in one of these palaces. If he give play to his imagination and indulge for a night in the luxury of a grand suite of rooms—let's say, for example, the Marie Antoinette suite at the Métropole—he might like Christopher Sly in the comedy readily believe himself one:

> "Am I a lord?
> Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now?
> I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak;
> I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—
> Upon my life, I am a lord indeed."

These two hotels are as superior to the old joint-stock London hotels of twenty years ago, with their lack of enterprise, sombre dreariness, and tedious monotony of unappetising meals, as the low-ceilinged bed-rooms and huge, carved fourposters, such as Mr. Titmarsh tells us "the Emperor Halexander's sister slep in when the allied sufferings was here," are to the lofty bed-rooms and light, undraped bedsteads of to-day. We all can call to mind—at least those of us who have crossed the meridian of forty—the gloomy and grand, not to say "seedy" drawing-room, the big pillared coffee-room, the dull and dreary smoking-room, the little fish called a sole, the little strips of tough toast, and the ill-made coffee and washy milk served in pretentious electroplated ware, suggestive of the grand hotels of yesterday. These unpleasant reminiscences have been obliterated by recent experiences of more modern and enterprising hotels. Of these, the Métropole and the Grand may be held representative of the hotels of London of to-day. It is no secret, we believe, that these hotels owe their origin to the energy of one gentleman, and that he takes a personal share in their direction as well as in that of other places well known to and patronized by the public of London. Mr. Frederick Gordon may be said with some semblance of truth to be lord, if not of all he surveys, of no inconsiderable part of that splendid thoroughfare of modern London, Northumberland Avenue. The palace of luxurious indolence which once stood within view of it on the site now known as Carlton House Gardens, famous for its figured lemon-satin curtains, sofas, and chairs, its emblematical paintings of Graces and Muses, its ormolu chandeliers, and its sculptured figures of nymphs and other classical personages, could show no more beautiful rooms than any visitor may step into who crosses the hall of the Hôtel Métropole. Let him take note of the noble suite known as the Whitehall Rooms, late in occupation of the Junior Carlton Club, but now reserved for balls, dances, and big dinners. The evening we peeped into the principal room it was brilliantly lighted and very tastefully laid-out for a dinner of the officers of



THE MARIE ANTOINETTE ROOM AT THE HÔTEL MÉTROPOLE.

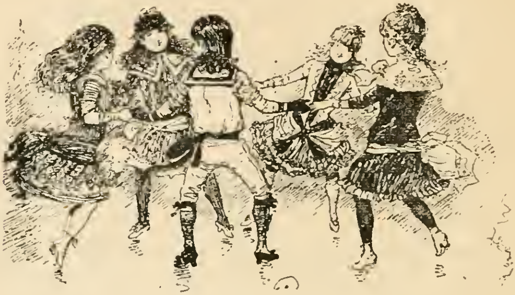


Ball at the Whitehall Rooms—Hotel Métropole.

the 10th Hussars in honour of Prince Albert Victor; the oak-panelled "King's Room," so called, forming the reception-room. Not a tithe, we should say, of the visitors who make use of this building have any notion of the attractiveness of some of its apartments. It excites one's curiosity to know who first suggested this sumptuous shelter for travellers, with its wealth of decorative display and excellent apportionment of space.

"Sir," interrupts Mr. Sneer at our elbow, "do, pray, be less liberal in the use of embellishments." Dear Mr. Sneer, give us leave to explain once for all. In this little work, which you and others have been good enough to view with some favour, we do not attempt the style of the essayist, or of the historian, or of the novelist, or of the critic. We write of what we see as it impresses us at the moment, transcribing from our note-book to our blue-ruled copy-paper at leisure—neither embellishing nor touching-up. If personal knowledge of this, that, or the other place in London, of that hotel, or this restaurant, of Mr. Vigo, the eminent tailor, or Mr. Allenby, the distinguished fashioner of ladies' costumes, permits us to write without need of taking notes, we do so. The one talent of our profession that we utterly lack is an aptness at fiction and invention. So, good Mr. Sneer, we most humbly ask to take our leave, begging to be allowed to pursue our own way with the reader, whose dutiful servant we are.

The Ball-room at the Métropole deserves inspection from that noble band of aristocratic co-operators which advertises "suites of rooms in the vicinity of Queen's Gate for Balls, Suppers, and Wedding Breakfasts: Ball-rooms 70 by 30 and 50 by 23." Apropos of which "Vieille" writes to "Inquirer" in the columns of a leading ladies' journal that she will find she can manage her "party" far "more economically and comfortably by having it done out than by trying to manage it at home." Why, certainly she can. The people at the Métropole will provide her with everything, the necessary rooms, decorations, band, service, and wine at so much per head, an arrangement which gets rid of a good deal of friction at home and unnecessary wrangling abroad. Some of the smartest dances of the season are given here: one of the smartest and prettiest we know being the Fancy-dress Ball and Children's Party arranged by the Committee of the "Chelsea Hospital for Women."



This suite is separated by a corridor from the main entrance of the hotel, so that host, hostess, or committee-men are, as it were, their own masters for the night. We commend these same Whitehall Rooms to the notice of "stewards" who have hitherto kicked their heels about (as we more than once have done) in the dreary ante-room of the time-honoured establishment in King Street, St. James's, meditating on the drearier prospects of the dessert: "My lords and gentlemen, please to charge your glasses! My lords and gentlemen, please silence for the Right Honourable Sir Raffle Buffle!"

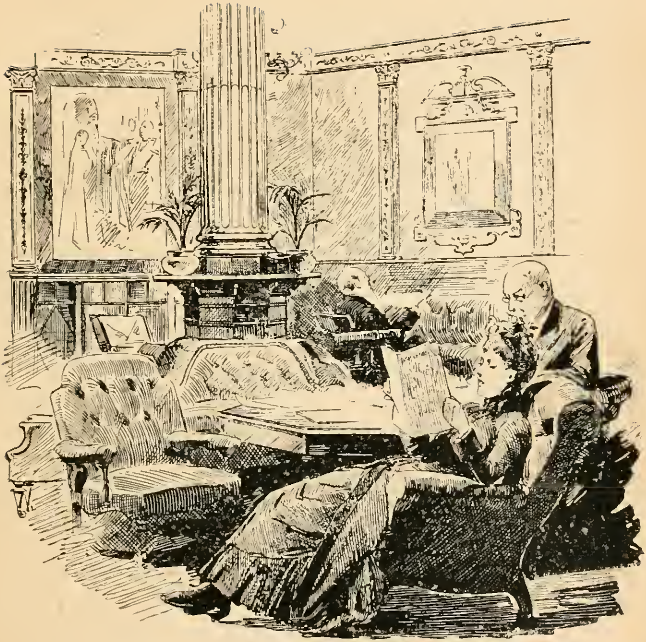
A few years ago, a casual customer who walked into the coffee-room of one of the fashionable West-End hotels to dine, was looked upon somewhat as an interloper. Some of us may remember "Jairing's" of fifteen years ago—"'Jairing's' being an hotel for Families and Gentlemen in great repute in the Midlands." An uncommercial traveller and lady being at their wit's end for a meal enter the great coffee-room of

Jairing's. A modest luncheon of grilled chops and boiled potatoes is ordered. In three-quarters of an hour these appear on the table, being heralded with a great flourish of silver dish-covers; and afterwards comes the bill. A word of protest is made against the amount. "When individuals is not staying in the 'ouse," answers the waiter, "their favours is not as a rule looked upon as making it worth Mr. Jairing's while; nor is it indeed a style of business Mr. Jairing wishes." To-day the chance visitor is not only welcomed, he is bidden to dinner. As we have elsewhere remarked, the daily *table d'hôte* dinners of the Grand and Métropole are the best provided in London. No inconsiderable number of the diners are casual guests. The dining-hall of the Grand in the London Season is to-day one of the sights of London. In these times of unceasing innovation, it is hardly necessary to speak of the numerous contrivances designed to add to the conveniences of hotel-life—electric lights, electric bells, telephones, safety lifts, and the rest. Gas is almost entirely superseded in the hotels to which we more particularly refer. The sanitary arrangements are as perfect as sanitary science can make them, and ought to quiet the susceptibilities of the most nervous sufferer. Convenience and economy of space, ventilation, warmth, light, and air appear to have been carefully considered, and the most approved methods of adding to the general comfort of visitors in these matters have been adopted. Even the time-honoured services of chamberlain and chambermaid are in a manner superseded at the Hôtel Métropole by ingenious contrivances for delivering a guest's boots and matutinal jug of hot water without the necessity of opening his chamber door. Had good Leigh Hunt lived in our day he might have found reason to revise his essay "On getting up on Cold Mornings." For the rest, the drawing-rooms, the reception, and reading-rooms open to every one, the suites of apartments reserved to the use of those disposed to pay for greater privacy, are charming examples of good taste in the matter of furniture and decoration.

The visitor will be less interested, perhaps, in these particulars than in knowing what he may have to pay for the privilege of living in such hotels. So far as we have been able to judge, no more than he had to pay before such hotels were in existence. The daily expenses at first-class hotels are about the same all over London: bed-rooms for one person from 4*s.* per night, with 1*s.* 6*d.* for attendance; breakfast 3*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; lunch about the same; dinner 3*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* At second-class hotels these prices may be somewhat reduced. Five guineas a week would we should say be a fair average sum at which to reckon expenses at an hotel at the West End.

The First Avenue, in Holborn, is a fine example of a modern hotel. Standing on the border land of the law-quarter in the main thoroughfare from Oxford Street to the City, it is convenient for business people, while not too remotely placed from the West-End and its gaiety. The system of some American hotels is adopted here in allowing the option of board and lodging at a fixed sum per day. Not many persons appear to avail themselves of the privilege, if it be one. "The European plan" (as Americans say) is generally preferred in Europe, as we have reason to believe it now is in America. The arrangements of the First Avenue are comfortable, and the charges more moderate than at some of the West-End hotels. It advertises the electric light in all its bed-rooms, which should be a great convenience, and allows guests full liberty of lunching and dining in the restaurant of the hotel, whereby they secure the benefit of ordinary restaurant prices. Americans, who do not mind what they pay for suitable apartments, are apt to cavil at our hotel charges for food as compared with those at home. Here, then, is an effort to please them. In the season the First Avenue is well patronized by Americans (we have heard an American gentleman say it is the most comfortable hotel he ever stayed in), who come to the daily *table d'hôte* dinner from their dearly-loved adjacent district of Bloomsbury.

Mr. Gordon and the Messieurs Holland may be congratulated on the success which has attended their efforts to give Londoners and visitors to London a class of hotels which in point of comfort



"We have heard an American Gentleman say it is the most comfortable Hotel he ever stayed in." P. 38.

and completeness are not to be bettered in any city in the world. In these hotels we have the best part of the American and Continental system engrafted on that which has made our representative English hotels famous all the world over for good management, civility, and attention to guests, cleanliness, comfort, good food, and a fair tariff of charges.

For old-fashioned English comfort and old-fashioned English fare go to the Tavistock. Most good-natured and attentive reader who hath travelled thus far with us, you received our personal confession in the opening chapter. "Sir, we love everything that's old; old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." The Tavistock hath many a time stood in the place of an old friend to us. Do we not know every retainer of the house, from Samuel, good-tempered guardian of the Hall, to the portly chamberlain above stairs, who hath promised to become our chief butler whenever that literary peerage, of which we have been so long disappointed, shall be ours. Do we not know, we say, every retainer of the establishment; and is there no pleasure in this remembrance? Aye, sirs, as we conceive a very great pleasure—to know and be known to reputable and worthy people.

If you relish old-fashioned comfort and old-fashioned fare go to the Tavistock; and you may mention to Mr. Charles Taylor (twenty-five years in the service of that hotel and now its managing director) that we recommend his place. And if you quarrel with your treatment, we'll forswear old Port, which of all our hobbies is the supreme in the drinking way (we never exceed two glasses) and of which the Tavistock hath a large and old selection. A comfortable bed to lie upon, a good breakfast, a good dinner, civility and a moderate "bill," may all be counted upon at the Tavistock in Covent Garden.

The chief hotels at, or in proximity to, the great London railway stations are the following:—The Cannon Street hotel, at Cannon Street station; the Charing Cross, the Grand, and Métropole at Charing Cross; the Euston Square, at Euston Square; the Holborn Viaduct and First Avenue hotels, at and near Holborn Viaduct; the Great Northern, at King's Cross; the Midland Grand, at St. Pancras; the Great Western, at Paddington; the Westminster Palace, Buckingham Palace, and Grosvenor hotels, at and near Victoria Station; the Terminus hotel at London Bridge.

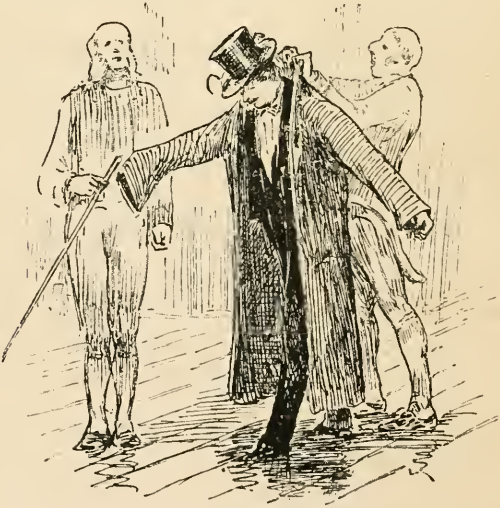
The leading hotels of the West End, controlled by joint-stock companies (in addition to the foregoing) are the Alexandra, facing Hyde Park; the Langham, in Portland Place, an hotel of world-known reputation; and the St. James's hotel, in Piccadilly (No. 77). "Claridge's," in Brook Street (49-55), may be added to the list. For many years this hotel enjoyed an extensive reputation as being the home in London of foreign princes, grand-dukes, duchesses, and other distinguished people in every degree. It has now passed into "limited liability" hands, and Claridge's no longer exclusively enjoys the patronage of the personages whose lineage is chronicled in the "Almanach de Gotha," and similar publications; but it still has a fair share of aristocratic custom.

"Limmer's," in Conduit Street, has earned some distinction as an exclusive and somewhat expensive hotel. "Long's Hotel," in Bond Street, has for more than half a century been a resort of gentlemen of fashion. Among that class it enjoys much the same prestige that the "Tavistock" does with men who have no leisure to be fashionable. "Thomas's" (25, Berkeley Square) is another old London hotel, well known and patronized by well-to-do people in the season, as also is Baily's at South Kensington. This is a quiet and pleasant hotel in a fashionable neighbourhood. Other first-class hotels at the West-End of the town are "Cox's" (55), "Rawlings's" (37, 38), the Cavendish (81), and the British (82), Jermyn Street (there are one or two others hereabout); the Albemarle (1), and the York (10, 11), Albemarle Street; the Bristol, in Burlington Gardens; the Burlington, in Cork Street; the Bath (25), Arlington Street; "Symonds's," in Brook Street (34).

In another direction of London, the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars, is entitled to rank with the best West-End houses. It enjoys an extensive foreign patronage, and is conducted somewhat in the continental fashion. It is well managed, comfortable, and not expensive. The Inns of Court, Holborn, is also entitled to favourable mention. "Morley's" (1 and 3), Trafalgar Square; the Arundel in Arundel Street; the Bedford in Covent Garden; the Salisbury, in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street; "Wood's," in Furnival's Inn, Holborn; "Ridler's" (133), Holborn Hill, are comfortable old-fashioned London hotels in favour with visitors from the provinces, country gentlemen, clergymen, and others. Haxell's (375), Strand; the Covent Garden; "Anderton's" (164-5), Fleet Street; the Horse Shoe, Tottenham Court Road; the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, are houses suitable to persons of moderate means. Within the City are some excellent hotels: the Albion, and the Castle and Falcon, Aldersgate Street; the Guildhall (22), King Street, Cheapside; Cocker's (19-21), Charterhouse Square, are of well-known reputation among gentlemen whose business takes them to the City.

Hotel charges average about as follows: Bed-room from 3*s.* 6*d.*, with 1*s.* 6*d.* attendance; breakfast, plain, consisting of eggs, and such cold meat as may be on the side-table, 2*s.* 6*d.*; lunch about the same; dinner off the joint, with vegetables and cheese, 3*s.* 6*d.* Thus, a guest's lowest daily expenses in a good London hotel, partaking of plain fare, are about 12*s.* 6*d.*, exclusive of beer or wine. At the first-class West-End hotels, single bed-rooms cost from 4*s.* to 15*s.* per day; attendance, 1*s.* 6*d.*; breakfast, 3*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*; *table d'hôte* dinner, without wine, 5*s.*; luncheon *à la carte.* In some few hotels, dinner is 6*s.* or 7*s.* 6*d.* In hotels of the second order, bed-rooms cost 2*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.*; attendance, 1*s.* to 1*s.* 6*d.*; breakfast, 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*; dinner, 2*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.*

The question of fees to servants is interesting in connection with London hotel life. When you have paid 1*s.* 6*d.* a day for attendance, it is hard to be called on to pay over again. Still, you may wish to give something to servants who have been attentive and obliging, especially if you are told (as occasionally happens) that they receive low wages in view of "tips." The Hall porter, "boots," the chambermaid, and the waiter attending the guest during his stay are the servants to whom a gratuity is, by custom, accorded in England. On this subject, Nathaniel Hawthorne remarks: "This English system of fees has its good side, and I never travel without finding the advantage of it, especially on railways, where the officials are strictly forbidden to take fees, and where, in consequence, a fee secures twice as much good service as anywhere else." And "Mark Twain" (on the same subject) finds something to say in its favour. The "Portier," Anglicè Hall-porter, whose functions are described in "A Tramp Abroad," is a personage well-deserving of support, though "boots" and chambermaid may have more claims on our generosity. As to the "waiter," mere common sense should lead one to fee him. He looks after our dinner.



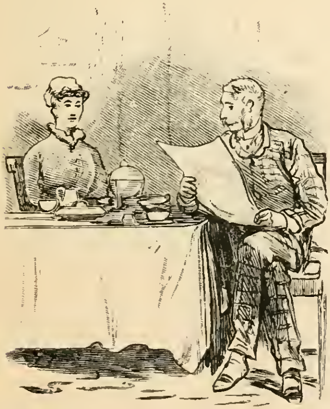
"THANK YOU!"

Chapter III.

BOARD, LODGINGS, AND FURNISHED HOUSES.

BOARDING-HOUSES

SUCH as are common to most American cities, and many English watering-places, inland and at the seaside, are rare in London. The boarding-house of Boston or New York is a popular institution, frequented by "all sorts and conditions of men," politicians and artists, medical men, literary men, young married people, old married people, ladies waiting to be married, bachelors, and even transient travellers. The London boarding-house is chiefly a home for cultivated waifs, and one need not be afraid to declare (so, at least, writes a recent authority) "that the cultivated waif is often the sweetest and most companionable person to be found in this unhappy planet." There are boarding-houses in Bayswater, Kensington, and Notting Hill, in the squares, crescents, and terraces of those districts, the residents of which are generally retired military men, with a sprinkling of colonists, ladies who have passed their girlhood without marrying (none the less cheerful, happy, and con-



LODGINGS.

tented, for that), ladies whose lords are abroad, widows, and occasionally mothers with girls eligible for husbands. There are boarding-houses in Bloomsbury, where are to be found medical and other students of both sexes and several nationalities, American folk passing through London, literary parsons "up" for a week or two's reading at the British Museum, brides and bridegrooms from the provinces, Bohemians pure and simple, and the restless gentlemen who are "something in the city," but no one knows what. There are boarding-houses in the London suburbs —in Clapham, in Brixton, in Dulwich, in Putney, Highgate, Holloway, and the like, which shelter but two or three inmates, and to gain admission to which is often the securing all the privileges, rights, and comforts appertaining to a well-ordered and pleasant English home. Lastly, there is the boarding-house eastward of Finsbury Square and the shipping district of Leadenhall, which is frequented by English and American "skippers," and occasionally their wives, and the chief mates of their ships. In default of recommendations the whereabouts of boarding-houses are best found by a careful study of the advertising columns of the London dailies or by publishing an advertisement setting forth what may be required in the way of accommodation and what the advertiser offers to pay for lodging and board per week. The charges per week vary from £5 5*s.* in the more fashionable parts of London, to £2 2*s.*, £1 10*s.*, and even £1 in the less desirable places. Board in a private family may sometimes be had for a guinea and a half or two or three guineas per week; but as few visitors will be at the trouble of searching for such accommodation we need not further refer to it.

Some of the quiet Squares in the Bloomsbury district are very desirable resting-places in London, and we know of more than one boarding-house in this quarter at which we ourselves should consider it a privilege to stay. Those who undertake the management of a boarding-house have no easy task in striving to satisfy the whims and wants of every guest, and where they succeed in this they certainly deserve success. The ordinary daily routine of a boarding-house of the first class is breakfast from about 8 to 9.30; luncheon at 1.30; dinner at 7.

LODGINGS,

or to use the genteeler designation, "apartments to let," may be met with in every part of London, central and suburban, north, south, east, and west, in the most fashionable and in the least fashionable thoroughfares. They may be rented in Regent Street, in Piccadilly, Bond Street, Pall Mall, St. James's Street, and the numerous streets adjacent; in the Strand, in Craven, Adelphi, Bedford, Henrietta, Wellington, and Norfolk, and several other streets; in the quiet and unquiet thoroughfares north and south of Oxford Street, from its easternmost to its westernmost end; in the vicinity of aristocratic Grosvenor Square, South Audley, Green, Charles, and Park streets; in the Bloomsbury district, in all the streets adjacent to Bedford, Russell, Mecklenburgh, and the other squares; in Bayswater, Pimlico, Kensington, Hammersmith—in short, everywhere: in every part of metropolitan London, and outside of it. The expensiveness of lodgings varies with the locality. A couple of rooms on the third floor in Piccadilly, fronting the Green Park, will cost not less than £3 3*s*. a week, and they are not often to be had at that price. The same accommodation in Jermyn Street, in a much smaller house, will, in the season, cost £2 2*s*. The drawing-room floor in a street such as Hanover Street, Hanover Square, or Maddox Street will

BACHELOR QUARTERS.

command not less than £4 4*s*. In Bloomsbury, near the British Museum, similar accommodation may be had for £2 2*s*. or £3 3*s*., and even for less out of the season. For the bachelor who wants comfortable quarters at a moderate rental, say, from one guinea to a guinea and a half, no central district offers so many advantages as the Strand. In nearly all the streets south of it are to be found private hotels and lodging-houses, in which good bed-rooms may be had from 15*s*. 6*d*. to £1 1*s*. per week, in some instances including breakfast. Bury Street, Ryder Street, and Duke Street, St. James's, are popular resorts for military and naval men. Bed-rooms may be had here for about £1 1*s*. per week. In the Kensington and Bayswater and outlying suburbs, good rooms may be had for £1 1*s*. or £1 10*s*. per week. As a general thing, in London itself lodgings are more expensive than in the suburbs.

It should be borne in mind that these prices ordinarily cover plain cooking, use of plate and linen, attendance, boot-cleaning, but not washing of table linen, &c., unless specially agreed at time of hiring. Nearly all lodging-house keepers display a card —not too conspicuously the better class—notifying apartments to let. At the time of hiring, say explicitly whether you dine at home or not. It is perhaps advisable for ladies to arrange to do so, as there is something of home-comfort in the fashion, and the restaurants in London where ladies may dine comfortably in the evening without an escort are not many. Arrange with the landlady that you will order in everything for yourself. Civil and obliging tradespeople are to be met with everywhere in London, who will "*call for orders*" every day without charge, thus saving the trouble of going to the shops. Bills are paid weekly; and a week's notice is the general rule before vacating rooms, except when otherwise agreed upon.

An American traveller of experience remarks on this subject: —"The English custom of lodgings has its advantages, but is rather uncomfortable for strangers, who, in first settling themselves down, find that they must undertake all the responsibility of housekeeping, and cannot get even a cup of tea till they have made arrangements with the grocer. Soon, however, there comes a sense of being at home and by our exclusive selves, which can never be attained at hotels or boarding-houses." This fairly states the disadvantages and advantages of Lodgings; though the prudent housewife or bachelor may, by taking thought beforehand, and providing himself, or herself, with a little tea in bulk, get any number of cups of tea within ten minutes of setting foot in "lodgings." Moreover a mutton-chop or rump-steak may be readily got from the nearest butcher's, a sole or other fish from the nearest fishmonger's, a loaf of bread from the nearest baker's, butter and milk from the nearest dairy. The whole may be laid on the table in half-an-hour. The "responsibility of housekeeping" is amply compensated, in most cases, by the advantages gained in lessening of expense, greater comfort at meals, and of choice in the things provided for those meals. Assuming 12*s.* 6*d.* as a fair average of daily expenditure in an inexpensive hotel, the cost of "lodgings" and of board inclusive, that is to say, of breakfast, dinner, and supper, should represent a saving of nearly 50 per cent., thus:—

Hotel (per day).	*s.*	*d.*	Lodgings (per day).	*s.*	*d.*
Bed-room and attendance for one person (say)	4	0	Lodgings per day (at £1 1*s.* per week) for one person	3	0
Breakfast	2	6	Breakfast	1	0
Dinner	3	6	Dinner	2	6
Supper and incidentals	2	6	Supper, &c.	1	0
	12	6		7	6

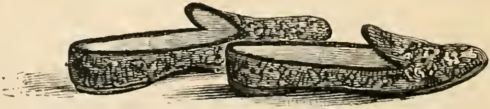
This calculation is made for one person; the saving should be proportionately larger in the case of two.

FURNISHED HOUSES.

Many persons of position who come to London temporarily hire a furnished house. These are generally let for the Season, the Session (*i. e.*, the Parliamentary Session), by the quarter, or by the year. They may be had in almost every part of London, in the most fashionable localities like Mayfair and Belgravia, or away on the outskirts of the town, like Hampstead and Chiswick. Rents vary from five to fifty guineas a week. In the register of "Town Houses to be Let," kept by Godwin and Basley, of 28, Cadogan Place, Belgrave Square, we note that "a well-arranged flat" in Queen's Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, may be rented for six guineas a week. The following will give an idea of rents for the Parliamentary Session (six months), at the West-end of London for a well-furnished house.

Situation.	Rooms.	Rent.
Eccleston Square	10 bed and 4 reception	480 Guis.
Ennismore Gardens	11 bed and 5 reception	360 ,,
Hans Place	12 bed, 1 bath, and 4 reception	660 ,,
Lowndes Square	10 bed, 1 bath, and 5 reception	660 ,,
Lowndes Street	10 bed and 4 reception	400 ,,
Lowndes Street	8 bed and 3 reception	360 ,,
Onslow Gardeus	11 bed, 1 bath, and 5 reception	360 ,,
Onslow Gardens	9 bed, 1 bath, and 3 reception	360 ,,

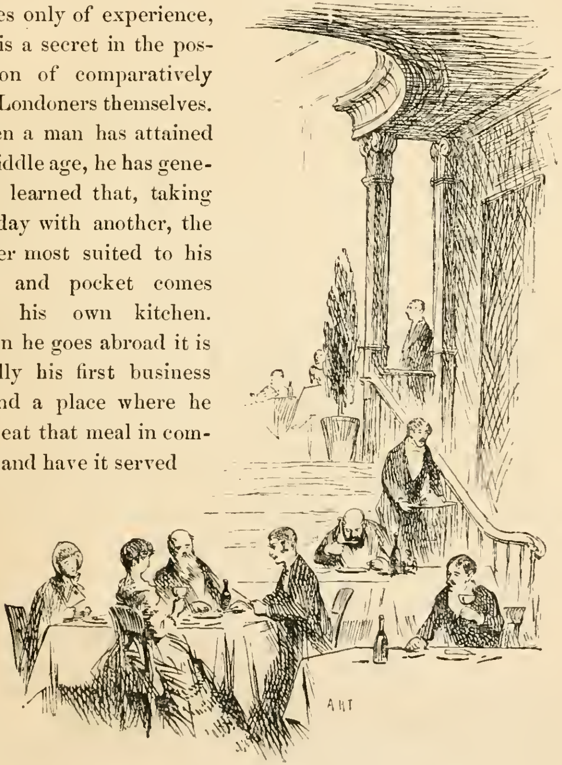
On the whole, we cannot do better than refer the reader for further information, if he should be in need of it, to the above-named firm, which is well known, and long established in London. Americans on the look out for a house may be interested in knowing that these are the appointed House Agents of the present United States Minister.



CHAPTER IV.

WHERE SHALL WE DINE?

TO know where to dine in London, well, comfortably, and with economy, in a way satisfactory to the appetite, the temper, and the purse, comes only of experience, and is a secret in the possession of comparatively few Londoners themselves. When a man has attained to middle age, he has generally learned that, taking one day with another, the dinner most suited to his taste and pocket comes from his own kitchen. When he goes abroad it is usually his first business to find a place where he may eat that meal in comfort, and have it served



GATTI'S.

to him at least as good, if not somewhat better, in point of variety and cookery, than he has been in the habit of having at his own table. If he succeed in this without many vexatious and expensive experiments, he may be considered more fortunate than the majority of his fellows. Without the trusted friend at hand to offer advice, experience alone can guide one where it is best to dine in a big city.

Till within late years, it was a common reproach to London that the accommodation provided for those who, either from necessity or choice, were compelled to dine from home, was insufficient and bad, and the prices charged high in comparison of the quality of the cookery and fare provided. There were the clubs, indeed—the best, probably, in the world—but they supplied the wants of but a small section of the community, and that, too, a section owning, in most cases, homes and establishments of its own, and one, moreover, to which economy was not a necessity. There were the hotels, too, of vast proportions, where the prices were generally on a scale of proportionate grandeur, and where aristocratic dulness rather than comfort seemed often to be the aim of the management. Then, again, in the city and around the old Law Courts were taverns, popularly supposed to have been in days gone by the favourite haunts of great and witty men, the fame of whose memories seemed as it were to impart an additional flavour to wines and meat. Lower down, again, in the scale came the foreign establishments, which dispensed their hospitalities, mostly in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, to crowds of strange men, wearing strange garments, and talking in strange tongues. Here, indeed, economy was studied, for the purse of the exile is rarely a deep one; but then, unfortunately, the study required an appreciation of foreign manners and customs, as well as of foreign tastes, not always to be found in the self-satisfied Briton. Last of all were the little cookshops and eating-houses, where nameless nastinesses were always forthcoming, at a cost within the reach even of the poorest, but where the general surroundings were not seldom of a nature to destroy the appetites even of the least fastidious and most penurious.

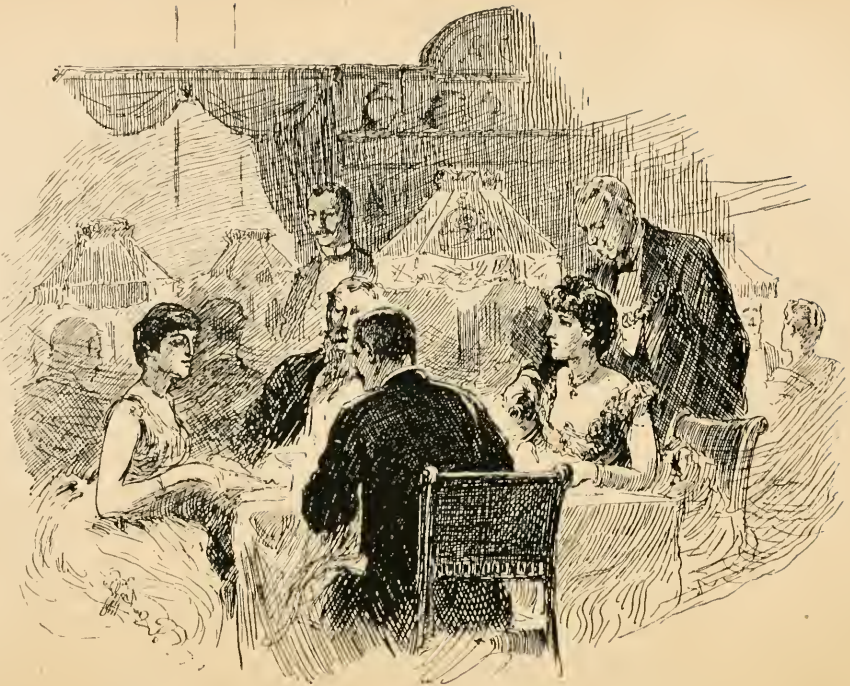
There is now no capital in Europe that has so many excellent restaurants as London. We are inclined to think that to-day the most popular restaurant in London is "Gatti's" in Adelaide Street, Strand. The number of regular diners here daily is probably greater than at any other restaurant in town. Of visitors, casual customers, that is to say, from the suburbs and country, the number, too, must be very considerable. But for the hubbub and hurrying to and fro of customers and waiters we should be disposed to recommend this as the best middle-class dining-place in London. The food is good, well served, and reasonably cheap. Ladies may lunch or dine in comfort in the smaller dining-halls, entered by way of the Strand or King William Street. As public caterers the Messrs. Gatti have deserved well of Londoners. Even in the days of the old Hungerford Market Café and the worthy five fiddlers who nightly fiddled selections from Tancredi and the Italian masters, the while the customer sipped his chocolate or coffee, the fare provided was good, wholesome, and cheap. Now it is much more varied, and the daily bills of Messrs. Gatti will compare favourably in point of price, quality of food, and cookery, with those of more expensive restaurants. The hungry student of men and manners might do worse than pass the mid-day hour at one of the little marble-topped tables in the Adelaide Street establishment. We should say that much of the success of this establishment is due to the personal attention of the proprietors, who seldom seem absent from the counter of custom. There they sit, apparently with unruffled temper, day in and day out, to overlook the labours of many waiters and to attend to the wants of numberless customers.

The more popular of the dining-places of the tavern's order in the West and Central districts are "Blanchard's," in Beak Street, Regent Street; "Simpson's," in the Strand; the Rainbow, near the Middle Temple Gate; the St. James's Restaurant, in Piccadilly.

The dinners supplied at these places (the orthodox soup, fish, and the joint) are to be commended. A better roasted saddle or haunch of mutton than "Simpson's" serves, or used to serve daily, is not to be had in London. The Rainbow is largely patronized by the lawyers, who have the reputation of being better judges of what constitutes a good dinner than most men. "Blanchard's" is largely frequented by civil service officials, and the wealthier west-end tradesmen. The St. James's is a good place for luncheon, particularly during the season.

Spiers and Pond, who came from Australia to teach us Londoners something new, were the originators of the modern London restaurant, of which the London tavern of the "Blanchard's" class was the immediate forerunner. That firm found our eating-places dull, gloomy, and stuffy, like mahogany-lined sarcophagi, and built theirs cheerful, light, and roomy. But to the last, worthy Mr. Pond was a "saddle"-loving soul, and liked his chop or plain cut of mutton and mealy potato in the tavern style, and preferred these to any of your kick-shaws and made-dishes. He entertained the notion that all must be of his way of thinking. We believe he once asked for a boiled leg of mutton, with plum-pudding at a Swiss hotel. But men grow weary of too much mutton, as they do of too much partridge. So the diner-out who wanted a lighter fare sought out the French kitchens of London. He went to Verrey's and Kettner's (to which, as we remember, we were introduced, while yet in its prime, by the genial author of "The Gay Science": is he already quite forgotten?), and Nicols'. When Mr. Pond died the great firm concluded that what others could do it might do. So the attractive East Rooms of the Criterion were opened, and *chefs* enticed from Bignon's and the Lion d'Or, and English *gourmets* offered a taste of the *haute cuisine Française.*

The East Rooms are to-day what Verrey's and Kuhn's were thirty years ago—the representative French restaurants of London. If you want a real French dinner, the best cookery of its kind, good wines, and to mingle in the highest circles, go there. The epicure may there taste his Bisque d'Ecrevisses, or



Dinner at the East Room—Criterion Restaurant.

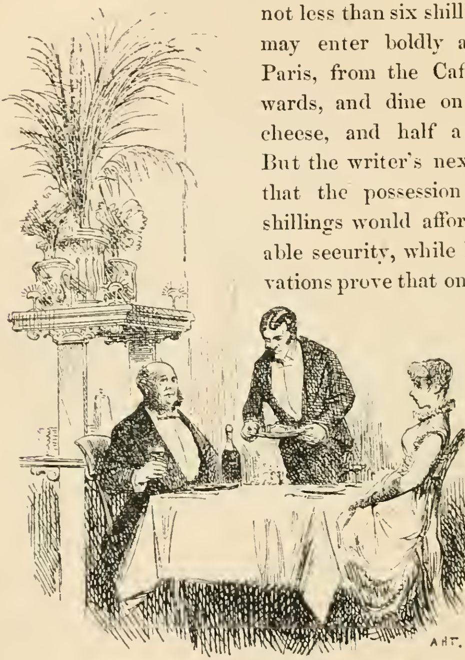
Petite marmite, his sole Normande, his Vol-au-vent of carps' roe, his Ris-de-veau à la Financière, and the most admirable ices of Tortoni, as well served as at the Café Anglais on the Boulevard des Italiens. Try, and judge for yourself, O indulgent reader of epicurean tastes. This part of the Criterion enjoys very distinguished patronage. Nothing would tempt us to reveal the names of some of the swells we have "happened upon" upstairs or at the Jermyn Street entrance; but those whose curiosity is tickled will find them very highly placed in the "Court Guide" and similar publications. The Englishman whose antipathy to continental powers does not extend to their cuisine will stand a better chance of tasting here the favourite dishes of Paris, Vienna, and, we might almost add, St. Petersburg (to judge, at least, by the attention shown to the *Service spécial à la carte* by the *personnel* of Chesham Place), than at any other London restaurant we know.

On the first occasion we dined at the East Rooms, we had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the manager. "Have you ordered dinner?" asked that admirable organizer of dinners. No, we had not yet taken that precaution. "Shall I do so for you?" We thanked him for his civility; and the matter presently came before us in this shape, to be pleasantly discussed by four:

Menu.

Bisque d'Ecrevisses.
Sole au vin Rouge.
Longe de veau à la Bourgeoise.
Tournedos à l'Espagnole.
Becasses.
Salade.
Biscuit Criterion.

The wines? A bottle of very good claret, and a bottle of excellent champagne. Afterward to the theatre controlled by that popular manager Mr. George Edwardes, of whom, by the way, a friend at our elbow, who knows all the theatrical gossip of the town, tells us, that he shares with Mr. Bram Stoker the distinction of being the most popular theatre-manager of London of to-day. Truly no more delightful resorts after a pleasant dinner could be found than the Lyceum and Gaiety theatres afford. And—as to the bill: a well-known authority has recently declared that a man who is prepared to spend not less than six shillings on his dinner may enter boldly any restaurant in Paris, from the Café Anglais downwards, and dine on soup, one dish, cheese, and half a bottle of wine. But the writer's next sentence shows that the possession of eight or ten shillings would afford a more reasonable security, while his further observations prove that one or two big gold pieces would be required for an absolute guarantee against all contingencies. In respect of the East Rooms' dinners — the service is *à la carte*, every dish being separately prepared to the order of each guest or party—we cannot offer any better advice than the foregoing suggests; though for one gold piece a man and his friend may taste of the best.



VERREY'S.

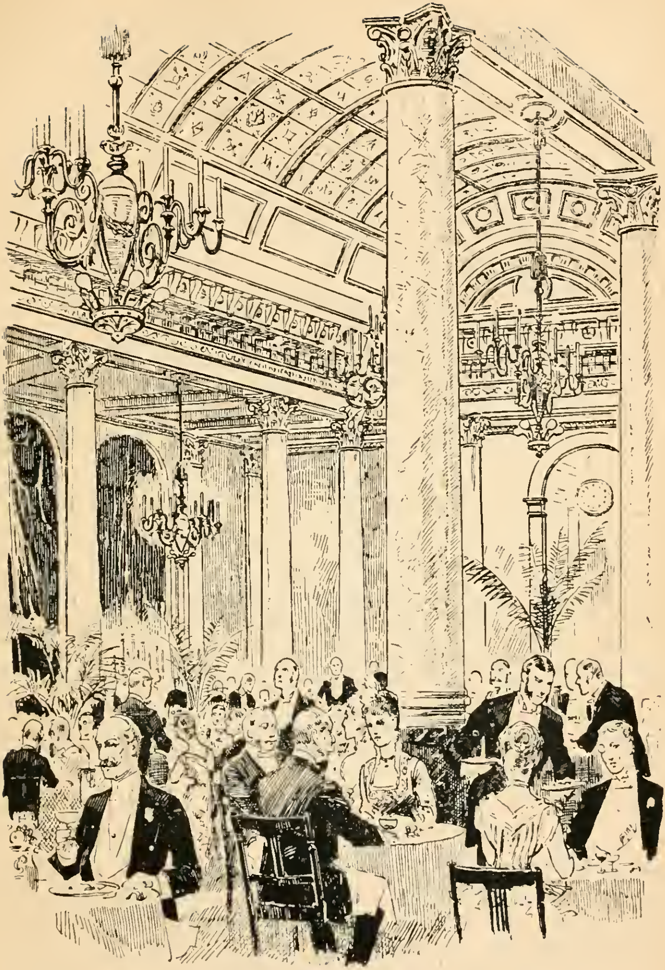
Among the French restaurants of London, Verrey's is entitled to notice. It stands on the west side of Regent Street, at the corner of Hanover Street. Verrey's was, we believe, the first

French restaurant opened in London. The original Verrey was a Swiss, who, long ago, gained a reputation for sweetmeats, though, by the way, he does not figure in the "Epicure's Almanack," published by Longmans in 1815. Doubtless, he became celebrated after that period. At all events, he was in flourishing condition forty or fifty years ago; and in the Great Exhibition year (1851) Verrey's restaurant became the rendezvous of the more aristocratic foreign visitors to London, who flocked thither to eat pistachio ices, and other delicate morsels. Presently Londoners sought Mr. Verrey out; and the excellence of his cookery became known to the *gourmets* of the fashionable quarter. The Café Royal (Regent Street, east side) is another place which enjoys extensive patronage from men who relish a well-cooked French *entrée.* A good dinner in the French manner may be had here for about *5s.* Occasionally, one may partake of a satisfactory meal at a smaller restaurant in the vicinity of Leicester Square or Soho Square (for example at Pinoli's, 17, Wardour Street), for 3*s.* Kettner, in Church Street, Soho, once had a reputation second to none in London for good cookery. A few years ago his little restaurant was crowded nightly.

In the way of *table d'hôtes*, that of the Grand Hotel is worthy of special notice. Originally, as the name implies, the *table d'hôte* was the principal table in the *salle à manger* of a French hotel, at which the two principal daily meals were served for a stated sum, and at which it was customary for the landlord himself to preside. Its counterpart has long flourished in England as the "ordinary" or dinner served at a fixed price to farmers and others on market days at old-fashioned inns in country towns. In the French hotels, particularly in provincial towns, the casual guests at the *table d'hôte* considerably outnumber the visitors staying in the hotel. The advantage of a seat at the *table d'hôte* is obvious. One gets a much better dinner and at a more moderate charge than if he ordered, and paid for, each dish separately. The tourist, straying into an English country-town, will often find a more satisfactory dinner served in a second-class inn at the one o'clock "ordinary" for 1*s*. 6*d*. than he would get at the principal hotel for 5*s*. Such a dinner as the Grand Hotel serves daily from 6 to 8.30 for 5*s*., if provided in the old way, would cost at least from 10*s*. to 15*s*. per head. That dinner consists of six courses of two dishes each—soups, fish, *entrées*, removes, vegetables, roasts, sweets, with dessert. It is admirably served, in a dining-hall one of the most attractive in London, to a company "very select"—that is to say, to ladies and gentlemen staying in the hotel, and their friends, and a large number of casual guests, non-residents, who come up from outlying places to dine before going to the theatres. The *table d'hôte* dinner of the Métropole is also excellent. Many fashionable visitors give dinner-parties in the *salon*—full-dress affairs, quite in the Mayfair manner, and not a quarter so expensive. The dining-hall here is not so elaborate as that of its near neighbour; but in the season it attracts a large number of "swells." The Langham also provides a *table d'hôte* dinner; and we believe other hotels have adopted the system of opening their dining-room to non-residents.

We can speak very favourably, and have heard others do so, of the Restaurant of the First Avenue Hotel, Holborn. It is a quiet, well-ordered place, with an excellent daily bill of fare—prices not too high, cooking good, wines equally so. Guests living at the hotel may if they please make use of this restaurant, and (we'll let them into a secret) in doing so may cut down the weekly bill a trifle; though why one should pay more for dining in the *salon* than in the restaurant is a riddle only to be solved by those who know. We can only explain it in supposing that there is a sense of exclusiveness enjoyed in the *salon* that belongs not to the more public place, and for that, of course, we are all prepared to pay handsomely.

Attached to most of the leading West-end hotels are luncheon bars and "grill-rooms," where one may get almost anything in the shape of fish, flesh, fowl, and, for aught we know, in

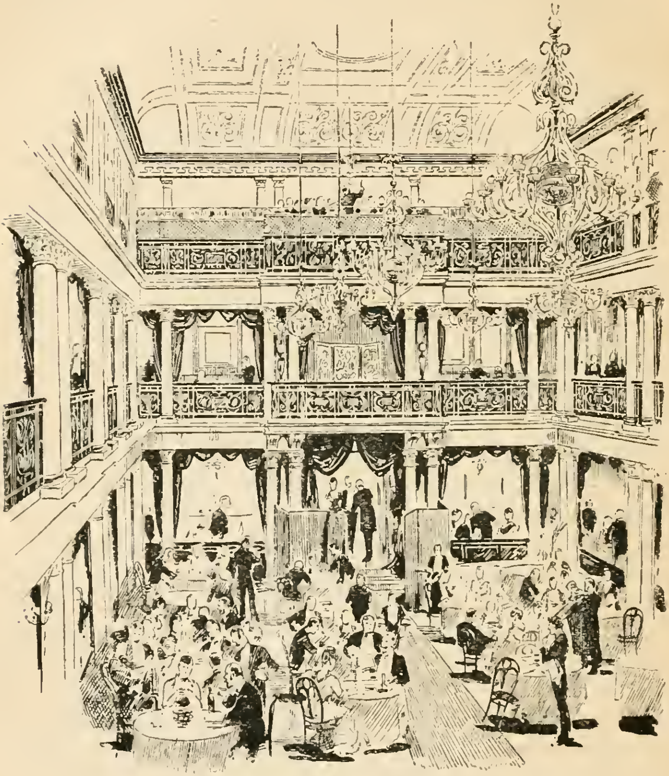


THE TABLE D'HÔTE AT THE GRAND.

"It is admirably served in a dining-hall one of the most attractive in London." P. 56.

proper season good red herring, sandwiches, cold-meats, hot-meats, grilled chops, steaks, kidneys, "snacks" of fish, salads, plates of soup and other eatables, with such drinkables as the inclination suggests: these are provided at more moderate prices than if served inside the hotels. And as far as our experience goes, the luncheons provided at these "bars" and "grill-rooms" are for the most part excellent. When the Lieutenant (one of the personages of that pleasant piece of fiction, "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton") grumbled at the luncheon served to his party at the Ambleside Hotel, my Lady was moved to express her surprise. A young man, a soldier, who professed himself able to enjoy anything in the way of food, ought not, she thought, to have cared whether lemon and bread crumbs were or were not served with a mutton cutlet. "Madam," quoth the Lieutenant, "that is very well in a campaign, when you are glad of anything; but there is no merit in eating badly-cooked food—none at all. * * * It is no shame that anyone should know what is good to eat, and that what he eats is properly prepared. It is not any more contemptible than dressing yourself in good taste." Continued the Lieutenant: "You cannot have everything in a desert island; but in a town where you have time to study such things, a good luncheon is a good thing." Undoubtedly it is; and it is well, perhaps, that the reader should know that he may secure one without much trouble, and at a moderate charge, at either of the places above-named, or, for that matter, at any of the restaurants mentioned in this chapter.

Of outside Restaurants, the Holborn and Criterion are the first in London. The Holborn Restaurant is probably the finest dining-place in the world. For elaborate and tasteful ornamentation, it could hardly be surpassed. Indeed, apart from the merits of the dinners served in its saloon and numerous private dining-rooms, it is well worth visiting if only to judge of the luxury and splendour which now seem an inseparable part of the modern London dining-place. At the first glance one would think that the expenditure on marble pillars, marble stairways, alabaster walls, carved wood-work, panellings of oak, stained-glass windows, and examples of the potter's art, mirrors, painting, gilding, and upholstery had been almost too lavish. But even such a big sum as a couple of hundred thousand pounds, for such matters as these (we have been told that was the cost of rebuilding) are within the possibilities of enterprising and



THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT.

careful management, and the Holborn Restaurant can lay claim to this essential of its business, or it would never have reached its present place as one of the most popular dining-places in London.

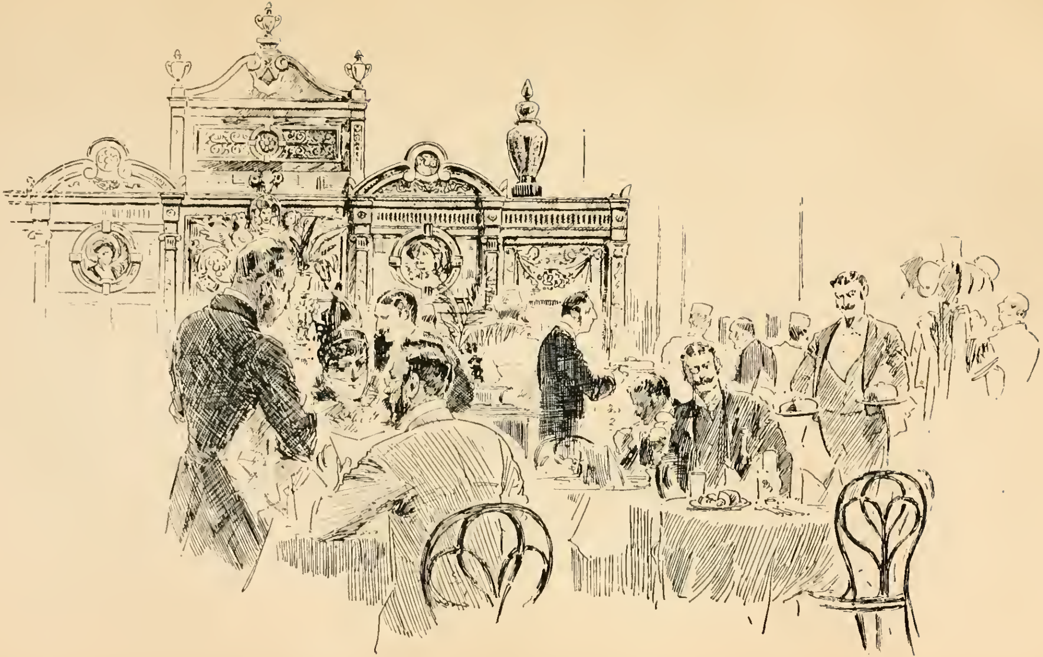
Hotel proprietors and restaurateurs have long ago discovered the fascinating powers of music upon their customers. Experts tell us that Wagner brings a demand for lager beer, that Strauss exhilarates and causes champagne to be largely ordered, and possibly the music of modern English composers influences the consumption of brandies and sodas. We have yet to learn how appetite is affected. In London the proprietors of the Holborn give their customers an excellent band. The ·Criterion has a chorus of glee singers to wile away waits through the courses; and the halls of St. James resound nightly with the combined forces of dinner band, Moore and Burgess, and other minstrels. These facts seem to prove that the three-and-sixpenny diner rather affects music with his meal. The dinner which he gets at the Holborn for that sum is of the usual six courses, and excellent it is. With wines of the favoured vintages, such a dinner is fit for a king, if kings love luxurious dining. The most noble the Marquis of Steyne, being asked to dinner by his sovereign, dined, as we know. from a boiled neck of mutton and turnips. His Majesty George IV. cared for nothing so much in his later days as stewed chicken and rice. But then he had no digestion. King William, his successor, loved a "gallimawfrey," and dosed all his friends with it. Every king is not blessed with good appetite and digestion as the diners of the Holborn Restaurant are. The management humours everyone's whim, however, and apparently with success. It serves a broiled mutton chop and a glass of water with equal readiness and civility as a brace of birds and bottle of champagne. Having had the privilege of tasting all four at this restaurant, we are the better able to testify to the fact.

As to the Grill Room of the Holborn—an unusually attractive luncheon-place—a gentleman, whose good judgment in matters pertaining to the table is unimpeachable, tells us that it is not to be bettered. "I dined there," he says, "with my wife, children, and the governess—a little party of seven. We had a chicken, chops and tomatoes, and a bottle of Beaune; and the bill came to 15*s*." Could we better this at home with fowls at 7*s*. 6*d*. a couple?

In the Strand are one or two noticeable dining-places, chiefly, however, patronized by gentlemen; the Tivoli, Romano's, and the Gaiety. At the first, German cookery, and, for a London restaurant, good German wines and beer are to be had. The prices, too, are moderate. There is a French café at the foot of Ludgate Hill (north side) which may be recommended.

Ladies who come to London shopping, or for a day's amusement, may lunch or dine with comfort at either of the following places: the Grand, the Métropole, the First Avenue, the Burlington (in Regent Street), the St. James's, close at hand, the Bristol, the Criterion and other establishments of Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the Holborn Restaurant. The principal confectioners patronized by ladies are Charbonnel and Walker, 173, New Bond Street, and Buszard, 197, Oxford Street (south side, a few yards from Regent Circus). These firms stand supreme. Marshall's, opposite Charing Cross Railway Station; Thompson's (188, Regent Street); Duclos', near the Princess's Theatre (178, Oxford Street); and Simpson's (247, Oxford Street), are also to be recommended.

Before incurring much expense for a special dinner in London, it is best to consult a native diner-out, in whose judgment you may rely. If the dinner be ordered beforehand a day or two, this is not so necessary, seeing that at least half-a-dozen of the chief London restaurants can provide as good a dinner as one would wish to eat. But for a dinner on the moment it might be useful to note that tortue claire, tortue liée, fins and green fat, with the customary iced punch, are seldom to be had in perfection westward of the territory of the Lord Mayor, nearer, in fact, than Purssell's in Cornhill and the Ship and Turtle in Leadenhall Street. Nor would we advise filets de soles en matelotte Normande, rougets à la Lyonnaise, tranches de Saumon,



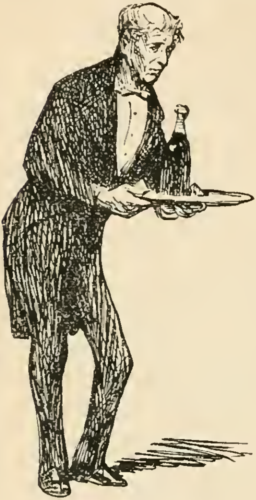
THE GRILL ROOM—HOLBORN RESTAURANT.

sauce Génévoise, or devilled whitebait, anywhere eastward of Charing Cross. The East Room at the Criterion is the most likely place now to eat in perfection Suprême de Volaille aux truffes, Quenelles de Gibier à la Financière, and Châteaubriand à la Chérron. Such toothsome dishes, with wines of the favoured vintages, are not to be had at every restaurant; still less are they to be found in ordinary bills of fare.

As to prices, a hungry man may satisfy his appetite in reasonable comfort for 3*s*. 6*d*.; a fastidious man for a trifle more, say 6*s*.; a diner who can show good play with knife and fork upon fish, flesh, and fowl, and whose pint of claret makes but a poor account on the bill, for 7*s*. 6*d*.; an epicure for 10*s*. The prices shown on the "Coffee-room" bill of fare of the Reform Club afford a fair insight into cost of dining at a London club of the first class. Soups are charged as follows: Julienne, 8*d*.; Turtle, 1*s*. 9*d*. Fish: Cod, boiled, 1*s*.; Salmon, en souchet, 1*s*. 3*d*.; Smelts, 9*d*.; Sole, 1*s*. 1*d*.; Whitebait, 1*s*. Entrées: Poulet en Fricassée aux Truffes, 3*s*.; Filet de Bœuf and olives, 1*s*. 4*d*.; Côtelettes de Mouton, 8*d*. each; Crêpinettes de gibier, 8*d*. Roasts: Beef, 1*s*. 6*d*.; Mutton, 1*s*. 6*d*. Poultry and game: Chicken, 4*s*. 6*d*.; Wild Duck, 4*s*. 9*d*.; Woodcock, 5*s*.; Ptarmigan, 2*s*. 3*d*.; Plover, 2*s*. 9*d*. Vegetables, 6*d*. and 9*d*. per portion; Entremets, &c., from 4*d*. to 6*d*. per portion.

In a general way we should say that no more delicious oysters are to be had than at Pimm's in the Poultry, and Sweeting's in Cheapside; and turtle than that which is supplied by Purssell's of Cornhill (78-80), and Painter's of Leadenhall Street (129-130), the Ship and Turtle tavern. Fish, plain boiled, may, doubtless, be had in greater perfection outside of London, but hardly so in London than that which is shown on the daily bill of fare of Blanchard's (Beak Street), Simpson's (the Strand), and the Tavistock in Covent Garden. In the line of *Entrées* and French dishes, no better place than the East Rooms at the Criterion. As to the roast, we say Blanchard's and the Tavistock. For game, we have eaten this in excellent condition at the Holborn Restaurant, the Tavistock, and Blanchard's in Beak

Street. In the important matter of wines, the diner-out shall not better some of those on the wine-tariff of the Tavistock, Brown's, and —— But stay. We are all first-rate judges of wine. This is a topic so fruitful of contention that it were best to let the reader judge for himself. It is hardly necessary to add that opportunity is within his reach in almost every London thoroughfare. That admirable authority "Mr. Robert"[1] tells us that every class of diner-out has its preferences. It is well not to disturb these.


"DRY, SIR?"

On Sunday, if one should be compelled to dine away from his hotel or lodging, he must arrange to take his principal daily meal either between 1 and 3, or after 6 afternoon. The London restaurants are closed till 1, and between 3 and 6. Dining-places are usually full on Sunday nights, being largely patronized by gentlemen who treat their wives and daughters to a mild dissipation to break the monotony of Sunday, or by more conscientious folk who dine out to give their servants a rest.

With respect to the railway terminal restaurants, it may be interesting to note that at most of them a fair luncheon may be had at a very moderate price. Several of these are quite popular dining-rooms, notably the Mansion House (Metropolitan Station) refreshment room, whose tiled walls bear evidence of the Antipodean origin of the founders of the firm, and that at Victoria Station. The Holborn-viaduct establishment has of late become popular, and deservedly so.

Those who, from motives of expediency or choice, may not care to dine at a restaurant which makes a carefully-selected cellar of wines one of its principal specialities, will find in Mr. Kent's, St. Paul's Café and Restaurant (61, St. Paul's Churchyard), a well-managed Temperance dining-place.

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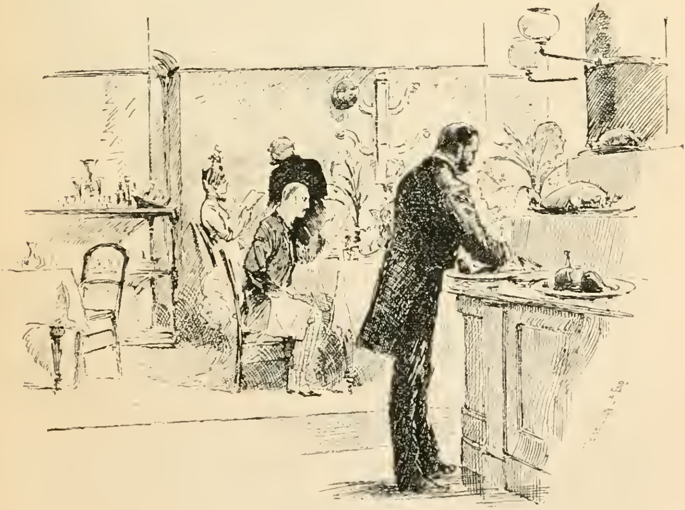
[1] "Punch" ("Diary of a City Waiter").

Of chop-houses there are few remaining: Dolly's has vanished; the old Cock Tavern in Fleet Street is no longer in existence; the Cheshire Cheese, in the same thoroughfare, is of distinction among chop-houses, though, as it seems to us, not quite the Cheshire Cheese of twenty years ago; Stone's, in Panton Street, in the Haymarket, is entitled to notice.

In the City are many excellent Restaurants chiefly frequented by business-men. We need hardly mention them here, since strangers going into the City about luncheon-time will be sure to find them out, if not by invitation by unavoidable attraction. After the luncheon-hour (it is rather a prolonged one) the City Restaurants are deserted.



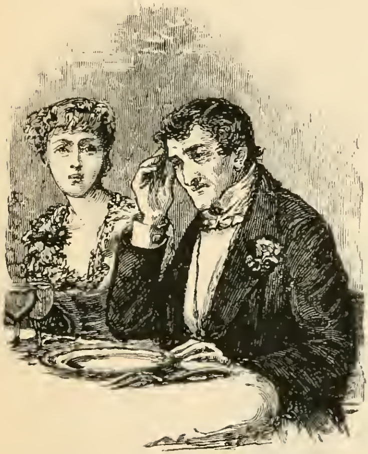
LUNCH AT THE C.S.C.S. STORES.

Chapter V.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN TOWN?—THE SEASON—ITS PLEASURES AND AMUSEMENTS.

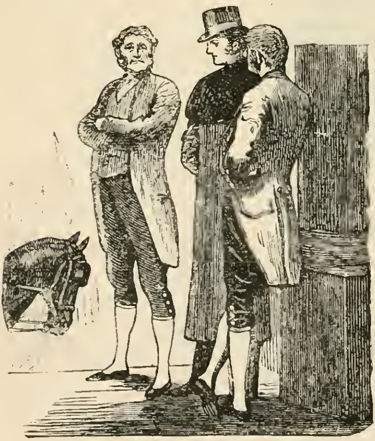
THE pleasantest time of the year to visit London is undoubtedly in "the season," the period of the year when the guests, for whom London trade and society prepare their fascinations, assemble in the fashionable quarter of the town. London possesses in February and March, and, virtually, in December and January, most of the amusements which so clamorously assail the visitor in May, June, and July. All the forces of diversion and social occupation which London parades with so grand a flourish of trumpets after Easter, have been there long previously drawn up to be used, if not to dazzle. The public seems about that time, however, suddenly to become aware that they are there, and to pounce down upon them in a sort of frenzy, that it might lose them if it did not devour them in the mass. For a period of three months in summer, by general assent called "the season," aristocratic London gorges itself, so to say, with pleasure and social dissipation. It eats many superfluous meals, ranging between "Willis's Rooms'" banquets, and ball-room suppers; and, in general, dances, flirts, gossips, and goes to exhibitions, fêtes, theatres, and opera more, and, on the whole, fatigues itself more by day and gets less sleep at night than in all other months of the year put together.

A thin and almost invisible line divides the London season from the months which precede it. With the re-assembling of the House of Commons after the Easter recess, it resumes itself in point of time, and may be said to begin in reality. The social energies which display themselves before that time are not so much spasmodic as inactive. Many distinguished families avoid the trouble of two migrations by not coming to town till after the Easter recess of Parliament; re-unions and party-giving on a large scale are therefore difficult. And until such time as the fashionable journals "paragraph" the fashionable arrivals, and give unusual space to the dinner parties and receptions of the Mayfair and Belgravian quarter, the season cannot be said to have begun in earnest. When Earls, Countesses, and other "swell" people contrive to let it be known that they have "arrived in town for the season," and are giving dinners and dances to their friends, then the means of pleasure crop up and spread abroad in London in luxuriant profusion. The Court, represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and one or two other members of the Royal Family, usually becomes resident in London in May.


"WHEN EARLS, COUNTESSES," ETC.

Art takes the initiative. The Royal Academy throws open its doors in the first week of May. The other art galleries, those of the Grosvenor, Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and of the Royal Institute, and kindred institutions are likewise opened to the public. In the musical world the operatic and concert announcements become more than ordinarily prominent, and tempt the eye if not the purse with a splendid array of musical talent. The managers of the several theatres put forth their most attractive bills in order to encourage the patronage of visitors. At

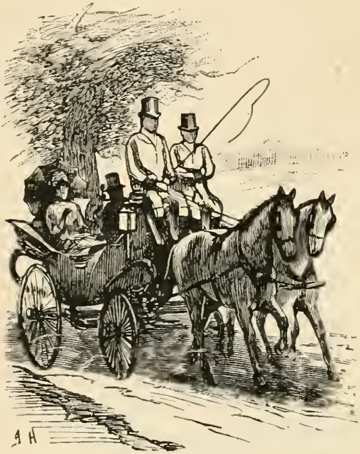
South Kensington, the authorities, equally alive to the opportunities of the season, hold their annual international exhibition, whereat conferences, evening fêtes, military concerts, and the like are specially arranged to instruct and amuse the people who now throng to London. There are races at Epsom, Ascot, Sandown, and Kempton Park; flower-shows in the charming gardens of the Royal Botanic and Horticultural Societies; firework galas at the Crystal Palace; military tournaments and horse-shows in the Agricultural Hall at Islington; fashionable bazaars, amateur theatricals, and pastoral plays at Knightsbridge, Kensington, and Coombe Wood; meets of the "Four-in-hand" and "Coaching" clubs in Hyde Park; excursions by coach to pleasant places in the environs; cricket matches at "Lord's" and the "Oval;" boat and yacht racing on the Thames; Lawn-tennis tournaments at Wimbledon; athletic contests at Brompton; banquets, suppers, dances, garden-parties and receptions everywhere: these represent but a tithe of the amusements which the London season reserves for the votaries of pleasure.


WAITING FOR MY LADY.

SOME PLACES OF FASHIONABLE OUT-DOOR RESORT.

Mrs. Delany, in a letter to her great friend the Duchess of Portland, remarks, "what company is in town you are sure of meeting in the Park." And what was true of her day remains true of our own. To find out "who's in town," meaning to engage in the occupation of critically surveying from an open carriage the youth, beauty, celebrity, and wealth of the town, is one of the earlier pleasures of the London season. These may be enjoyed to most advantage in the parks, but especially Hyde Park, where the upper classes of the English fashionable world congregate between five and seven o'clock, partly to take the air, but chiefly to see and be seen. There is no finer sight in London than "the drive" on a June afternoon. The most stately mansions in Mayfair, Belgravia, and Tyburnia, contribute to the gay throng of distinguished personages who, for the space of two hours, in stately procession, two carriages deep, drive round and round the Ladies' Mile. In the morning, between eleven and one, the ride called Rotten Row—a wide avenue flanked by trees extending along the southern boundary of the park—is crowded with ladies and gentlemen on horseback, representatives of "the upper ten." The singular name of this thoroughfare, we may parenthetically remark, is sometimes said to be a corruption of Route du Roi, or King's Road; but Timbs mentions that it is derived from the word *rotteran*, meaning to muster, and that its origin is traceable to the military reviews which used to be held here. The name is libellous and unpleasing, and might well be changed for another that would do justice to the delightful avenue; some name that might reflect the soft, translucent foliage that borders it in summer, or the flowers which are bedded in rich masses along its walks, or the distinction that belongs to its frequenters.

Rotten Row is the entrance way of the London fashionable world. Nowhere else is the assemblage so aristocratic, so little diluted with the streams of inferior humanity. Shabbiness never ventures here. Seated in one of the chairs along "the Row" at the proper hour of the day, one may catch a glimpse of the most notable people in London: now of a Cabinet minister; now of a famous ambassador or foreign prince; now of a popular bishop; now of a leading Radical M.P.; now of the Prince of Wales and his sons; now of a city magnate and ruler of the financial world; now of some famous artist, actor, or popular author. The dress of the riders is faultless as the horses they ride. For aught one can see in Rotten Row on a Midsummer morning, all the world may be prosperous, dignified, well-tailored, and well-groomed. There is no such thing as poverty, and no such thing as work; all the world is bent on pleasuring. Occasionally the music of the band of a regiment of Life or Horse Guards, stationed at Hyde Park barracks, lends strength to the illusion.


EN ROUTE TO THE ROW.

Royal and aristocratic wealth and state, whatever other results they may have had upon English growth and society, have at least conferred upon London its chief embellishments and adornments; and chief among these are its Parks. Had not Henry VIII. desired a park within reach of Whitehall, in which to lounge away an idle hour, and to hunt the deer, this magnificent possession of four hundred acres would probably long since have passed into the energetic hands of the builder. Hyde Park, indeed, remained a royal park, to which none but the Sovereign and the Court people were admitted, for centuries after Henry had for ever done with beheading wives and defying Rome. The people, however, in time acquired the privilege of wandering at will over the royal domain; and it now, as everyone knows, belongs to the people who, truth to say, the fashionable *habitués* of "the season" notwithstanding, find ample enjoyment in its unfenced meadows and beautiful walks. The restrictions which confront one in many pleasure-grounds are here absent; and the purpose of public recreation is not defeated by arbitrary warnings against going this way or going that.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

These gardens, which lie contiguous to, and practically form a part of Hyde Park, and for which the public is indebted to the taste of William of Orange, Queen Anne, and Caroline, the complacent queen of George II., have been a favourite resort of Londoners for more than a century and a half. "The ladies of Queen Anne's days here loved to display their rich brocades and glossy damasks, while the wits and politicians of the Augustan age exchanged polished sarcasms on Stuart or Hanoverian, according to the political likings of the speaker's party." What was at that time the close preserve of the court and aristocracy is now a public park for the people of Bayswater and Kensington. Nursery-maids and children in the morning, and their elders and betters in the afternoon, have taken the place of the court ladies and the wits of the "Augustan age." "The Gardens," separated from "the Park" by a sunken wall and a bridge across the Serpentine, are a triumph of the landscape gardener's art. The trees are planted with discrimination, and the foliage is luxuriant. The surface undulates, and the paths wind now along the shore of a lake, now under a leafy archway, and now into an open space, bedded out with flowers of brilliant hues. Kensington Palace, which adds somewhat to the picturesqueness of the Gardens, was originally the residence of the Earl of Nottingham, and was purchased from him by William III. Within it Queen Mary, the consort of that king, died; and Queen Anne subsequently occupied it, giving those splendid *fêtes*, which were attended by all the great world of London, attired in "brocaded robes, hoops, flycaps, and fans." She, too, died within its walls; and in it also died George II., who, with Queen Caroline, had spent most of his time in it. It became the home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, to whom, on the 24th of May, 1819, was born Alexandrina Victoria, her present Majesty. It was here that news was brought her of the death of William IV., she receiving the messengers just as she had left her bedroom, "in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The Broad Walk in Kensington Gardens used to be—we do not know whether it may be so now—the fashionable promenade of the wealthier inhabitants of Bayswater and Kensington on Sunday afternoons, between four and six o'clock. Within five minutes' walk of Kensington Gardens, in the direction of the Royal Albert Hall, are the

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS,

the grounds of which are objects of attraction on many accounts—their merit in connection with garden architecture; the interest attending the flower-shows there held during April, May, June, and July; and the special relation existing between the grounds and the annual international exhibitions now being held at South Kensington. The ground is laid out in three terraces, rising successively in elevation, and surrounded by Italian arcades open to the gardens. There are also cascades and waterworks. The highest terrace has a spacious conservatory, to form a winter-garden. These gardens are open daily from nine a.m. Visitors to the International Exhibition are admitted to them without extra fee, except on special occasions.

ST. JAMES'S AND THE GREEN PARKS.

It was Henry VIII. who unconsciously endowed the inhabitants of London with what promised at one time to be the prettiest of all the parks—that which takes its name from St. James's Palace. But there is nothing here, remarks a recent chronicler of London, "to fill a man with envy by reminding him of the unequal distribution of the world's honours and riches; whatever his poverty may be, he can find rags to match his own; and if he be splenetic, he may, as Goldsmith says, meet companions with whose groans he may mingle his own. The pinched faces of the 'lower orders' (as the labouring classes are called in England), may be seen as often as others; and the hands are not dainty which share the contents of wicker luncheon-baskets and paper parcels with the water-fowl on the lake, which are said to be the direct descendants of those introduced by Charles II." This is so within the park, no doubt, though at times of the day and at certain periods of the year it makes some show of gentility. Being on the high-road to the clubs and government offices, a steady stream of "swells" flows daily through the "Mall;" and on "levée" and "drawing-room" days it is thronged with gay carriages, whose occupants are proceeding to pay their respects to royalty. To the student of contemporary manners, the hour between one and two afternoon, passed in St. James's Park on these occasions (the daily papers announce the dates) will bring some amusement.

The Green Park, in the very midst of the aristocratic quarter, adjoins Piccadilly on one side and St. James's on the other. It consists principally of greensward, but there are some fine trees in the north-western part, and some pretty flower-beds. The broad road crossing the park to Buckingham Palace is called Constitution Hill, at the top of which used to stand the equestrian statue of the first Duke of Wellington. Now that it has been wheeled away to Aldershot, one may see how great an improvement the re-arrangement of Hyde Park Corner has produced. The place seems as if it were destined to be the site of several statues. As London statues go, we may reasonably hope not.

REGENT'S PARK.

Unlike the noble series of parks we have noticed, extending from Whitehall to Kensington, Regent's Park, north-westward of

Oxford Street, was never a royal resort, and may be said to date from to-day. The largest of all, it was laid out under the direction of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., in the year 1812. It was formed out of crown lands, and derived its name from the title of the royal gentleman who gave it to the people. It is a beautiful open space, enriched with lakes, plantations, shrubberies, and beds of flowers. North of it rises the broad, gradual slope and cone-like summit of Primrose Hill, worn bare these many years by the feet of the multitude, having scarce any foliage, but with a look-out over London from the top which might have delighted the contemplative eye of Professor Teufelsdröckh. The park is surrounded by extensive ranges of buildings, forming terraces, variously designated. On the western limit is the cosy and pleasant district of St. John's Wood, with its little secluded cottages and villas. On the opposite, eastern, side of the park is that land of semi-suburban lodging-houses and comfortable retreats, Kentish Town; and a little farther off, the somewhat more prosperous Camden Town; while just north of these are the picturesque heights of Hampstead and of Highgate, redolent of memories of Coleridge, Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Keats, and Shelley.

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS

are situated in the Regent's Park, occupying the chief part of the space within the inner circle. They are supplied with a rich collection of exotic, as well as native plants; and hither, at certain seasons of the year, on certain days (duly advertised in the daily papers), come a multitude of fashionable folk to the exhibitions and flower shows of the Royal Botanic Society. The Spring Exhibitions of Plants and Flowers usually take place on Wednesdays, in the last week of March and April; the Summer Exhibitions of Plants, Flowers, and Fruits on Wednesdays, in May and June. The great attraction of the year is the Evening Fête and Floral Exhibition, which takes place on Wednesday, early in July. There are also "special exhibitions" during May and June, and "promenades" every Wednesday, from the first Wednesday in May to the first Wednesday in August. Admission by strangers is obtained through the courtesy of Fellows of the Society, and on special occasions by payment. The first page of the "Times," or the fourth of the "Daily News" will afford information on this point during the season.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

occupy a triangular space of about fifteen acres at the northern end of the Broad Walk, and along the Regent's Canal. This place has long been the pride of London, and no expense or care have been spared to make it the most interesting and complete zoological exhibition in the world. The "Zoo" in time past was as favourite a fashionable resort as Rotten Row. It was the custom of the "upper ten" to resort thither on Sunday afternoons, and promenade in its pleasant avenues enlivened by the sights and sounds of a bewildering variety of the animal world. As admission to these Sunday rendezvous was only to be had by permits from a Fellow of the Society, the general public were excluded, and the "best people" had the spacious grounds to themselves. In later years the "Zoo" has become less fashionable on Sundays, though this day is still set apart for the admission of Fellows and their friends.

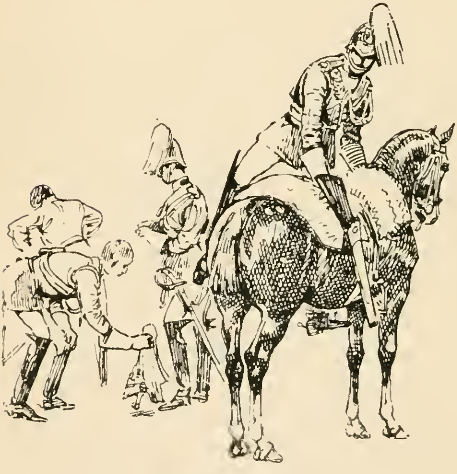
In striking contrast with these exclusive gatherings is the multitude which invades the "Zoo" on Monday, which is the "popular-price" day, when a sixpence opens the gate to the neediest. Then you may see troops of sturdy, good-natured, wondering folk—men, women, and children—who come thither, not to see each other, but to stand amazed at the animal show; to ride on the elephants and camels, and see the hungry lions fed, and gaze amused at the ridiculous antics of the monkey community in their cage. On other days the price of admission is a shilling, and large crowds of people frequent the "Zoo" on Saturday afternoons, when a cavalry-band discourses music near the refreshment pavilion.

No one can visit the animal treasures of the Zoological Gardens without a sentiment of wonder. Their preservation has reached here the perfection of science. No species of the animal world seems to have been omitted in the plan; and the large space devoted to the Gardens enables something like a representation of the natural haunts of each animal to be made. In all, there are nearly two thousand animals: many of them descendants of the original animals placed in the Gardens when they were laid out half a century ago. Nothing could be more picturesque than the disposition and adornment of the space. Swans and ibis, flamingoes, pelicans, and queer-shaped water-birds, are seen sunning themselves beside, or swimming in, graceful miniature ponds, while the plants and shrubs which surround them hint of the distan regions whence they have been brought. Deer and antelope are gliding in little turfy parks; the kangaroo has a familiar nook in a copse of shrubbery by himself. The elephants, guided by keepers, and their backs supplied with *howdahs*, wander at large beneath the high-spreading trees in the avenues. The amphibious rhinoceros and hippopotamus have independent houses, supplied at the side by such murky ponds as they love to wallow in; the soft-eyed giraffe cranes his neck amiably over a high slight fence, and sometimes commits playful depredations on visitors' hats and bonnets; the lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, wolves, hyenas—malevolent beasts of the jungle, the prairie, and the steppe—are, of course, securely caged, the cages being spacious and airy. Most interesting is the reptile-house, provided with a splendid variety of the scaled and slimy creation, from the enormous boas and cobras to the green lizard and the glittering-eyed African viper. The bears have their pits, from the top of which one looks far down to see their antics in the well below, the beaver his hut, dam, and pond, very much as he had them in his days of fullest liberty. The other animals are equally well cared for, well housed, well fed, and rejoicing in manifold civilities from visitors. The Zoological Gardens in the summer months provide one of the pleasantest places for recreation and study to be found in London, and especially for children, as well of the wealthy as of the poorer classes.

CHAPTER VI.

THE COURT—DRAWING-ROOMS AND LEVÉES.

IT is not often now that the Royal Standard proclaims the presence of the Queen at Buckingham Palace; and when it is flying there it is generally only for the few brief hours during which Her Majesty is in London to hold a "Drawing-Room." The cheerless ceremonial known by that name—a ceremonial restricted, of all seasons of the year, to the cold and treacherous days of March and April — is a survival of the ancient custom of Royalty to dine in public, as the Levée is of that of receiving persons of high rank while the Sovereign was completing his toilette. At the Court of Louis XIV. the change of clothing was a solemn function, one peer having the right to hand the monarch his shirt, and another to hold a candle while he removed that garment to don his nightgown. It is easily seen from Pepys and Saint Simon that the old custom of the drawing-room was that all properly-qualified persons, having sufficient



ESCORT DUTY.

quarterings or powerful protectors, were allowed to come and go about the palace during the evening, and gamble if they liked at *le jeu du roi*, the King's table being kept for him by some nobleman in whom he had confidence. This is the undoubted origin of public gaming-tables, and was developed to great lengths by the Prince-Bishops and other small German potentates, as well as by the patricians of Venice. In the reign of George II. the scandal of such proceedings as Charles allowed at Whitehall was attenuated to a reception every evening, when "all persons properly dressed," and, we may suppose, presented, were admitted while the Royal Family amused themselves playing at cards. By degrees this comparative freedom of intercourse between Sovereign and subject was diminished. After the death of Queen Caroline receptions were held only twice a week, and later still the King gave up evening receptions, and held his state earlier in the day, a practice confirmed by George IV., and continued ever since. This simple explanation tells why colourless dowagers and shivering damsels are now called upon to don evening attire on bitter spring mornings and present a ridiculous spectacle to ribald spectators in the Mall and St. James's Park. Perhaps old Court customs and modern Court rules had better be left to antiquaries and gentlemen ushers. In the light of day they seem a little ridiculous; and, doubtless, in a few years to come, will be merely interesting as the gossip of history.

As the regulations of the Court insist that all ladies who are to be presented shall appear in full Court-dress—that is to say, with low bodice, short sleeves, train, lappets, and a decoration of ostrich plumes as head-dress, it follows that ladies who might wish to appear otherwise are debarred the privilege of paying their respectful homage to Her Majesty in person. That these regulations are strictly observed, any lady with sufficient curiosity may judge for herself by standing for an hour or so after noon in the Buckingham Palace Road on a Drawing-Room day—that is to say, if she is not honoured with the acquaintance of a friend who has already been presented at Court. The train, plumes, and lappets are deemed indispensable; the regulation as to the low bodice is sometimes not enforced in the case of ladies in delicate health. The feathers must be white, black only being permitted as deep mourning. They must be worn (a lady of distinction informs us) "so that they may be visible in the royal presence; one long feather drooping at the side, and two curling over towards the face. In lieu of veritable lace lappets, a tulle veil of two widths, a yard long, may fall at the back. Gloves must be white, except when the Court is in mourning."

The Sovereign shows herself very jealous of any interference with rules and regulations established by custom and precedent. It has happened, we are told, that a bodice has had to be cut down in the palace itself, and a piece of tulle torn from the skirt of the dress has had to take the place of the forgotten lappets. A train, too, not properly lined has, in a current of air, fluttered over the head of the wearer, although the pages with their gold-headed sticks have striven to lead it the way it should go; and under these distressing circumstances a lady has had to pass before royalty. Any costume not conforming to the regulations comes at once under the Argus-eyed court officials, and cannot appear in the presence-chamber. Young girls and brides presented wear white.

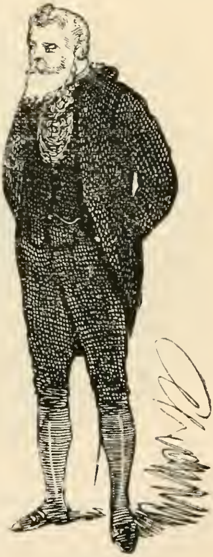
Attending a Drawing-room confers a sort of diploma of moral respectability, for only ladies of unimpeachable character may put in an appearance. Directly, it leads to nothing in the way of invitations, unless there is a personal acquaintance with some member of the Royal Family, or the person presented hold some official or political position, when it is desirable a few days after the Drawing-room to go to Buckingham Palace, and enter the name and address in the books kept there for the purpose, when an invitation to a court ball or concert may follow.

The etiquette to be observed by those who attend a Drawing-room or Levée, whether they be English or foreign, is as follows. The dates of such receptions are always announced in the daily newspapers. At least two clear days beforehand, the name of the lady (or the gentleman) to be presented must be sent in before noon to the Lord Chamberlain, at his office, St. James's Palace, in order that it may be laid before her Majesty. No presentation may be made except by those who actually attend the court, therefore a letter from the person who presents, stating that it is his or her intention to attend, must accompany the application. In due course, if the Queen's sanction is obtained (and it is only in extreme cases that this is withheld), a card is sent from the Lord Chamberlain containing some printed rules, and the name of the person presented and the person who presents. Large cards with these names distinctly written upon them are taken to the palace: one is given to the Queen's page at the top of the staircase, while the other is handed to the Lord Chamberlain, who stands beside the Queen. No lady is allowed to attend more than one court reception in a year. Gentlemen only attend the Queen's Drawing-rooms with ladies, and in these circumstances may be presented with them. Those who attend Drawing-rooms after they have been presented need give no intimation of their intention to attend beforehand. Ladies are seldom presented more than twice in a lifetime—before and after marriage—unless they "come into a title." Officers in the army, diplomatic corps, &c., may go through the formula on each promotion. Ministers, ambassadors, and certain other distinguished folk, have the privilege of the "entrée"—that is, they arrive and depart at a separate entrance, and pass through the presence chamber before the general company.

The Drawing-rooms are held at Buckingham Palace, the site of old Buckingham House and the Mulberry Gardens, the palace where George III. and his queen brought up their numerous family in domestic fashion. The Levées—unless on occasions very rare nowadays when the Queen (not the Prince of Wales) holds them—take place at St. James's Palace, where in the beginning of this reign Drawing-rooms were also held. The suite of rooms here have been redecorated, but at best they are of uninviting aspect, even when the gay throng of splendidlyuniformed military and naval officers is there. The guard-room has the walls completely lined with arms. Over the mantelpiece may be seen the initials, "H A." (Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn), united by a true-lover's knot. Buckingham Palace shows off to far better advantage the gold-laced uniforms and court-dresses, the costly costumes, the heirlooms of old lace and jewels, which, as a matter of course, are worn by those who have them. The company are admitted to Buckingham Palace at two o'clock; but long before that hour the line of carriages begins to form in the Mall. The vulgar crowd stand without in the roadway to stare at the pretty faces, the plumes and lappets, the enormous bouquets, which the last season or so ladies have carried, and the gay liveries of the servants, many of whom also wear big bouquets. When at last there is a move, the carriages are driven through a fine quadrangle to the great entrance, where the company alight, amid a glamour of scarlet and gold. The Queen's guests cross the hall, paved with variegated marble, supported by marble pillars, and deposit their cloaks in a room across the sculpture gallery. Passing up the grand staircase, lined with Yeomen of the Guard ("Beefeaters"), the company traverse the picture gallery, boasting of some fine works by Greuze and Maas, and other well-known masters, and enter one of the suite of rooms, which are guarded by Gentlemen-at-arms, who cross their halberds at the doorway when no more can be admitted. The ladies keep their trains over their arm until they are about to enter the presence-chamber, when court officials remove it, and they reach her Majesty with train trailing on the ground. The Queen stands in the centre of a semicircle of her illustrious relatives, the members of her Household behind.

This brilliant group stands in front of the alcove where is the throne. Those to be presented enter without the glove on the right hand. This they place beneath the extended hand of the Queen, which they kiss, bending as low as possible. It is necessary to curtsey to each royal personage (a somewhat difficult operation), walking sideways till the train is thrown by the Queen's pages on the left arm again; and, leaving the throne-room, the ceremony of presentation is over. Those who have attended a previous drawing-room simply pass the royal presence, bowing; and when the court is held by any but the Queen in person, (although the presentation is considered in every case equivalent to one to her Majesty,) there is no kissing of hands. It is contrary to etiquette to turn round in the royal presence; but everything is so well arranged, and the company are told so exactly what they are to do, that presence of mind only is necessary. This, however, we are informed, is not always forthcoming.

Levées are conducted on the same plan, but are confined exclusively to men, who wear uniform or court dress. The old court dress, sometimes seen now, comprised shoes with buckles, satin or velvet breeches, a cloth coat, with that curious appendage a bag wig, and richly embroidered waistcoat with lace ruffles, a cocked hat, and sword. About fifteen or sixteen years ago the Lord Chamberlain announced that dark cloth trousers of the same colour as the coat, with narrow gold stripes down the side, might be worn at Levées, but breeches are, we believe, part of the full dress for Drawing-rooms. The coat is of the form known as a dress coat, single-breasted, with gilt buttons, and a straight collar, embroidered, as are the cuffs and pocket flaps. A white waistcoat, white tie and cocked hat, and sword complete the suit. It may be in velvet or in cloth. On certain days of the year, the so-called "Collar days," high diplomatic and distinguished personages wear the collars and badges of the Garter, Thistle, and other orders of Knighthood.

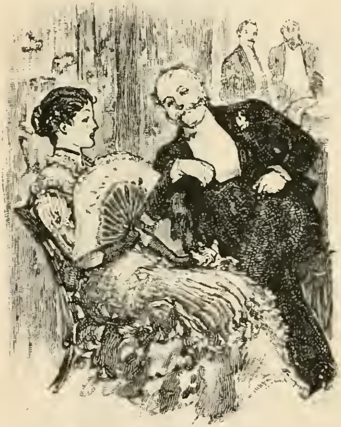


COURT DRESS.

CHAPTER VII.

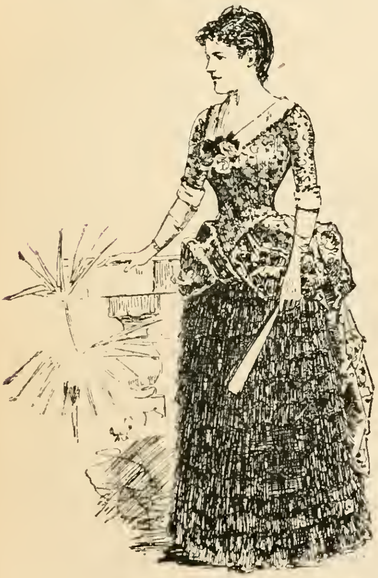
STATE BALLS, DANCES, GARDEN PARTIES, AND RECEPTIONS.

TOUCHSTONE says, "Why, thou never wast at court; thou never sawest good manners." It is for sake of the much-to-be-desired learning of good manners possibly that the fashionable world is so anxious to put in an appearance at court festivities. These in London take the form of a State Concert or two in the year, in addition to a State Ball. Ladies on such occasions wear ordinary full evening dress, but gentlemen must appear in court dress or uniform. The state concerts, at which the best professional singers perform, are held in the concert-room at Buckingham Palace. A fine organ is at one end, with huge standard candlesticks in front, the royal family occupying an alcove at the opposite side of the apartment. All the rooms are thrown open, and in certain of them refreshments are served. The Yeomen of the Guard are in attendance. An invitation is deemed "a command," and the company are supposed to be in their places before the royal family enter. At the balls, royalty begins the dancing with a quadrille


"THE CREAM OF SOCIETY."

at the upper end of the room; afterwards it becomes general. There is always on these occasions a magnificent display of dresses, flowers, and plate. The lighting is very perfect, a combination of wax lights and gas. A state ball is a brilliant sight, once seen not likely to be forgotten; though to those invited outside the charmed circle of the best society it may be a dull affair.

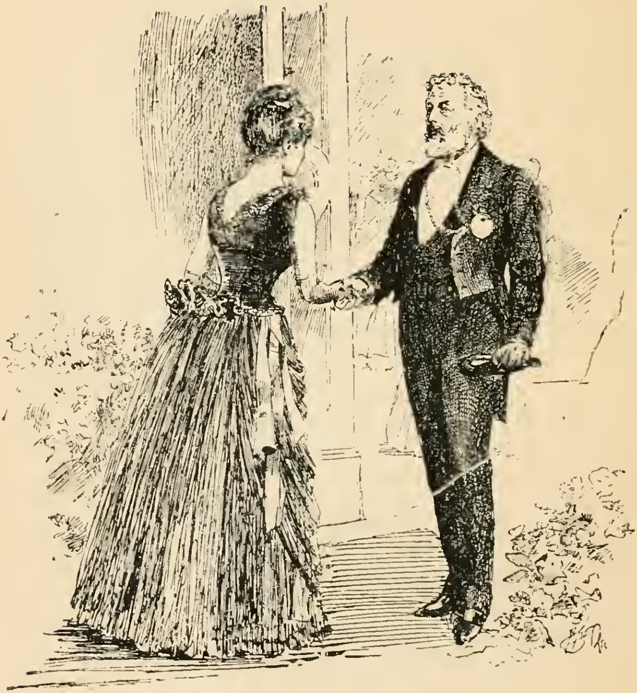
The Prince and Princess of Wales give a children's dance and a ball most years at Marlborough House, when the list of guests includes the cream of society and those famous in all branches of the professional, artistic, and political world. Such parties are far less formal than a state ball. The popular and beautiful Princess of Wales receives her guests, and both host and hostess dance most of the evening, and enter into the entertainment with spirit. One of the last events of the season usually is a garden party at Marlborough House. The grounds and the house itself are very charming, and well arranged. The Prince and Princess also in most years give a "royal picnic" at Virginia Water, at the conclusion of the festivities of the Ascot week. Many of the chief balls of the London season are honoured by the presence of princes. These are received at the entrance by the host and hostess, and conducted to some specially reserved seats. Supper is ordinarily laid for them in a separate room, to which a few are specially bidden.



GOING TO THE BALL.

Subscription dances, under the patronage of a long list of ladies, are given at the Town Hall, Kensington, and Princes Hall, Piccadilly, both capital places for the sort of thing, with good floors, ample space, and surroundings of comfort and prettiness. In order to join any of these, it is necessary to be introduced by a steward or patroness, from whom vouchers are obtained. Surplus money is handed to a charity. The cost is not great; for six of the best, including refreshments, £2 10*s*. The Cinderella dances begin at eight and terminate at twelve, the hour when that young lady left the ballroom; whence the name. Before the erection of these buildings London was badly off in the way of ballrooms. Most of the public balls were held at Willis's Rooms, where "Almack's" flourished. The annual Caledonian ball (in aid of the Caledonian Society) is still given there, and that of the Wiltshire Society, and others. At the Caledonian, which is one of the fashionable balls of the season, Scotchmen appear in Scotch garb. There are plenty of reels, and one or two fancy quadrilles got up by the lady patronesses, who are people well known in the fashionable world. Admission by voucher, on payment of a guinea. The ball takes place in the middle of June.

When Parliament meets, the political receptions begin. These are all much of one kind, on whichever side in politics the givers of these receptions happen to be. The throng come and go from about ten to twelve, and the more crowded the more successful. Sometimes there is a band; often the only attraction is seeing and being seen. A buffet with light refreshment is set in one of the rooms. None of these reunions are so celebrated nowadays as those held by Lady Palmerston and Lady Waldegrave, though Lord Hartington hospitably throws open the doors of Devonshire House, and Lady Salisbury collects crowds in Arlington Street. The ambassadors in diplomatic uniform, and ministers in their blue and gold, give life and colour. The Diplomatic corps entertain a great deal. Whether political or social entertainments, the entrée is only obtained into the charmed circle, for those who are strangers, by personal introductions, or

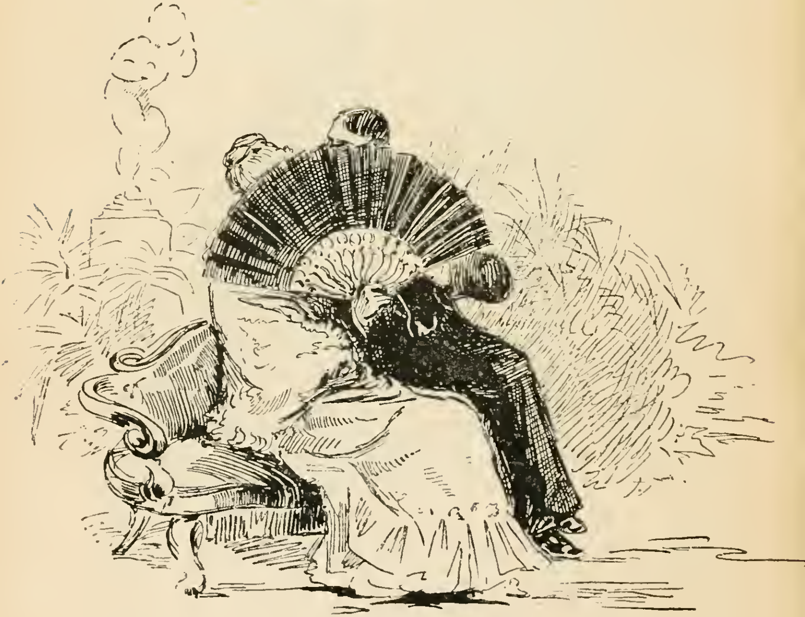


"An event to which Fashionable London looks forward with interest." P. 85.

through their own embassies on some occasions. The Lady Mayoress usually holds receptions at the Mansion House on stated days in June and July, from 3 to 5 afternoon. The New Club, a fashionable and very successful "Society" club, in Covent Garden, once the famous Evans's (where music and suppers were the attractions), and subsequently the Falstaff Club, has, during the last season or so, given the smartest balls arranged in London. The members invite their own friends, who include some of the prettiest and most distinguished women of the day. The club has its own private band, the rooms are fitted up to perfection, and no money is spared in floral decorations. It gives little dances and great balls, to which everyone in London society wishes to go; and many fashions have originated there—for example, the huge jonquil bouquets carried by ladies a season or two ago.

The Soirée of the Royal Academy, at Burlington House, usually given in the middle of June, is an event to which fashionable London looks forward with interest. The Evening Fête and Special Exhibition of the Royal Botanic Society in July is another, and perhaps the most delightful of all the entertainments arranged for the special delight of London society. An open-air fête within reach only of the very select, is that arranged by the officers of the Household Cavalry, when the "I Zingari" match with officers of the Life or Horse Guards takes place at Windsor, generally in presence of members of the Royal Family. The Garden Parties and Dinners at "the Cottage" at Wimbledon, during the meeting of the National Rifle Association, are pleasant affairs. The annual reception of the President and Council of the Royal Society at Burlington House, is generally held in May. The President receives a large number of the most distinguished scientific men of the day, and entertains his guests, among other things, with a sight of many scientific curiosities, curious drawings of anthropological studies, sketches, maps, &c. The Benchers of the Inner and Middle Temple give a garden party in July in the pleasant gardens of the Temple. There is a Strawberry Fête, arranged by the Royal Horticultural Society in the society's gardens at Chiswick. This pleasant event takes place early in July, or in the last week of June, Fellows and their friends are invited to inspect the Gardens, in which fresh strawberries (most delicious of summer fruits) are supplied at 1*s.* per basket.—Admission to Fellows, their friends, and orders and season-ticket-holders as on ordinary occasions. and to subscribers to the Chiswick Horticultural Society or bearers of their tickets.

The president and council of the Royal Institute of Water-Colours have lately inaugurated in their popular galleries, Piccadilly, a conversazione which is a happy compromise between the private view, with its daring flights of millinery, and the smoking concert (as of the British Artists), with its genial Bohemianism. "Sandwich soirées" are also in vogue.



A QUIET CORNER.

Chapter VIII.

DINNERS—ANNIVERSARY AND CEREMONIAL.

"IT has often perplexed me to imagine," writes Nathaniel Hawthorne,[1] "how an Englishman will be able to reconcile himself to any future state of existence from which the earthly institution of Dinner shall be excluded. * * * The idea of dinner has so imbedded itself among his highest and deepest characteristics, so illuminated itself with intellect, and softened itself with the kindest emotions of his heart, so linked itself with Church and State, and grown so majestic with long hereditary custom and ceremonies, that by taking it utterly away Death instead of putting the final touch to his perfection would leave him in-

DINNER AT THE CLUB.

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[1] "Our Old Home: Civic Banquets."

finitely less complete than we have already known him. He could not be roundly happy. Paradise among all its enjoyments would lack one daily felicity which his sombre little island possessed." No city, town, part or section of the globe enjoys that "felicity" in greater measure than London in the Season.

The month of May ushers in the season of dinners. The advertisement columns of the leading journals now become charged with notices of forthcoming dinners of a public or semi-public character. Some of these are arranged in the interests of charitable institutions; some to perpetuate the fame of a great school; some to bring together the past and present officers of various regiments of the Queen's service; others to revive the memories of a great victory; others again for political purposes; and others solely for the pleasure of eating and drinking, and not unfrequently chiefly at the cost of those who are not made partakers of the feast. Examples of the first in order may be found in the annual dinners of the Royal Literary Fund, the Newspaper Press Fund, and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution; of the second in the annual commemoration of old Rugbeians, or of the past scholars of Winchester, Marlborough, or Cheltenham; of the third in the regimental dinners of the Royal Artillery, the 1st or Grenadier Guards Club, the 10th Hussars, or Royal Marines; of the fourth, in the anniversary of "the glorious 1st of June;" of the fifth in the annual banquets of the National Liberal and Cobden Clubs; of the sixth and last in any of those nice little dinners at the Star and Garter, Richmond, or the Trafalgar, Greenwich, arranged by enterprising financiers, directors, and committee-men. From the epicure's standpoint these last dinners are generally the best, possibly because no expense is spared in providing the most delicious dishes, and other people's money is sometimes freely spent to make them alike gratifying to the palate and pleasant to the memory.

In addition to such entertainments of a public, semi-official, or commemorative character, there is the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, and the series of banquets given in the Season by the

Lord Mayor at the Mansion House to the Judges, Bishops, Cabinet Ministers, Provincial Mayors, Representatives of Commerce, the Arts, Literature, and the like which are also largely shared in by other members of society. The Inns of Court have also their periodical feasts—"Grand Nights," as they are termed —on which occasions more or less distinguished guests are entertained by the Benchers of the several societies in the Halls of those societies.

Then there are the Parliamentary Full-Dress dinners, usually eight in number, to which M.P.'s alone are bidden, given by the Speaker of the House of Commons; the Sessional dinners of each House; and finally the Ministerial Whitebait dinner, given at the end of the Session. Interspersed with these we have dinners innumerable of Clubs, Societies, Civic Companies (for the most part the most desirable of any in London), and those of a complimentary character gotten-up in honour of individuals.

Few gratifications are more desired by London mortals than an invitation to the Royal Academy's dinner. The dear objects of men's desires are seldom of easy attainment; and an invitation to the Royal Academy's dinner is no exception to the common rule. A man may not only be a very respectable person, but may even be in a certain sense a very distinguished or influential person, and yet have little chance of being invited to that May banquet. The President of the Royal Academy has to recognize the claims of the Academicians and of distinguished painters who are not Academicians. Then, the dinner is understood to be representative in its character. There are always one or more members of the Royal Family present. The Church, the Senate, the Bar, Medicine, Literature and Science, the Army and the Navy, the City—all these claim their living illustrations in the company. The President would find it difficult to entertain in one dining-room, or even within the enclosure of one reasonably-sized building, all the men in these various walks of life who consider that they have some claim to be regarded as distinguished or influential. It is to be feared that a good many persons are doomed to look out year after year with unavailing expectancy for an invitation to the Academy's dinner, and to find each year bringing only its new disappointment.

The scene of most public dinners in aid of charities in London is Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's. Anyone may attend these banquets who has a guinea to spend on a ticket, and one or more, let us hope, to hand to the secretary after dinner. There is something to be said in favour of this peculiarly English custom of lending support to charitable institutions by means of annual banquets. What says Menenius[1] of the effects of dining on the human sympathies?

> "The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
> We pout upon the morning, are unapt
> To give or to forgive: but when we have stuffed
> These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
> Than in our priest-like fasts."

"Therefore I'll watch him till he be dieted to my request," adds the crafty Roman, bent on influencing the wayward Coriolanus, "and then I'll set upon him." Nevertheless, let us not forget the admonition of Addison. Sir Francis Bacon, mentions a cunning solicitor, he tells us (the anecdote reads curiously like the story of Menenius), "who would never ask a favour of a great man before Dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient, temporary good nature as this is not that Philanthropy, that love of mankind which deserves the title of a Moral Virtue."

The more generous charity, it is unnecessary to point out, is that which needs no "wine and feeding" to stimulate its bounty; but since (with some sense of one's own shortcomings in this respect, be it admitted) the majority of us are less prone to acts of charity than we ought to be, by all means let us stick to public dinners, if, perchance, these make us more apt "to give or to forgive" and more generous in the bestowal of our guineas. A public dinner at Willis's Rooms, however, is not the pleasantest kind of meal to a gentleman of fastidious taste and nervous temperament. It is not gratifying to every one's feelings to have himself announced by name to a room-full of "stewards" and other strangers who take no more notice of the announcement than the lions at the Zoological Gardens do of blue-bottle flies in summer. The guest hears his name shouted by a waiter, and suddenly finds himself in an ante-room crowded with old, middle-aged, and young gentlemen in evening-dress. The guest makes his bow, and retires at once to the most convenient corner out of the way. Presently, dinner is announced, and, truth to say, dinners at Willis's Rooms are not quite so satisfactory as those usually served at home. After dinner come the speeches, which are, generally, by far the worst part of the banquet. There are, possibly, a score public men in England gifted with the faculty of after-dinner oratory. If the charitably-disposed guest be so fortunate as to find one of these occupying the chair he may be deemed lucky. For ourselves, we may remark that the worst examples of after-dinner speeches we ever listened to were delivered by a Cabinet Minister, an ex-Lord Chancellor, a scientific General, and a distinguished Admiral, and the best by a London vicar of a west-end parish, and a well-known journalist and man of letters.

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[1] "Coriolanus," act v., scene 1.

Secretaries of charitable institutions are generally on the look-out for an illustrious or distinguished personage to fill the chair at these anniversary dinners, but as a rule these illustrious and distinguished personages are but indifferent orators. The inquisitive stranger might find some entertainment, and possibly hear something worth listening to, at one or other of the following public dinners if he can secure an invitation through a friend, or will be at the expense of a ticket :—

The Dinner of the Institution of Civil Engineers.
" " Royal Literary Fund.
" " Newspaper Press Fund.

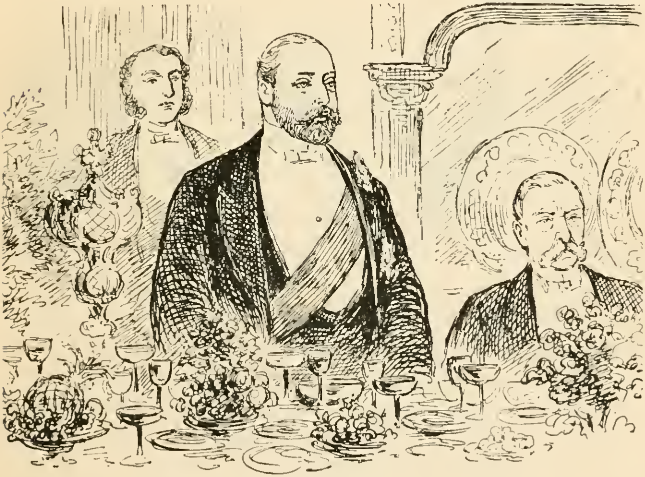
The Dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.
" " Royal Geographical Society.
" " Theatrical Fund.
The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy—Stewards' Dinner.
The Cobden Club Dinner at Greenwich.
The Dinner at the Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day.

Dinners at the Mansion House are pleasanter and more desirable every way than most public banquets elsewhere. But it is not everyone who has the honour of an invitation from the Lord Mayor, though we have known instances where the exercise of a little diplomacy on the part of a stranger has secured one. Civic authorities are proverbially hospitable, and especially to foreign visitors. The Lord Mayor by ancient custom gives a dinner on Plow Monday (the first Monday after the Feast of the Epiphany) to his Household; on Easter Monday to the Spital Preacher (the person appointed to preach the annual sermon before the Corporation on that day at Christ Church, Newgate Street), and the governors of the so-called Royal Hospitals; and later in the year he entertains the Fruiterer's Company, after their annual presentation of fruit. There are other dinners given at the Mansion House during the months of April, May, June, and July, but none depend upon any custom, though they are annually given. The City Companies' banquets are, on the whole, the best arranged and most delicious feasts given within the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. Interest with the Prime Warden, Master, or Clerk of a Company might possibly procure an invitation to one of these, though it can hardly be a pleasant ordeal to ask for one; and the only excuse for doing so would be a legitimate desire to study the customs of these ancient guilds. "Grand Nights" at the Middle Temple and other of the Inns of Court, are occasions of pleasant festivity. Comparatively few guests are admitted to these banquets of the lawyers. Personal distinction or intimacy with one of the Benchers seem to be the best passport to their hospitality.

If the "Grand Night" feasts of these days are not characterized by the pomp and profusion that distinguished them in the early history of the Inns of Court, there is none the less attention paid to the important consideration of good eating and drinking. We read of "tender meats" and "delicate confections" being served up to the "courageous blasts" of sixteen trumpets, with drums and fifes, and the "sweet harmony of violins, sackbuts, recorders, and cornets," in addition to which double cannons fired "warning shots," intimating to the constable-marshal to prepare for dinner. These ceremonials are gone; but the substantial part of the ceremony remains, modified, it is true, but modified for the better. It may be interesting to see what the Templars have for dinner on these nights in the summer season, and to learn how much they pay for it. We are not referring to the luxuries provided for the Benchers and their guests, nor even to the lesser bill of fare enjoyed by the "senior bar mess," where dine the senior members of the Bar who are not of the Bench. But to take an ordinary mess of four, whether of barristers, or students, for they dine indiscriminately together at the Middle Temple. First, they have a tureen of soup, next a sirloin of beef, or a leg of mutton, then a duck with asparagus, followed by a tart, or, as it would have been formerly called, a "pasty," and cheese, &c. They are, moreover, supplied with as much beer as they like, not "buttery beer," but excellent bitter ale, and two bottles of wine (generally one of champagne). For this repast each man pays the modest sum of 2*s*. The "loving cup" is passed round the hall, or, to speak more correctly, is passed as far as it will go, for in modern times it has never been known to reach the last man. In olden days the cup was filled with mead, and there is a tradition that on one occasion the students consumed thirty-six quarts of that beverage. This might have been in the time of Queen Mary, when brawls and violence were frequent among the students, and resulted in their being forbidden to bring their swords and daggers in to dinner with them.

A Regimental dinner is of course open only to those gentlemen who have served or are at present serving with the *corps* or regiment in honour of which it is given. These banquets are unusually good if somewhat expensive. They are mostly held at the Métropole and Grand, at the Ship and Turtle, in Leadenhall Street, less frequently now at Limmer's Hotel; in point of fact, at those dining-places where a good dinner commands a good price, and where the price paid is, generally speaking, sure to command a good dinner. Spiers and Pond secure a fair share of these special banquets at the Freemasons' Tavern. They mostly take place between the last week of May and first week of July. The Derby and Ascot weeks are favourite dates for regimental dinners in London, because officers serving with their regiments at Aldershot, Chatham, Portsmouth, and other garrisons generally manage during those weeks to get a day or two's leave for "a run up to town." The consumption of food is not the only object which brings brothers, or rather grandfathers and uncles in arms, to mess with their old regiment in London. There is a great attraction in having worn the same badge and marched under the same colours, and it is naturally interesting to soldiers, who have long since turned their swords into reaping-hooks, to run up to town and meet the "young fellows," the competition youngsters who have invaded the service of late years. To retired officers who have missed the annual regimental dinner for a dozen years or more, the absence of fiery sherry and "strong military" port, and the difficulty of "getting forrarder" on dry champagne and sound claret, will, possibly, appear an improvement, even if the lemon squash, which has superseded brandy and soda-water, may seem effeminate. There will, probably, at every such banquet, be a colonel or two at least to tell each other quietly that the "service has gone to the dogs," but these veterans can hardly be numerous enough to cast a gloom over the board, at which, mayhap, old comrades may meet who have not seen each other since they last stood side by side on a well-fought field.

There are some other dinners given during the season, a seat at which one might be pardoned for coveting, if solely on the ground of curiosity. Of such, we might name the annual "Derby" dinner (given on the evening of the Derby Day) at which all the greater personages of the racing world are present. If we mistake not, this banquet is now given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The Trinity House dinner should be also mentioned as one of note; and the annual dinner of the Navy Club (composed of distinguished naval officers) to the First Lord of the Admiralty is an interesting event. A "command" dinner at Windsor Castle would no doubt be a novel experience to one curious as to the etiquette of the Court, if curiosity in this matter were not a sure bar to the honour of a "command."

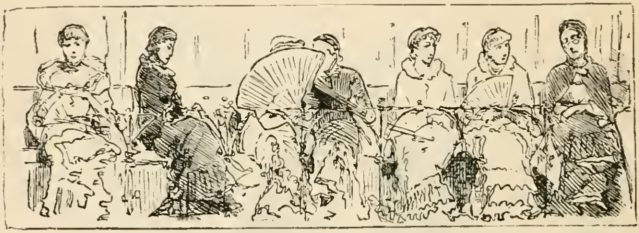


HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN THE CHAIR.

CHAPTER IX.

LORDS AND COMMONS IN SESSION.

ENGLAND, contrary to most other nations, holds its Parliamentary Session in the summer, or, to be strictly accurate, during spring and summer. While most persons are pining to live in the country, England's assembly of wise men prefer being cooped up in town. They devote to legislation and town life exactly that space which intervenes between the death of the last pheasant, and the shooting of the first grouse, as by law permitted—that is to say, between the middle of February and the second week in August. Many visitors to London look forward to a night in the House of Commons as one of the most interesting engagements of their stay. The proceedings of Parliament, however, are, as a rule, very dull; and, except for the gratification of a pardonable curiosity in seeing the people's representatives, engaged in the people's business, are hardly worth the studying at Westminster. The newspapers print more than most persons care to know of the "wordy talk" of England's legislators. As to the great majority of M.P.'s themselves, anything noteworthy in their appearance may best be studied in the



IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

brief half hour before four in the vicinity of Westminster Hall under guidance of a friendly policeman. It is not easy to learn beforehand when the great popular leaders may be expected to make set orations; as these are generally worth hearing, it behoves the earnest student of English men and manners to be watchful of his opportunity, and to read his newspaper. On such interesting occasions, the demand for seats by strangers is always greatly in excess of the accommodation provided. Indeed, the British House of Commons will hold only about one-half of the members actually elected to sit in it, on either side of Mr. Speaker. There are 306 seats on the floor of the House. In addition, accommodation is provided for 122 members in the side galleries, where they can see very little, and whence, in accordance with unwritten rule, they, till lately, never took part in debate. Of the 670 members for whom the Constitution finds constituencies, only two-thirds can find seats of any kind in the House of Commons. The accommodation for strangers is on a correspondingly limited scale. There are forty-four seats under the gallery nominally allotted to peers and officials. Peers, however, are in the habit of assembling in the gallery over the clock, where they share with Westminster schoolboys (this is a piece of "immemorial" humbug: why should Westminster boys exclude the citizens at large?) and other distinguished strangers an accommodation limited to nineteen seats. The Speaker's gallery is seated for forty-three persons, the Strangers' gallery for sixty, and the Ladies' gallery for forty-nine, of whom about fourteen can hear the debate and see considerable portions of the House. At the other end of the House, over the Strangers' gallery, there is a smaller, darker, and less well-known cage, with pens that will hold eight ladies. Seats for this space are in the gift of the Sergeant-at-Arms, but many members live through a Parliament, and thousands outside who take an interest in its proceedings, and never hear of this institution. The net result is that the House of Commons, when filled to its fullest capacity, will hold 691 persons, of whom 203 are strangers.

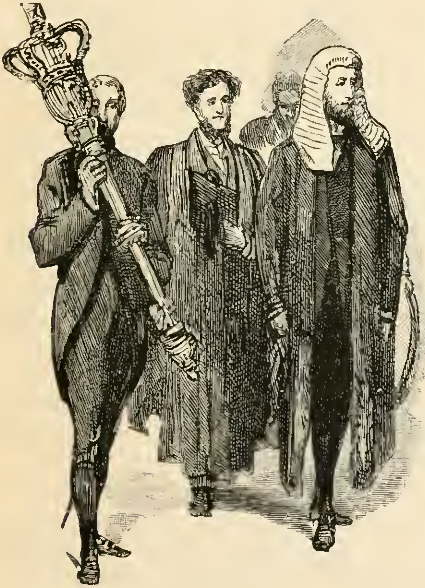
Perhaps Mr. Parnell and his forthcoming Irish House of Commons or Representatives may help to remedy this inconvenience.

Strangers (ladies and gentlemen) who have not the advantage of being personally known to a Member of Parliament, should seek out some friend through whom an introduction may be had. A member's written order is the only passport to the Strangers' Gallery. The more coveted place reserved to the male public is the Speakers' Gallery; but here again a member's aid is necessary, unless the applicant can obtain that of some more influential personage known to the Speaker or Serjeant-at-Arms. No doubt admission may, in some cases, be obtained to either gallery through a courteous written application to one of the principal officials of the House. The secretary of Legation would probably help American applicants, whose curiosity is not to be satisfied by the reports and descriptions given in the "Daily News" and other London journals.

The Ladies' Gallery, because of its limited accommodation, is still more difficult to enter, and, once entered, is not a very pleasant place on a hot summer's night. To avoid disappointment, in every case the applicant would do well to write or apply for an order of admission at least two days in advance of the day on which he or she may wish to be present in the House.

The Parliamentary Session begins, as we have said, in February, and ends in August, with a recess at Easter and Whitsuntide. The more important business of the nation is ordinarily taken in hand after Easter, and it may be said to be at highest pressure during the "heated term" (if we have any) in May, June, and July. The House of Commons meets at four in the afternoon of Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday; and unless "counted-out," on the attention of the Speaker being called to the fact that less than a quorum—forty members—are present, seldom rises before midnight, and occasionally sits considerably beyond that hour. On Wednesday it meets at noon, and invariably rises at six. Towards the end of the Session, morning sittings are sometimes held from two till seven, followed by evening debates beginning at nine, and continued frequently till dawn.

The evenings of Monday and Thursday are known as "Government nights," when Bills in progress have precedence of Notices of Motion. Tuesdays and Wednesdays are supposed to be set apart for private members' business, that is to say, of others than members of the Government. On Tuesdays notices of motion precede Bills in progress. Hence Tuesdays are devoted to "academic discussion." [1]



MR. SPEAKER.

The daily business of the House of Commons begins with prayers read by the chaplain, who comes in with the Speaker, officially robed and wigged, attended by the Serjeant-at-Arms in Court-dress, carrying the mace, which he deposits upon the table furthest from the chair. The mace remains here so long as the Speaker sits in the chair; when he vacates it, and the House resolves itself into Committee, it is laid to rest on a rack under the ledge of the table. From four till half-past seven the house is usually well attended; but during what has come to be known as the dinner-hour, which extends to ten or a little later, it is, as a rule, comparatively empty. But it does not follow that some of the more interesting proceedings of Parliament may not take place during the dinner hour and before it. Before dinner one may be witness of the "badgering" of ministers, during dinner of, possibly, the farce of a "count;" after dinner of, perhaps, the excitement of a critical division. It would be well, therefore, that the stranger should be in his seat in the gallery—if he desire to hear the best speakers and make himself acquainted with all the more interesting procedure of the House —at the hour of meeting, and be prepared to continue in it till the time of adjournment; it may be long after midnight. To that end he would do wisely to refresh himself both inwardly and outwardly before going down to the House, or he may find himself somewhat exhausted in attempting to stay through the whole of a sitting. Ladies are more hospitably treated in their gallery in being supplied with tea and other light refreshment. Generally, the more important speeches in debate, that is to say, of ministers and the opposition leaders, are delivered after the dinner hour. The preliminary work of "keeping the pot boiling" is left to bores and bad speakers, and a sufficiently dreary business it is—at least, to those not actually occupied with it. A good "square" meal and an even temper will tend greatly to alleviate the wretchedness of being wedged in tightly in the Strangers' Gallery on a hot night with all sorts and conditions of men listening for three or four hours to the commonplace speeches of feeble orators.

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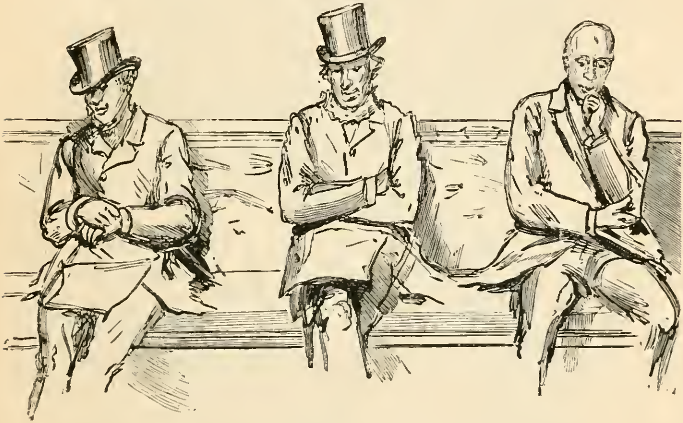
[1] We are chiefly indebted for these facts to Mr. David Anderson's "Scenes in the Commons," London, 1884.

Some fifty years ago there was a book written by an American author, the forerunner of many similar books, which became very popular both in England and America. This book was "Colonel Crocketts' Exploits and Adventures in Texas." The Colonel, among many other sage remarks, gave it as his opinion that nothing but the dollars and mileage could compensate a man for sitting in Congress. "Some men," said he, "take a pride in saying a great deal about nothing—like windmills, their tongues must be going whether they have any grist to grind or not. This is all very well in Congress, where every member is expected to make a speech to let his constituents know that some things can be done as well as others; but I set it down as rather an imposition on good nature to be compelled to listen without receiving the dollars and the mileage. Many members will do nothing else for their pay but listen day in and day out, and they earn every penny of it, provided they don't sleep. * * *

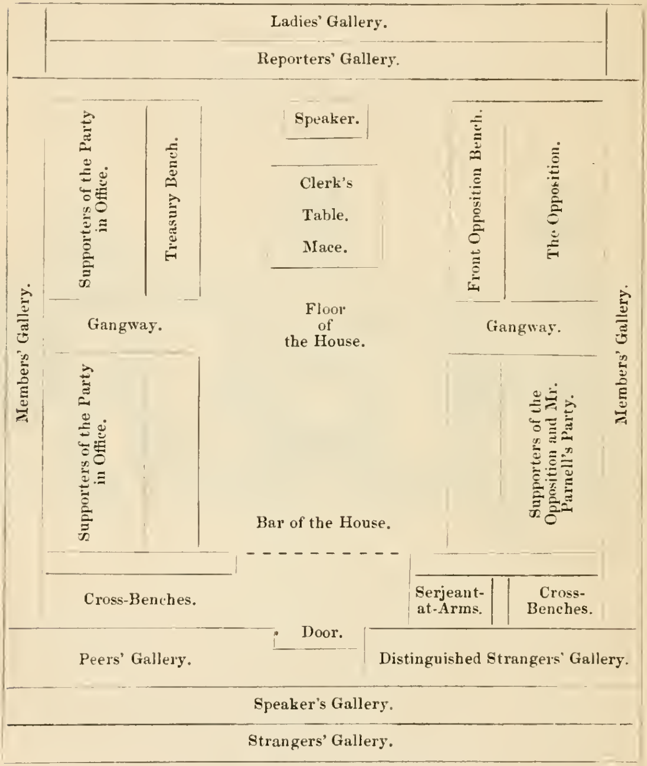


SLEEPING ORATORS.

No man can imagine, who has not tried it, what dreadful hard work it is to listen. Splitting gum logs in the dog days is nothing to it. I've tried both, and give the preference to the gum logs." The "bearings of these observations," as Captain Cuttle says, "lays in the application on it."

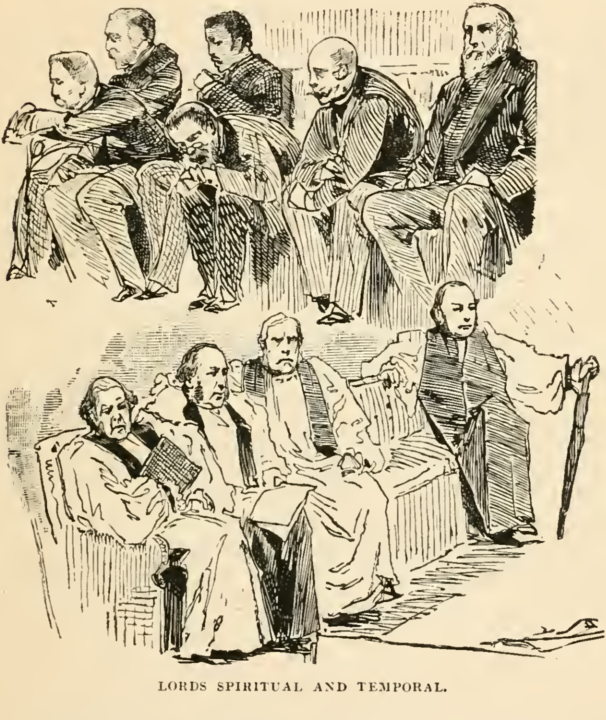
Were it not for the occasional eloquence and good sense interspersed with the "wordy talk," the gallery reserved to strangers would be, on ordinary nights of the Session, a purgatory to be avoided by every person of any sensitiveness. "Do you mean seriously to tell me that you are not bored in the House of Commons?" asks Kenelm Chillingly of a friendly M.P. "With the speakers very often, yes; but with the strife between the speakers, no," he answers. This reply sums up in few words the principal inducement to most persons who are can-

PLAN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.


Ladies' Gallery.
Reporters' Gallery.
Speaker.
Clerk's
Table.
Mace.
Supporters of the Party in Office.
Treasury Bench.
Front Opposition Bench.
The Opposition.
Members' Gallery.
Gangway.
Floor of the House.
Gangway.
Members' Gallery.
Supporters of the Party in Office.
Supporters of the Opposition and Mr. Parnell's Party.
Bar of the House.
Cross-Benches.
Serjeant-at-Arms.
Cross-Benches.
Door.
Peers' Gallery.
Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.
Speaker's Gallery.
Strangers' Gallery.

⁂ When the Liberals are in power the Independent and Radical members of that party occupy seats below the gangway on the right; the Parnellites seats below the gangway on the left of the Chair.

didates for seats in the galleries, and especially on great "Field Nights." The "strife between the speakers" is the sole attraction. The reader may find the foregoing plan useful as indicating the places occupied by the various parties in the House of Commons.



LORDS SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

Admission to hear the Debates in the House of Lords is obtained through the written order of a peer. A courteous application generally meets with a speedy answer and the requisite order. The Lord Chancellor takes his seat on the woolsack (the official seat) about four and the House rises on most evenings of the session between 6 and 7. Occasionally, but not often, its debates are prolonged to a later hour. The arrangements of the House of Lords are somewhat similar to those of the lower chamber. Members of the government and its supporters sit on the right of the Lord Chancellor; the opposition to the left. On the "cross-benches" below the table sit the Princes (when they are present), the Duke of Cambridge, and the more "independent" members. The Bishops are always seated to the right of the Lord Chancellor. The doings of the Upper Chamber have little interest for the majority of the citizens of London, except when it interferes with the progress of legislation by coming in too eager conflict with the House of Commons. A stranger will find more to interest him, perhaps, in the Lords' debates in the brief space of two hours than the average Englishman will find in the course of six months. At all events a visitor should be able to gratify his curiosity by looking on the Throne, the Lord Chancellor, the Woolsack, possibly four or five bishops in their lawn and black satin robes, and (on exceptional occasions) maybe fourscore or more elderly gentlemen of noble ancestry, seated on roomy red-leather-covered benches. The House of Lords has always contained among its members some of the most eminent lawyers of the country, a successful general or two, and a considerable number of the more wealthy landowners of the kingdom of more or less ancient nobility. A friendly occupant of a seat in the gallery would no doubt be willing to point out to a stranger the statesmen and "men of light and leading" among these.

CHAPTER X.

THE CLUBS.

ENOUGH has been written of the London clubs for every one to know their names, their location, and the privileges of their members. We have said something on this subject elsewhere (Parliament Street to Pall Mall). Men seek admission to them for various reasons: for the convenience of a permanent London address; for political reasons; for the honour of being permitted to write on club-paper; for the right of imprinting the club name on their visiting-cards; for the sake of a good dinner well-served at a moderate price; for the pleasure of entertaining their friends in better fashion than at home, in lodgings, or at a restaurant: for the sake of a little gambling in genteel society; as a refuge from domestic worry. Strangers to London seldom obtain the privilege of the *entrée*, unless they happen to be distinguished strangers, though English gentlemen visiting a foreign city are usually invited to become honorary members of every club in the place, and that by natives of very slight acquaintance. One might be pardoned for thinking that the "Union," "Somerset," or "St. Botolph" Clubs of Boston are not one whit less respectable or exclusive (in the vulgar sense of the word) than the "Carlton" or "Reform," or, let us say, the "Garrick" of London. The Englishmen who have been admitted to the honorary membership of the former during a visit to Boston must outnumber the Americans who have been admitted to the privileges of the latter as ten to one. The number of Americans connected with letters to whom the doors of the "Athenæum" of London have been opened might be computed at one to ten in comparison of English literary men to whom the hospitality of the "Century" or "Union" of New York has been freely offered. Visitors to London then will not think it unfriendly if, not being of the class of "distinguished strangers," they find clubland rather a region of inhospitality and frigid reserve than of amiability and fraternal kindness.

After all, we do not know that they miss much in not having access to the clubs. An idea prevails among the uninitiated that a London club is an epitome of sumptuous comfort. There can be no greater delusion. The majority of clubs wear, in the daytime especially, a singularly comfortless aspect. The rooms are, unquestionably, of handsome proportions, and the upholstery of superior though weighty grandeur; but these things alone do not convey any sense of comfort or snugness. Club-rooms are generally lacking in warmth of colour, and their grim severity is unbroken by the pretty little occasional tables, cabinets, and screens—in a word, those graceful superfluities which give to rooms an air of home. The Strangers' Room for diners is generally as dreary an eating-place as can be imagined, and apart from the dinners served in them, and the pleasure of partaking of a friend's hospitality, to be avoided by anyone who can afford a seat at the *table d'hôte* of the Grand. Most club smoking-rooms are on a par with smoking-rooms elsewhere, neither better nor worse. Men talk, smoke, drink and snore, and the loudest talkers and snorers are voted nuisances by those about them. It is a mistake to suppose there is anything like general conversation or general introduction as in military mess-rooms or in the ward-room of an ironclad. Host and guest keep together and converse with timorous speech as if afraid of being overheard; and as for listening to the gossip of the town, a stranger hears about as much of this in a London club as he does in Covent Garden Market. The card-rooms and billiard-rooms have their attractions; but on the whole we incline to think that the three great inducements to club-life are those which the Reading, Breakfast, and Coffee-rooms afford.

The suburban clubs constituted for the purpose of social entertainments should be noticed. Such are "Hurlingham," "Ranelagh," the "Orleans," &c. They are conducted upon the ordinary club plan, but have grounds as well as a house, where polo, pigeon-shooting, lawn tennis, and other out-door amusements are carried on. Members may admit friends of either sex, and on summer afternoons constantly take down parties to see the polo or play lawn tennis, and to dine afterward. There is a new development of the same sort in London, where what may be called café and casino clubs have been established. At the former, such as the "Bachelors' Club," ladies are invited to dine or sup by the members before or after the theatre. At the "New Club," which is at present the only specimen of the latter class, a band plays every night at eleven, when persons who have been to the play, or have nothing particular to do, drop in and drink coffee and smoke. There are weekly balls in the season. Young ladies go to the balls, but the visitors on ordinary nights are mostly fashionable "friskies." We will not say so; but a writer of undoubted authority in "Harper's Magazine" does.[1]

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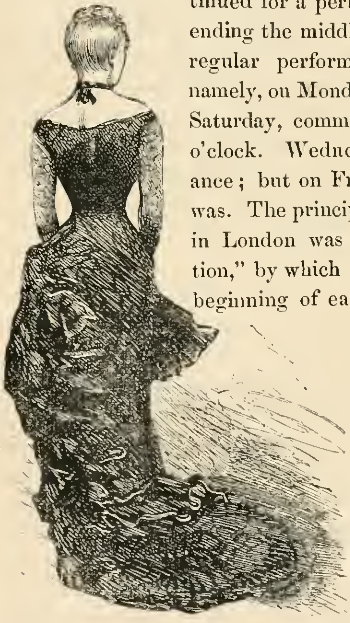
[1] May, 1886.

Chapter XI.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

FOR many years it was customary to publish the prospectus of the Royal Italian Opera in the beginning of March; the season itself commenced about the last week of April. It continued for a period of about sixteen weeks, ending the middle of July. Ordinarily four regular performances were given weekly, namely, on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, commencing each night at eight o'clock. Wednesday there was no performance; but on Friday in most seasons there was. The principal support of Italian Opera in London was the system of "subscription," by which the wealthy engaged, at the beginning of each season, to rent a "box" or "stall" for a stated number of nights, generally two out of the four or five on which performances were given. The "Subscription" consisted of Twenty Nights, and the terms were as follows:—Boxes on the Third Tier (for four persons), 20 guineas; Boxes on the Second Tier (for four persons), 40 guineas; Boxes on the First Tier (for four persons), 70 guineas; Boxes on

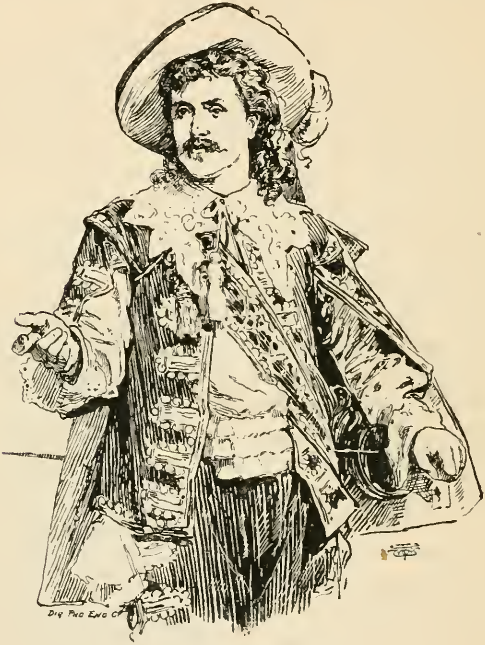


"THE STALLS, PLEASE."

the Grand Tier (for four persons), 120 guineas; Boxes on the Pit Tier (for four persons), 110 guineas; Orchestra Stalls (each), 16 guineas; Reserved Dress Circle Seats (each), 10 guineas; Reserved Amphitheatre Stalls, first or second rows (each), 8 guineas.

The ordinary nightly prices range from 2*s.* 6*d.* for a seat in the gallery. to £5 5*s.* for a private box for four persons on the principal tier. A pit ticket costs 7*s.* 6*d.*; an orchestra stall, £1 1*s.*; a seat in the dress circle, 10*s.* 6*d.* Seats can be booked in advance at the box office, open from 10 to 5. Evening dress is deemed indispensable in all parts of the house (except the gallery) during "the season."

There are two houses connected with Italian Opera in London—Her Majesty's Theatre, in the Haymarket; and the Royal Italian Opera House, in Bow Street, Covent Garden, ordinarily called Covent Garden Theatre. It is no secret that while theatrical management of late years has been exceptionally prosperous in London, operatic management has been the reverse. Mr. Ernest Gye, than whom no one may claim to speak with better authority, or a more intimate knowledge of operatic affairs, has pointed out wherein the theatres have the best of it from a business standpoint. When a play makes a genuine hit, it may be run for hundreds of nights, for months, sometimes for years. Let an opera be the best the world ever saw, the operatic manager cannot play it every night. The public will not listen to the same music night after night. They expect variety. This means enormous additional work and expense, a great staff of carpenters and wardrobe people to change the scenery, to repair and put back into store hundreds of dresses, to get out and to look over hundreds more. In a little theatre, when the manager has secured his success, the scenery and dresses go on till they are worn out; and a new set has to be bought. This means that a squad of night carpenters may be dispensed with. In an opera house there is carpentering going on morning, noon, and night. The law of the place is perpetual change. There is no end to the rehearsals. The music library of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, is a department of the greatest importance, and involves a great deal of work. There are transpositions and cuttings innumerable to be made to suit each prima donna; and these alterations affect not only the principal soprano, but everybody else, including the orchestra. The quantity of music to be copied is very great.



BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Again, while the London theatres, generally, have raised their prices of admission, those of the Italian Opera have remained stationary. The price of a stall at Covent Garden was, indeed, for a time raised to 25*s.*; but the public would not pay it. Yet while it costs in technical language from £120 to £140 to "raise the curtain" every night at a London theatre, it costs the management of the Opera £600 or £700 when artists who attract the public appear on its stage. The increase in the remuneration of artists has been very great. Mario and Giulia Grisi earned together little more in a month than a single soprano now does in a week. £400 per night is a tremendous sum to pay a *prima donna*, when it is considered what else has to be paid, and the loss on the unavoidable dull nights, when the house is only half-full. America is credited with having brought about the rise in prices. Another cause is the scarcity of singers of the first class. There are only three or four first-class soprani in the world, Mr. Ernest Gye says, and some of these are hardly at their best. They are eagerly competed for, and consequently obtain extravagantly high prices. As a matter of course, every opera-manager is only too eager to secure a young soprano with a fresh voice—who, if she existed, could of course be engaged for a fourth of the salary of present *prime donne*. "Since Patti, Lucca, Nilsson, and Albani, very few have come to the fore, and for the most part with thin, wiry voices, not the voices to master the music of either Wagner or Gounod. Managers are always hoping to find the coming soprano; but she is a rare bird. How many have there been in the course of thirty or forty years? Giulia Grisi, Jenny Lind, Sontag, Tietjens, Cruvelli, and Gerster perhaps, Persiani and the like were of the second rank as to voice. Alboni, superb and unapproachable in her quality of voice, was one of the great mistresses of song at the Covent Garden Opera House. Again, Mario, Tamberlik, Sims Reeves, Lablache, Giuglini, Gardoni, Graziani, and Formes, sang at the Haymarket opera and here. If those successful singers are spread over thirty or forty years, the average of first-class voice and commensurate musical and histrionic skill is not very great." It is, however, quite time, Mr. Gye thinks, that somebody made a hit. "Success in Germany and Russia is not enough to establish an artist. Only Paris and London give the real brevet of rank. Nobody cares a rush for a success at Vienna and St. Petersburg."

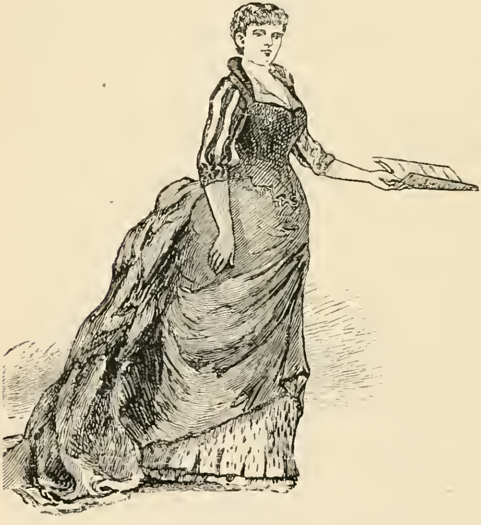
Infinitely more is known about music, Mr. Gye says (in this he but expresses the common opinion), than in the days of his father's management of the Opera House twenty years or so ago. "But the people who love music are divided into sections, and all of these do not believe in Italian opera of the melodious school of Mozart, Bellini, Donizetti, Rossini, and Verdi, the masters who really attract the general public, and whose method is again coming into fashion among French composers. In the old time in London there were only the orchestras of the Opera and the Philharmonic to perform any piece of music. Now the field is enormously large, and excellent musical entertainments are provided for all schools of musicians and amateurs. Competition of this kind has a great deal to do, of course, with producing indifference as to the Opera, which was once almost the only place in London to hear music in, and was besides a fashionable sort of rendezvous—a place where one met his friends. Another present difficulty of operatic management is the scarcity of new operas and new singers. Since Gounod's 'Faust' the only great success (according to Mr. Gye) has been Boïto's 'Mefistofele.' Not that plenty of good music has not been written, but that nothing like the 'Trovatore' or 'Rigoletto' of one master, or the 'Huguenots' or the 'Prophète' of another has been turned out of late years." As to Wagner, Mr. Ernest Gye thinks that life is not long enough to discuss his music. "He produces his operas, but there is a terrible dearth of new, good, and popular work, like that of Verdi, on which operatic management used to run as on wheels—good vocal music, in fact."

But for Madame Adelina Patti the year 1885 would have been noted in musical annals as the first for upwards of a century and a half in which London had been without an Italian opera. Generally, during the last forty years—indeed invariably from 1846 until, two or three years ago, when Mr. Mapleson retired from the management of Her Majesty's Theatre—two companies of Italian singers performed in London throughout the season; and once, when Mr. E. T. Smith made a gallant attempt to popularize Italian Opera, we had as many as three. During the great Wagner season, again, when the "Ring des Niebelungen" was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, while every work that Wagner had up to that time produced, from the "Flying Dutchman" to the aforesaid "Ring," was given under Herr Richter's direction at Drury Lane, we had the lyric drama represented in the course of one season by two German and two Italian companies. Suddenly, however, the two German managers retired from the scene, and the two Anglo-Italian survivors of the contest formed a compact by which, in lieu of the two Italian operas previously not thought too much for London, we were to have but one. The new experiment was attended with no success the first season, and ended in catastrophe the second; and so complete in 1884 was the operatic collapse that Italian opera, or rather cosmopolitan opera in the Italian language, seemed, so far as England was concerned, to be at an end.

At the last moment, however, Madame Adelina Patti came to the rescue, and, reducing her terms it is said by nearly one-half, consented to save the entertainment of which she has been the most distinguished ornament for the last quarter of a century. She had received in America £800 a night for the season of 1884, and £1,000 the previous season. With the view, however, of preventing an absolute breach of continuity in the series of Italian operatic representations which, since the early part of the last century, London had never been without, she consented to sing for £500 a night. That this fee, absolutely considered, is a large one, cannot well be denied. It is said to represent a full half of the entire nightly expenses at the Royal Italian Opera as now conducted. Italian Opera has of late years been gradually dwindling away, until now little of it except Patti and Nilsson seems to remain. A numerous repertory of operas still exists, which, however, can only be animated by the genius of great singers; or, in default of a company of great singers, then, as regards the principal part, by one.

On the important question of salaries paid to the reigning queens of song, Madame Christine Nilsson has given it as her opinion that, all things considered, they are hardly overpaid. Such song-birds are exceedingly rare. "You can count all the soprani of the first line on the fingers of one hand. Now, take our kindred artist, the painter. He is not such a rare bird as a soprano. If he is really good, and paints portraits in London or Paris, he makes from £10,000 to £20,000 a year. He is not only not rare—he is numerous. Take, for illustration, your Millais, Holl, Leighton, Herkomer, Ouless, in London; and Meissonnier, Carolus Duran, and Cabanel, not to mention poor Bastien-Lepage, in Paris, as well as Sargent and several more. . . .

"We singers are rare; we are competed for, and, according to the law of supply and demand, fetch a high price, as would a fairly handsome diamond. Such a one as is worth three or four hundred pounds now, if there were only four or five in the world, would fetch twenty, thirty thousand—what you will. . . .



"WE SINGERS ARE RARE."

"The voice of the singer is not a permanent gift; she cannot go on singing in her dotage as a painter can paint. *Sans déraisonner*, the working life of the artist on canvas is fully twice as long as that of the singer, whose voice or general health may break down at any moment, and who is exposed to risks in hurrying from one engagement to another, from which the painter is entirely free. But the life of a singer is made up of hard work, care, and self-denial—so far as I know—the absolute conditions of achieving and sustaining a high professional reputation. The *prima donna* lives, as it were, in a glass-case."

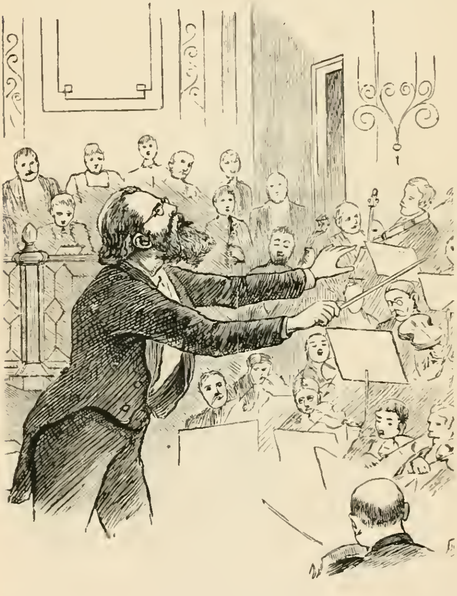
Of late years the Carl Rosa Opera Company has given a season of "Opera in English" in London, sometimes at Her Majesty's Theatre, sometimes at Drury Lane, which have been unusually successful. The long-continued co-operation of the same artists, and the care taken in rehearsal and preparation, with the excellence of the orchestra and the chorus, have combined to render these performances memorable in Operatic annals. Mr. Rosa's efforts to establish an era in English opera, not only by worthy representations, but also by the production of original works by native composers, have, so far, been attended with signal success, a result which appears likely to continue to reward efforts that are eminently deserving. Besides English adaptations of important foreign works, several new operas have been commissioned by Mr. Rosa from composers of British nationality. The most recent novelties have been the productions, respectively, of natives of Scotland, Ireland, and England; Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba" having been brought out by Mr. Rosa at Drury Lane Theatre in 1883; Mr. C. V. Stanford's "Canterbury Pilgrims," in the same locality, in the following year; Mr. Goring Thomas having contributed "Esmeralda," in 1883, and "Nadeshda" in 1885. The last-named work proved especially successful.

Another specialty, and another success recently associated with Mr. Rosa's management, was the production of an English version of M. Massenet's "Manon," the original of which was first brought out at Paris in the early part of 1884. The season of 1887 begins May 2 at Drury Lane, and the chief novelty promised is Mr. Corder's new opera "Nordisa" (the libretto based on "La Bergère des Alpes").

CHAPTER XII.

MUSIC.

MUSIC, like every other class of entertainment in England, centres in London, where there are a surprising number of regular performances during the year, generally well patronized by students and admirers of the art. Such are the concerts of the old-established Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies; the oratorios and other special performances at the Royal Albert Hall and Crystal Palace; the world-renowned "popular" classic concerts given throughout the winter, from October to March; the weekly "ballad" concerts of Mr. Boosey; the admirable series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace, at which the best classical and popular


RICHTER.

music is heard; the excellent Richter concerts at St. James's Hall; the Floral Hall performances, under direction of the management of the Royal Italian Opera; the course of pianoforte recitals, to which the genius of Van Bülow, Charles Hallé, and others give character; the concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's choir and of the London Musical Society; Royal Academy of Music, and Royal Society of Musicians; the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre; and finally the crowd of lesser meetings at which the best music may be heard—all (with one or two exceptions) filling the London winter and spring. In general the most noteworthy musical performances are those which are given at that period of the year. The daily newspapers make note of all that is transpiring in the musical world; failing these, the visitor will do well to seek information at Mr. Austin's office, St. James's Hall, where he will be sure to meet with courteous attention.

A FAVOURITE.

Following are notes of some of the more important Concerts given in London at stated periods of the year, any of which will be found highly interesting to those who appreciate good music.

The Monday Popular Concerts, held weekly at St. James's Hall, under direction of Mr. S. Arthur Chappell, beginning in October of each year, and ending in the following March.

ANOTHER FAVOURITE.

The Saturday Popular Concerts, also held at St. James's Hall under the same direction, beginning in November and extending through the same period.

The London Ballad Concerts, under direction of Mr. John Boosey, weekly, at St. James's Hall, beginning in the last week of November, and ending in March following.

The Crystal Palace Concerts, held at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, weekly, under direction of Mr. August. Manns, on each successive Saturday during the winter season, and also in the summer season, beginning in February, and continuing till the first week in June.

The Philharmonic Society's Concerts, six in number, under the conductorship of Sir Arthur Sullivan, at St. James's Hall, at stated intervals during the months of March, April, May, and June. Among the possible performers are Mesdames Frickenhaus, Norman-Néruda, Schumann, Menter, Herr Rubenstein, and Signor Piatti.

The Sacred Harmonic Society's series of Concerts, at St. James's Hall, on advertised dates, in November, December, January, February, March, and May.

The Albert Hall Choral Society's series of Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, South Kensington, in January, February, March, and April; and those of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's at the same place in December. March, and May.

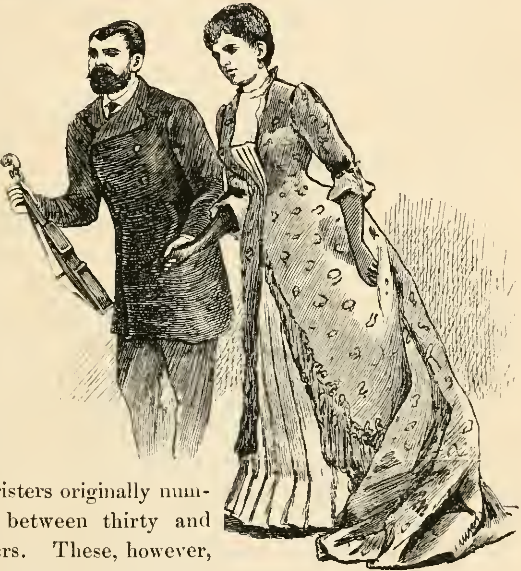
The Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall in May, June and July.

AN AMATEUR.

The London Musical Society generally gives two concerts—one in March and the other in June.

The Royal Academy of Music gives concerts at St. James's Hall in February, March, April, May, June, and July.

The concerts given by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir are entitled to more than passing notice as among the more interesting events of the summer musical season. This choir was formed more than a quarter of a century ago, and soon became a specialty among London musical performances by the admirable rendering of vocal part-music realized by skilful training and constant practice. The results, indeed, were such as were worthy of comparison with those which had previously rendered the Berlin Domchor and the Cologne choir famous. Mr. Leslie's choristers originally numbered only between thirty and forty members. These, however, were soon largely reinforced, and the choir gradually came to comprise between two and three hundred voices. Their refined execution of unaccompanied part-music, sacred and secular—cantatas, anthems, psalms, madrigals, glees, and part-songs, &c.—has been often the theme of eulogistic comment, and the dissolution of the choir some five years ago was consequently a source of widespread regret. It was, however, soon afterwards re-organized, with Mr. Randegger, *vice* Mr. Leslie, as conductor, this gentleman having retired from all but a general direction of

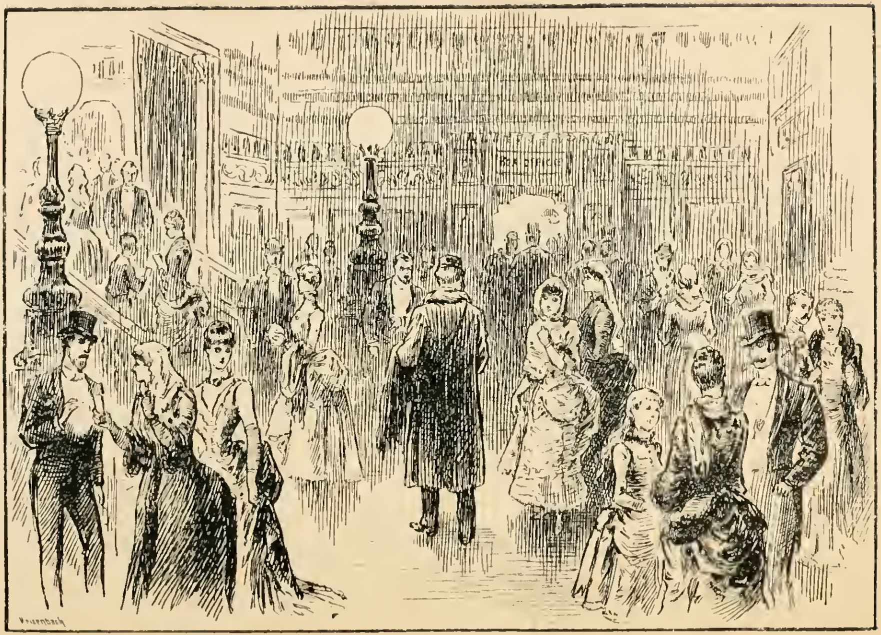


RETURNING THANKS.

the arrangements. Mr. Leslie's resumption of the office of conductor and the continuance of the concerts are matters for congratulation on the part of all who can appreciate the opportunity of hearing a certain class of music rendered in a style that has never been surpassed and has rarely been equalled.

Mention may properly be made here of the musical evenings of Mr. Henschel and of Mr. Dannreuther; of the Novello Oratorio Concerts; of the recitals at St. James's Hall of Madlle. Kleeberg; of Mr. W. G. Cusins' annual concert at the same place; of the Bach Choir's and Signor Sarasate's series of concerts in May and June; and the concerts of the Royal College and the Guildhall School of Music.

Two or three years ago, in order to raise some money for a charity, Viscountess Folkestone organized an orchestra of ladies more or less well known in society. The affair has since grown, and Lady Folkestone's band bids fair to become a permanent institution. At present the orchestra is limited to a string band, comprising fourteen first and a similar number of second violins, eight violas, and eight violoncellos. Some of the best families are represented in this orchestra. "A glance at the list reveals such names as Bouverie, Oliphant, Lytton, Dalrymple Hay, De Grey, Curzon, and many others. Girls of almost every type of beauty are there, clad uniformly in white frocks relieved by shoulder knots, some of pale blue and others of salmon colour. No Adam is allowed to invade this orchestral Eden. It is true that when a choir is employed black coats are permitted to form a sort of background to the picture. The ladies are also graciously pleased to admit the sterner (and lower) sex as soloists. But the members of the band are women to an individual. Even the *chef d'orchestre* is a lady. Lady Folkestone stands to her work as Richter does. She taps the desk with her ivory and silver mounted bâton, her beat is broad and distinct, and she gives the 'points' with professional care; all 'just like a man.'"



THE ENTRANCE-HALL OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE THEATRES.

LONDON has no lack of Theatres; indeed, no city has so many. It is surprising how the majority of them in some seasons contrive to subsist. To fill all the London theatres nightly would require an aggregate of some 80,000 persons. Probably not a tenth part of them do fill nightly, a condition of things which, though adverse to the interests of managers and lessees, is a gain one way, inasmuch as it secures greater variety and comfort to the play-going public. A person desiring a seat at the Lyceum or Princess's, for example, on a given night, might on going to the theatre be met with the notice, so gratifying to the management, but disappointing to the play-goer, "House full." Such person need have no fear of not getting a seat in another theatre; he has a choice of half-a-dozen, all equally worthy of his patronage, within a quarter of an hour's walk of each other. He may rest assured that of those half-dozen, four at least will afford ample accommoda-

THE ENTR'ACTE.

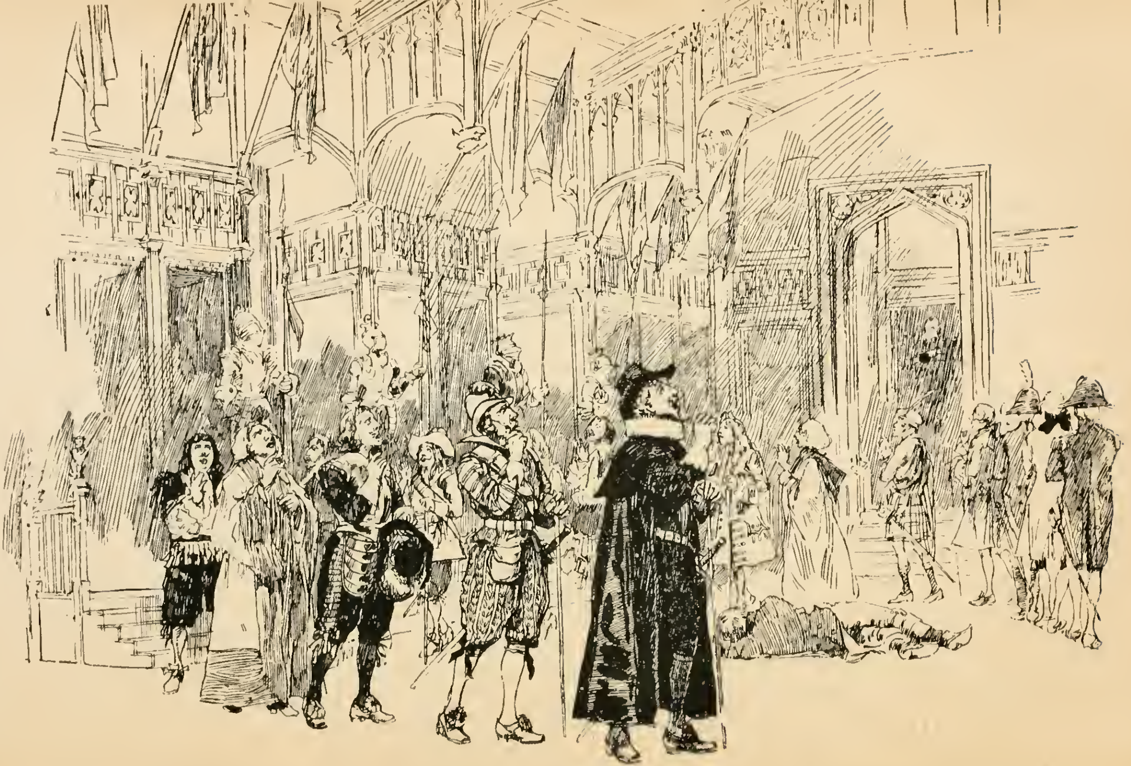
tion, and probably an evening's entertainment quite as good, of its kind, as that he had hoped to enjoy.

The principal London theatres are open from September to the end of July. In boxes, stalls, and dress circle it is usual, during May, June, and July, though not positively compulsory at all theatres, to appear in evening dress, as at the Opera. Cloak-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and here and there smoking-rooms are provided at the leading theatres. A front seat in the "pit" is as good as any in the house; but as this is seldom to be obtained without much patience in waiting for the doors to open, and is hardly desirable in the case of ladies, we advise the "dress circle" or "upper circle" as moderate in respect of price. A seat in the pit on a "first night," however, is well worth an hour's waiting for, and not seldom repays the curiosity of the play-goer. One may generally see then gathered together the most prominent dramatic authors, critics, and theatrical patrons of London. To the more venturesome the gallery on such occasions offers many attractions, though fewer comforts. Theatrical "first nights" of late years in London have, however, been few and far between.

The theatres generally open their doors at 7.30, some few at 7; and the performance of the principal piece on the play-bill usually commences at 8. There are "Box" or ticket offices, open daily from 10 to 5, at all the theatres, at which seats may be booked in advance. The prices of admission range from 1*s.* for a seat in the gallery to £3 3*s.*, £4 4*s.*, or even as high as £8 8*s.* for a private box. The popular prices are pit, 2*s.*; amphitheatre, 2*s.* 6*d.*; upper circle, 3*s.* and 4*s.*; upper boxes, 4*s.*; and dress circle, 6*s.*

Following is a list of the leading London theatres:—

Adelphi, Strand.
Alhambra, Leicester Square.
Astley's, Westminster Bridge Road.
Avenue, Northumberland Avenue.
Britannia, Hoxton.
Comedy, Panton Street, Haymarket.
Court, Sloane Square.
Covent Garden, Bow Street.
Criterion, Piccadilly East.
Drury Lane, Catherine Street, Strand.
Empire, Leicester Square.



The Savoy Theatre, 1887. Scene from Gilbert and Sullivan's Opera, "Ruddygore."

Gaiety, Strand.
Globe, Newcastle Street, Strand.
Grand, Islington.
Haymarket, Haymarket.
Her Majesty's, Haymarket.
Holborn, Holborn.
Imperial, Westminster.
Lyceum, Wellington Street, Strand.
Novelty, Great Queen Street, W.C.
Olympic, Wych Street, Strand.
Opera Comique, Strand.
Prince of Wales's, Coventry Street Haymarket.
Princess's, Oxford Street.
Royalty, Dean Street, Soho.
St. James's, King Street, St. James's.
Sadler's Wells, Islington.
Savoy, Beaufort Buildings, Strand.
Standard, Bishopsgate.
Strand, Strand.
Surrey, Blackfriars Road.
Toole's, King William Street, Strand.
Vaudeville, Strand.

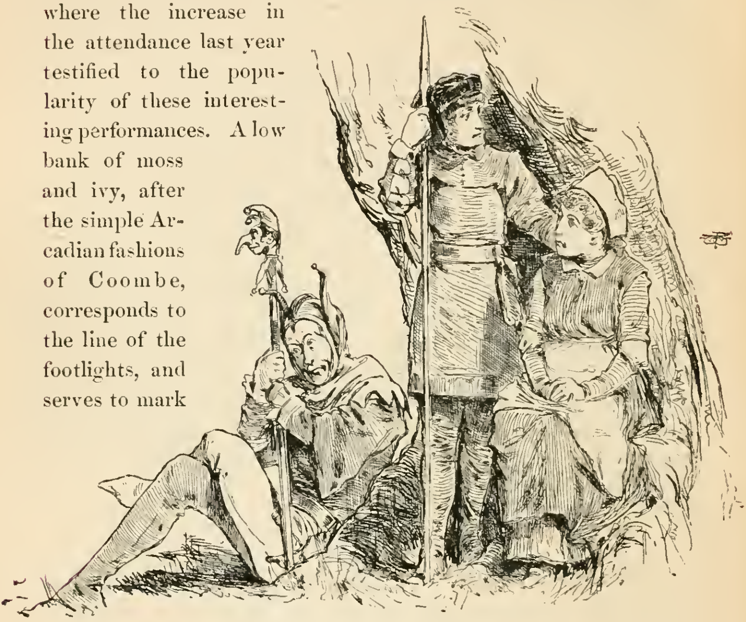
Certain of the foregoing theatres have acquired a reputation in a particular line of dramatic art, as, for instance, the Lyceum, in the representation of the plays of Shakespeare, the Haymarket and St. James's for comedy of the higher kind, the Savoy for the pleasant lighter operas of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, the Gaiety for burlesque, the Adelphi for the more serious drama, Toole's for farcical comedy, Drury Lane for drama of the sensational order, the Surrey for melodrama of the old-fashioned kind, &c. The visitor to London may see, we think, the best examples of the art of acting in England if he find time to visit the Lyceum, St. James's, Savoy, and Princess's, each of these, in its special line, having the best company that enterprise and money can secure. There are specialists, and stars of more or less brilliance, to be seen at all the London theatres; but the crowd of minor performers who, though minor, are of equal importance to the stage performance as a whole, are, truth to say, not always very competent exponents of the actor's art. In the old times, Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres were crowded with all the talents, and pieces were played before London audiences with a finish and perfection of which playgoers are said rightly or wrongly to have now only the tradition; "wrongly," we should say, to judge by the finish and care shown in the representations at the Lyceum, Savoy, and St. James's. The actors of fifty years ago, though they had no training school, had a chance of training themselves. The provincial cities, like

Bath, York, Dublin, Edinburgh, had their own stock-companies, which were the best of training schools, because they gave special talent room, and scope to find itself out; and they were regular stages for practice. But the present system of companies travelling from place to place with one or more special pieces has put an end to the old stock-companies of the provincial towns. The result is that the mainstay of most London theatres is one or two actors and actresses of ability, who are supported by a company which, in some cases, has little claim upon the playgoer's attention. In scenery, appointments, and stage arrangements every reasonable wish is fulfilled; but the general level of stage representation is perhaps not yet as high as it might be in a city of the wealth and population of London. As to this, however, the visitor will find ample opportunity of judging for himself. The "good old times" of the Kembles and Keans are, we think, very much like the good old times of the "Highflyer" and "Tantivy" coaches. By and by we shall have people lamenting the good old times of "Pullman Cars" and electric lighting. For the present, the acting of Irving, Miss Terry, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal and her husband, Hare, Wilson Barrett, Toole, and others we might name, represent the best traditions of the English stage of any period, whether of Garrick's or the Kembles', Keans' or Macready's.

The fact is, we are somewhat apt to overrate the personages of the stage who in our theatre-going days first claim our applause and admiration. To us, there is now no theatre in London like the Adelphi of Benjamin Webster's time, when Toole and Paul Bedford kept us in fits of laughter, and Miss Woolgar, Mrs. Billington, and Miss Henrietta Sims absorbed all our respectful devotion. If we may be pardoned the intrusion of a purely personal matter, we have never seen any actress on the stage half so lovely as the aforesaid Miss Sims. We loved the very farmyard in which she trod (was not her first appearance in "The Willow Copse"?), and well remember tasting of Paradise in the delight of finding ourselves lunching in her company at a little pastry-cook's shop in the Strand. But not even Miss Henrietta Sims herself (she was an admirable actress, Sir, I assure you) would lay claim to represent the actresses of her day. We have heard enthusiastic players say, "Ah, but you should have heard Charles Kean." Well, as it happens, we have heard Charles Kean and fingered the "properties" of "Henry the Eighth" when that play was being enacted at the Princess's years agone. And the only impression Mr. Charles Kean made upon us (which lives to this day) was that he spoke Ann Boleyn as if he had a cold in the nose: "Add Bullin; I'll have no Add Bullins!" If there be any playgoers living of the Kemble period, of course they swear by the Kembles and Keans; the admirers of Macready swear by Macready; and for ourselves—adding one to the millions here and on t'other side of the Atlantic—we swear by Mr. Irving, nathless he at present wears the scarlet doublet and cock's feather of Mephistopheles. But, towering head and shoulders above him, comes Henrietta Sims. No idol has yet come forward to knock that one off the shelf, albeit we once talked—off the stage, mind, just as in private life—with the sweetest Juliet of the day.

PASTORAL PLAYS.

In the summer months of 1884-5-6, the "Pastoral Players"—a company of amateurs, of which, we believe, Lady Archibald Campbell is the leading spirit—gave representations of the forest scenes in "As You Like It," and "The Faithful Shepherdess," in the beautiful grounds of Coombe House, near Kingston, most easily reached, it may be well to note, from Malden Station of the L. and S. W. Railway (Waterloo). These performances are given in the open air. The site chosen for them provides a shelter for the visitors in the green branches that meet high over head, as well as a charming piece of background for the players, with thickets of underwood and green glades sloping down into the misty distance. The space which might be called the stage, if it were aught but natural turf, with a mere half-thatched hut in the midst, and piles of faggots here and there to give a rudely picturesque air of scenic contrivances, is of considerable breadth, sufficient space being reserved to the auditory, where the increase in the attendance last year testified to the popularity of these interesting performances. A low bank of moss and ivy, after the simple Arcadian fashions of Coombe, corresponds to the line of the footlights, and serves to mark the boundary between the real and the ideal world. A curtain which is pulled upwards by cords, when the stage, or what does duty for it, is to be shut out from view, completes the arrangements of this primitive theatre. The "players" are, as we have said, amateurs, but practised amateurs, chiefly recruited from the ranks of fashionable society. Music is provided by a well-trained orchestra and choir. The public is freely invited to these representations on payment duly made, the receipts being given to a charity. The daily papers advertise the day and hour of performance.



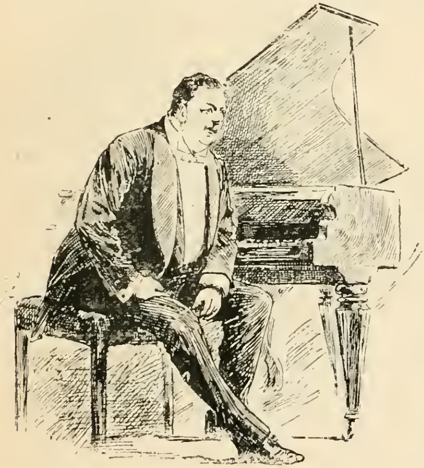
SCENE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Chapter XIV.

MISCELLANEOUS ENTERTAINMENTS.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S.

Of miscellaneous entertainments there is never any lack in London, as every successful "showman" makes, or endeavours to make, it a resting-place in his travels round the world. Some of these, at one time transient and shifting, have become established in London, and now take their place alongside of the theatres in competing for the patronage of the public. Of such, "Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment," given at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, has long taken the lead in public favour. It comprises a little excellent music, and a little excellent acting, and a good deal of merriment of one kind and another, the whole managed and arranged by a group of admirable performers, of which Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain are the leading spirits. This cheery little company of players represent one of the most popular institutions of modern London, that of the so-

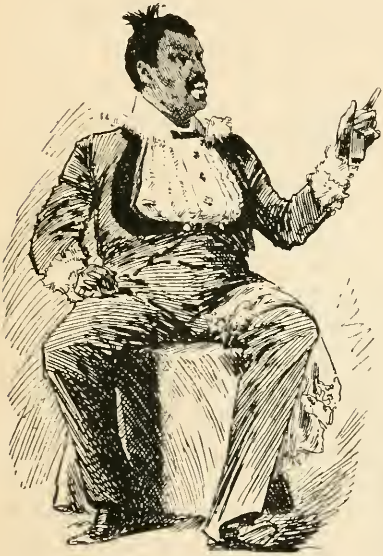


MR. CORNEY GRAIN.

called drawing-room entertainment, which originated at St. Martin's Hall in Long Acre, in 1855, under the direction of Mrs. German Reed (better known then as Miss Priscilla Horton), an actress and singer of much ability. This lady at that time sustained all the characters, and her husband, a skilful musician and composer, presided at the piano. The entertainment was entitled "Illustrative Gatherings," and mainly consisted of those characteristic songs and personations by which Miss Horton first won reputation on the stage. It was so far successful, that in the following year it was transferred to the old "Gallery of Illustration," in Waterloo Place, where Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, the well-known scenic artists, were then showing their panorama of the Crimean War. Here Mr. German Reed made the first attempt in London to introduce morning performances, in which he was supported by the increased patronage of the public. Presently the inimitable John Parry joined Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and gave his humorous musical sketches, which "drew" the town immensely; and later an accession was made to the company in the person of that excellent actor, Mr. Arthur Cecil. Then Mr. Alfred Reed and Mr. Corney Grain became, as we have said, its leading spirits; and under their fostering care "Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment" has continued year by year to increase in favour with the public. Let no visitor leave town without going to see it, for, we venture to say, in refinement and pleasantry of the most admirable kind it is unmatched in London. It may claim to be the legitimate descendant of those lively little vaudevilles which half a century since used to form the staple production during the summer season of the old Lyceum (then known as the English Opera house), and which derived much of their success from the skilful writing of J. R. Planché.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

This entertainment is a very old favourite, and a survival of a very old favourite. Its beginnings might, we think, be traced to "Jim Crow," whose cacophonous strains so captivated Londoners nearly fifty years ago. The Ethiopian Serenaders brought a new pleasure to our shores some eight or ten years after "Jump Jim Crow" had left them. Then came the Christy Minstrels, special favourites of our boyhood. These again gave place to the popular performers of to-day under direction of Messrs. Moore and Burgess, who for more than twenty years have been helping to amuse London. To the "Ethiopian" and the "Christy" Minstrels we are indebted for many a favourite melody long since forgotten. Thirty years ago "Lucy Neal," the "Dandy Broadway Swell," "Old Uncle Ned," "Way down upon de Swanee Ribber," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Dog Tray," "Hard Times," and other melodies of these singers were as popular as those of Henry Russell.



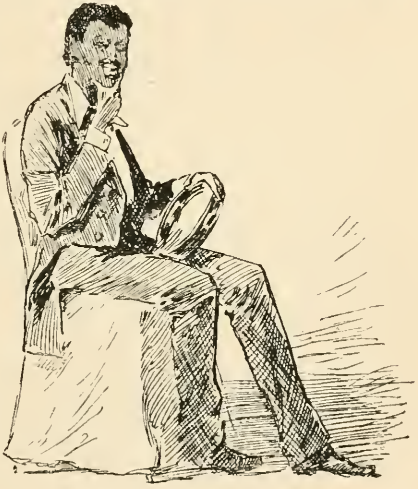
"OF WHOM MR. MOORE IS THE LEADING SPIRIT."

Of the thousands whom these, and between two and three hundred other popular, songs from the same hand moved to laughter or to tears, few ever heard the name of the author. "He must have passed," says an American writer, "unnoticed through the streets, when from every lighted concert room, from almost every family circle, from every hand-organ, or roaming ballad-singer's lips, were poured forth his irresistible melodies." His name was Stephen Collins Foster, a native of Pennsylvania, born in 1826. In 1842, when a merchant's clerk in Cincinnati, his first song was published. It was so successful that he gave up business and devoted himself to musical composition. Although not liberally educated in the technical sense, he was a man of culture and something of an artist. His songs were translated into most of the European languages, and published by tens of thousands in England. He was paid by one publishing house nearly twenty thousand dollars for a portion of his compositions. Of "Old Dog Tray," one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies were sold in less than two years. Sensitive and retiring, Mr. Foster had few friends, and spent his last years in obscurity in New York. Careless and improvident, he was ready to sell for a few dollars a song which brought a large sum to its purchaser. Some of his best songs, it is said, were written in a grocery store on pieces of brown paper. He was taken ill in an hotel in the Bowery, and carried to a hospital, where he died in 1864.

The songs of this writer were at one time on every one's tongue in London who could whistle or sing, or who thought he could sing. In the barrack-rooms of young officers they were sung nightly with immense applause; and many and many a gay bachelor's party owed most of its success to the songs of poor Foster. For the sympathetic and musical rendering of those songs we are chiefly indebted to the negro minstrels who made St. James's Hall their resting-place in London.

Perhaps we are becoming so highly cultivated musically that such simple and pleasing melodies no longer have any charm for amateurs; and by and by, no doubt, we shall look back upon the period of burnt-cork, banjo, and bones, with much the same amused curiosity as upon the era of lute, sackbut, and dulcimer.

But till that time comes, there will be found many an old-fashioned Londoner, who remembers an evening spent with the Moore and Burgess Minstrels as one of the pleasantest dedicated to music: and not merely old-fashioned Londoners, but fashionable Londoners, and young folks and country visitors, and a large proportion of the many thousands who flock into London during the year, not forgetting the humble writer of these pages. The programme of these Minstrels always combines a little serious music with songs in which the comic element is made a feature. In the intervals there is a good deal of fun, mimicry, story-telling, and the like, with a highly amusing farcical piece to wind up with, generally illustrative of plantation or negro life, as it was in the days of Uncle Remus. The band, the interlocutor, the soloists, the end men who bandy jokes and puns (of whom Mr. Moore is the leading spirit) and the men who dance and play in the farce, are each in their respective ways admirable. The excellence of the entertainment may be judged from the fact that it is now one of the permanent amusements of London, as well patronized (and deservedly so) as the theatres. The performances during the season are given nightly at eight o'clock, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at three; and we advise all who relish an hour or two of good singing, interspersed with a little pleasant fun, to betake themselves to the Moore and Burgess entertain-



ONE OF THE END MEN.

ment at St. James's Hall. We warrant they'll not be disappointed: If before dinner, they'll go away with a better appetite for "the crowning pleasure of the day"; if after dinner, they'll turn with better appetite to supper.

SOME OTHER ENTERTAINMENTS.

"Maskelyne and Cooke," the very princes of legerdemain and its kindred arts, are to be seen at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Messrs. Hengler's (Argyll Street) and Messrs. Sanger's (Westminster Bridge Road) entertainments, consisting in great part of equestrian and gymnastic feats, should be mentioned. The Crystal Palace and the Albert Palace at Battersea Park must not be forgotten as places of pleasant recreation. The great objection to these is that one pays for admission, and three or four additional shillings for entertainments on the programme, all of which one might see elsewhere for 1*s*. The Royal Aquarium at Westminster has also an extensive and varied programme, like its popular prototype at Brighton, which nowadays can hardly be said to lie out of what the lawyers call the "purview" of this work.

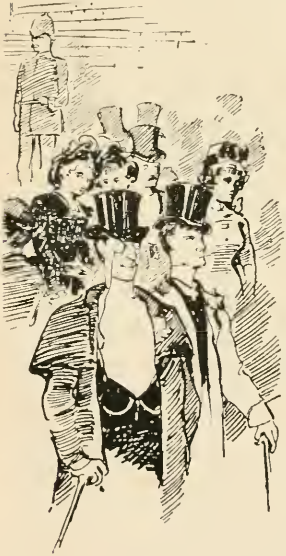
And there is our oldest friend of all, Madame Tussaud, of "Waxwork" fame, long established and justly celebrated, whose portrait-models of every one of any notoriety, worthies and unworthies, from kings and princes to hangmen and assassins, need no remark from us to make their repute known to the public. A new home has been found for these close to Baker Street Station.

This year (1887) we are promised "the biggest thing on record," in the visit to London of "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show," from New York, U.S.A.; and "Olympia" (at Addison Road, Kensington) announces great things in the way of sports, games, and pastimes.

THE MUSIC HALLS.

The Music Hall is a place of popular entertainment in London. One hears less music worth listening to there than in most other places of public entertainment; but what the visitor loses that way he may find compensation for in listening to the songs of the people, if not exactly well sung, at least shouted with some degree of spirit. Within the metropolis of London there are no less than 347 music-halls, 75 large and 272 small, capable of holding in the aggregate, 136,700 persons nightly. In addition to these, the Surrey magistrates, whose jurisdiction extends over considerable part of metropolitan London, grant their licence to 61 music-halls, 3 large and 58 small, holding an aggregate of 32,800 persons nightly—a total of 408 music-halls, capable of holding nightly no less than 169,500 persons. These places, supplementary to the theatres, range in size from the Alhambra and Pavilion, and one or two buildings capable of holding an audience which would fill the Lyceum or Gaiety theatres (the last, by the way, was originally a music-hall), to an apartment of moderate proportions, in which a couple of hundred persons might be seated comfortably. Representatives of the better class will be found in the places above-named, the Oxford Music Hall and the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, and of the less desirable in any of the "music-halls" attached to gin palaces, of which, unfortunately, there are not a few examples in London and its suburbs.

The Pavilion Music Hall in Piccadilly represents the very latest addition to the music-halls of London of to-day. It occupies as much ground as any ordinary playhouse, has as large a staff, and must be, from the commercial point of view, quite as large an undertaking. Its exterior is finer, or, at any rate, more pretentious, than any London theatre—its interior a blaze of painters' and gilders' effects. There is a first gallery of amphitheatre stalls, and a second gallery for the gods. There are stalls and pit, a hall, a promenade, and a "box-lounge;" and the prices range from a shilling to two guineas. The most characteristic section of the audience at the Pavilion, a well-informed writer informs us, is to be found in the shilling part. "Here are the clerks who have to 'mash,' and pay the laundress, and make ends meet on thirty shillings a week, a class of their patrons whom the music-halls ungratefully satirized some seasons ago, in a composition entitled 'La-di-da.' The song tells how this simulacrum of a swell has to be content with a penny paper collar, a penny flower in his buttonhole, a penny stick in his hand, and how, altogether, he is but a poor bundle of penn'orths of the commodity of fashion. It was received with favour, but, according to legend, its sarcasm proved too much on one occasion for a dandy, poor but proud, who hurled the decanter of defiance at the singer, and surrendered himself to justice. With the dandy clerks we have still more dandy soldiers, men of the 1st Life Guards commonly, splendid in scarlet, and gold chevrons, and dainty caps and killing coiffures, and as skilled in the nice conduct of a clouded cane as in the management of a sabre." These, with a sprinkling of staider citizens and their wives, artizans, and others, mostly compose the audience of the Music-Hall.



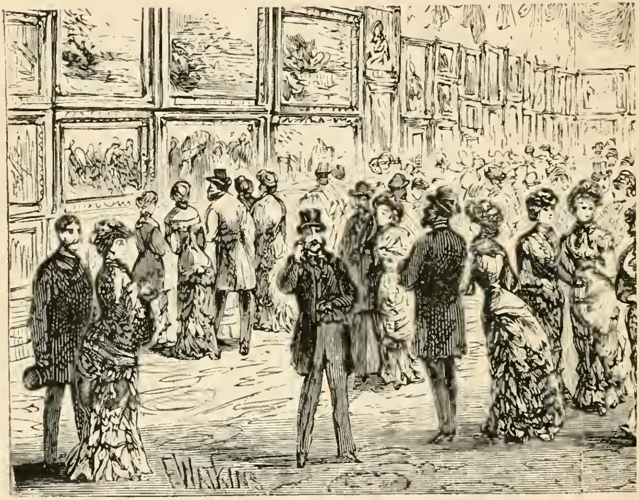
FASHION.

The best kind of music-hall in London with which we are acquainted, is that which provides popular entertainments for the people with good singers, good songs, and good music, at a charge for admission of 3*d.*

Unhappily, London has but one representative of this class—the Royal Victoria Hall, in the Waterloo Road—and that, we believe, is not always open. The ladies and gentlemen who volunteer their services at the entertainments given here, are deserving of the heartiest thanks of the community. We may hope that future generations of Londoners will find more pleasure in this class of Music-Hall, and less in the other.

CHAPTER XV.

ART GALLERIES AND EXHIBITIONS.



THE PRIVATE VIEW.

THE inauguration of the London Art Season takes place the last week of March, with the festival known as "Show-Sunday." Afterwards the galleries of the Water-colour societies are opened for the spring exhibitions. Then follow the "Critics'" and "Private View" days at the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery, in the last week of April. On the first Monday of May the doors of Burlington House are thrown open to the public, and thereafter remain open till the last week of July. The visitor will be likely to find in each of these annual commemorations something to arrest his attention, and perchance not a little to instruct and amuse him.

"Show-Sunday" is the day on which artists who exhibit, or hope to exhibit, at the Royal Academy and elsewhere, receive their friends and friends' friends at their studios. The artist-localities of London no longer centre in Fitzroy Square. Within the last ten years they have become extended to the remoter suburbs of London—to Hampstead and Highgate on the north. Kensington and Chelsea in the west, Chiswick and Putney in the south. It is a far cry, as some people know, from the Chelsea Embankment to St. John's Wood; and the picturesque settlements of Holland Park, at Kensington, are sufficiently remote from the ancient art-regions of central London. Moreover, Highgate and Primrose Hill are not so nigh to Bedford Park, Chiswick, that a hansom cabman will accept, with graceful courtesy, a half-crown as his legal fare. To compass all these outlying districts, and in the intervals of driving and "entraining" (a word for which we have to thank the War Office), to twist through folds of silks and satins, and to view a great variety of pictures, and listen to a lot of commonplace criticism concerning them—these are the ends of "Show-Sunday." The great aim of everyone in London society is to be beforehand with everyone else. A Londoner of fashion, who is in a position to say he has seen all the pictures of the year, worth seeing, on "Show-Sunday," is a more important person at Mayfair dinner-tables than one who has to wait till the "Critics' Day." And he who has the *entrée* to the Academy on the "Critics' Day" is a greater person than he who has to wait till the "Private-view Day." And he who has the *entrée* then is to be preferred before one who has not. But the game is hardly worth the candle. As, however, there may be some who might wish to indulge in it, we can but point the way. Invitations for "Show-Sunday" are to be procured through the introduction of any artist of position; though it might not be so easy to obtain admission to the studios of all the Academicians. This should be no great disappointment, and the visitor might find compensation in seeking out the studios of less illustrious artists. To receive an invitation to the galleries of the Royal Academy on "Critics' Day" one should, of course, be the accredited representative of some journal of recognized position and influence, though, by the way, this is less necessary now than in years gone by. The *entrée* to the "Private-view Day," a privilege eagerly sought in the fashionable world, is exclusively in the bestowal of the Royal Academicians. Influence in that direction would no doubt secure admission; but the galleries are generally so crowded that the chief delight is to be found, not in criticizing the pictures, but in criticizing the company.

We should not omit to remind the reader here that the permanent Exhibitions are—the National Collection of Pictures in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square; the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington; the Picture Gallery at the Museum, South Kensington; the recently-opened City Art Gallery at Guildhall; to which may be added the collections at Hampton Court Palace, Dulwich College, the Soane Museum, all referred to more particularly elsewhere.

The Royal Academy of Arts, Burlington House, Piccadilly, was instituted by George III. in 1768; one of the primary objects for which it was founded being "the establishing of an annual exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit, where they may offer their performances to public inspection, and acquire that degree of reputation and encouragement which they shall be deemed to deserve." There are, at present, forty-one Royal Academicians and thirty Associate members, with various Honorary Retired Academicians, Honorary Foreign Academicians, Honorary Members, Professors, and a Secretary. The annual Summer Exhibition of pictures and statuary opens, as we have said, the first Monday in May, and continues until the last week in July. Admission from 8 a.m. till dusk 1*s*., catalogue 1*s*. The last week of July the galleries are open from 7.30 till

10.30 p.m., the price of admission is 6*d*., and that of the catalogue 6*d*. The Winter Exhibition of the works of Foreign Old Masters and of Deceased British Artists generally opens towards the end of December, and continues till March. Besides the exhibition galleries, there are in the Royal Academy building a theatre for lectures, &c., schools of art for male and female students, and a fine library. The Diploma and Gibson Gallery is open free daily from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5, Pall Mall East, S.W., was formed in 1804. The exhibition of the works of this society are held twice in the year, in April (continuing through the Season) and December. Admission 1*s*.

The Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, whose location is the Art Galleries, Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, was founded in the year 1831, as "The New Society of Painters in Water Colours," a title subsequently altered to that which it now bears. It holds exhibitions in the spring (continuing through the Season) and winter. Admission 1*s*.

The Grosvenor Gallery, New Bond Street, was established by its proprietor, Sir Coutts Lindsay, in the year 1877, "with the intention of giving special advantages of exhibition to artists of established reputation, some of whom had previously been imperfectly known to the public." Two exhibitions are held in each year. The Summer Exhibition opens in May, and is devoted to the works of living painters in oil and water colours. The Winter Exhibition, which opens in December, is usually of a special kind, restricted to the works of one artist, or to the drawings and studies of ancient masters and deceased British artists. Admission 1*s*.

The Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East, founded in 1823, "for the erection of an extensive gallery for the Annual Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Living Artists of the United Kingdom in the various branches of Painting (in oil and water colours), Sculpture. Architecture, and Engraving, at the period when the tasteful and opulent are usually resident in the metropolis, viz., during the months of April, May, June, and July." It holds two exhibitions, one in the spring and one in the winter. The former opens in March; the latter in November. Admission 1*s*.

In addition to the foregoing, there are other exhibitions, arranged by art-publishers and dealers in pictures, of more or less interest. Chief among such exhibitions may be mentioned those of the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street; MM. Boussod-Valadon and Co. (successors to Goupil and Co.), 116, 117, New Bond Street; Messrs. Dowdeswell, 133, New Bond Street; the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall; Mr. McLean, 7, Haymarket; Mr. Tooth, Haymarket; Mr. Lefèvre, 1a, King Street, St. James's Square; the Continental Gallery, New Bond Street; Messrs. Gladwell, 20 and 21, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

Touching these periodical exhibitions, a learned if somewhat cynical writer of the day thinks there must be a good deal of money in London to spend on art if a fair proportion of the pictures exhibited in the numerous galleries are bought. Till one thinks of it seriously, he says, it is not easy to calculate the fertility of our painters. "Let us reckon the Academy's output at two thousand examples, and the Grosvenor roughly at four hundred. Then throw in the Institute, the Water-Colour Society, the Artists', and the dealers at about six hundred each, or say eight hundred, as they exhibit at least twice annually. That gives us some six or seven thousand new works of art exhibited in London alone every year. Not a picture of them all but has been the subject of pains, thought, and care, such as nobody guesses who is not an artist, or who does not live with artists. There have been hopes and fears expended on every one of them; high hopes of advance in skill and fame, morbid doubts, dread of rejection and of critical or popular disapproval. The money at which they are valued must amount to hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of pounds. Add to all these hypothetical sums the multitude of pictures which are rejected everywhere, never exhibited at all, and add the prices which they were expected to bring in, and the honours which it was hoped that they would procure. The whole amount of English art, the yearly output, will be seen to be prodigious in quantity, whatever critics may say in their grudging manner about the quality."

But it is all very well for "lit'ray fellows" to write in this strain. What shall be said of the tons of articles, "leading," descriptive, and moral, to say nothing of leaderettes, novelettes, novels, short stories, and the rest—aye, and grander works than these—Haydonesque pieces, that are only written to be afterward "chucked" into the waste-paper dealer's bag.

Encouraged by the success of the Amateur Photographic Exhibition held at 103, New Bond Street, in previous years, the Directors of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company will hold a similar exhibition in 1887, open to all bonâ-fide amateurs in this branch of art-work. It may be of interest to students of photography to know that the company have set apart to their use (at 54, Cheapside, and 108 and 110, Regent Street) studios where persons who have purchased apparatus of the company and are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the art, may receive "free instruction." Since the introduction of the "dry-plate" process, which does away with much of the cumbersome plant of the old, photography has become quite a fashionable kind of pastime. We have, indeed, been asked by the lady-in-waiting of a very distinguished personage to step aside, so that Her Royal Highness might be permitted to take a sylvan view without the introduction of a gentleman in strange citizen's tweeds and "pot hat."

PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERIES

The following are among the chief private collections in London. Application to view them must be made by letter.

Buckingham Palace (only to be seen by an order from the Lord Chamberlain).

The Bath House Collection (Lord Ashburton's), Piccadilly.

Lord Northbrook's Collection, 41, Upper Grosvenor Street.

The Devonshire House Collection (Duke of Devonshire's), Piccadilly.

The Bridgewater House Collection, St. James's. May be seen on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from 10 till 5.

The Grosvenor Gallery (Duke of Westminster's), Upper Grosvenor Street. Admission on Thursdays during May and June.

The Lansdowne House Collection (the Marquis of Lansdowne's), Berkeley Square.

The late Lord Overstone's Collection (Lord Wantage), 2, Carlton Gardens.

Stafford House Collection (Duke of Sutherland's), St. James's.

The Dudley House Collection (Earl Dudley), Park Lane.

The Manchester House Collection (Sir R. Wallace's), Manchester Square.

The Apsley House Collection (Duke of Wellington's), Hyde Park Corner.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MAY MEETINGS.

THERE is one feature of the Season, more particularly of the month of May, which is noteworthy. We are always reminded at this time of the year of how vast an organization of religious and philanthropic effort the English metropolis is the centre. A great stream of beneficent intention and endeavour which is running silently all the year comes to the surface in the spring, and observers are astonished at its vast volume and its unfailing flow. The May meetings in London are the outward and visible signs of the quiet work which goes on, otherwise unnoted, all over the United Kingdom, and all round the world. There is no part of it where men are in need, no social stratum of England's own population, in which some of the societies which meet in Exeter Hall during the two months from the middle of April till the middle of June, are not engaged in a struggle against ignorance and evil. The sums of money collected and expended every year in these efforts tell up to millions. The money has to be gathered on the one hand and distributed on the other by organizations which need for their successful maintenance unflagging effort and zeal. The vast sums dealt with in the reports read at these May meetings are usually made up of small contributions, and their number and vast aggregate amount are striking signs of the diffused wealth and the more widely spread philanthropy of English society. The most significant feature of these meetings is this vast background of national feeling which they embody and represent. Whatever drawbacks may be associated with the organizations themselves, and however large the expenditure on mere machinery may be, the one striking fact which stands out above all others is that a vast proportion of the English people are ready year by year to give considerable sums of money for purposes which are entirely unselfish, their personal interest in which is solely that of religious or philanthropic feeling. They lay a heavy voluntary tax on themselves for the sake of lightening some load on the shoulders of others or of procuring some benefit for the world.

The journal[1] from which we borrow these remarks directs attention to another aspect of these meetings which, though not quite so striking, is nevertheless of great interest and importance. Most of these societies represent an organized movement. Such familiar examples as the Bible Society, the London, Wesleyan, Church, and Baptist Missionary Societies, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, embody what may be described as the modern form of missionary zeal. It is absurd to speak of them as being sustained by enthusiasm; the feeling which prompts those who give money and labour to their support is more properly described as a sense of duty. They are the forms in which a large section of the English people recognize their responsibility to society, and discharge the claim for service which they feel the world has upon them. There is a growing sense in modern society of the necessity for organized effort against social ills. This feeling is profoundly affecting legislation, and is likely to influence it still more largely in coming years. Its growth is due in very great degree to the educating influence of these various societies. The old reproach that zealous reformers were spending in Africa or the South Sea Islands energies that might find a more useful sphere nearer home, is no longer felt to be applicable or just. The same sense of duty to the world which sustains the great societies which undertake Foreign Missions keeps up the vast multitude of agencies which are combating evils at home. It is scarcely possible to find an unoccupied field. If a need is shown there are workers ready to supply it, and there is not often any long lack of means for the work. There is no aspect of English life more characteristic than that which the two months of the annual meetings of the religious and philanthropic societies present, and there is none which thoughtful foreigners regard with more interest and surprise. A nation which makes a business of everything makes a business too of doing good.

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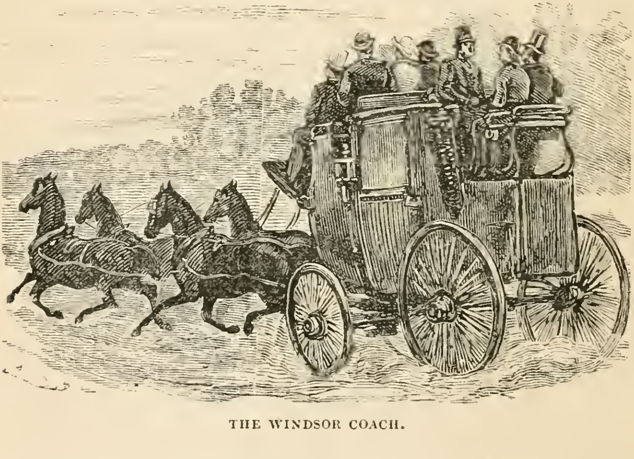
[1] The London "Daily News," May 12th, 1885.

CHAPTER XVII.

HINTS FOR DRIVES AND EXCURSIONS IN AND ABOUT LONDON.

IN late May and early June, the Greater London, as the Registrar calls it, is a marvel and a miracle of loveliness. In all the world there are no such meadows of buttercups with fragrant hedges of thorn; there are no such generous and luxuriant growths of westeria with purple clusters; there are no such woods of horse-chestnuts with massive pyramids of white blossom; there are no such apple-orchards and charming forests of white-blossomed plum trees as are to be seen around this great city of ours. Colonials returned from exile rejoice when they see them and think of arid and thirsty sandy plains; the American owns that though Lake George with its hundred



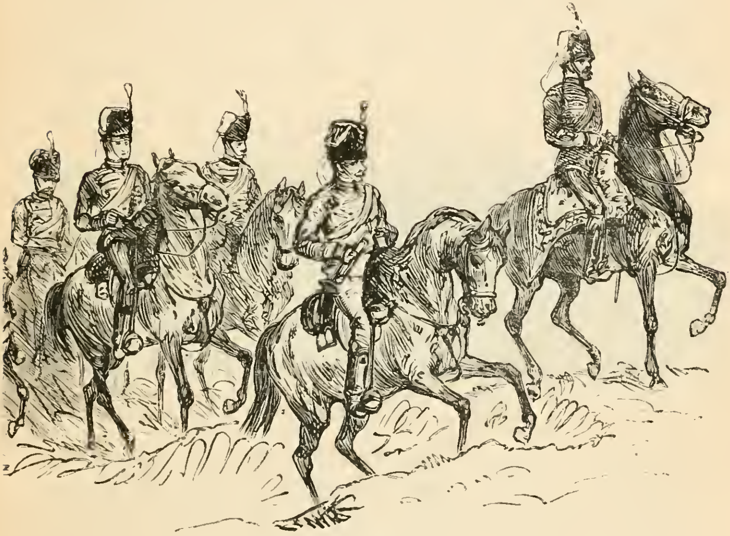
THE WINDSOR COACH.

islets is lovely, and the Hudson river a thing to dream of, there is nothing in the United States to place beside the incomparable result of wealth and loving care which the outlying suburbs of south and western London show. Such is the opinion of two authors whose knowledge of the metropolis is both various and extensive—Messrs. Besant and Rice. The visitor will find no difficulty, we think, in agreeing with it if he devote a few hours to rambling in the London suburbs. If, for example, he will be at the pains to take the train for Streatham Hill (London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway), or Wimbledon or Putney (London and South Western Railway), or Surbiton, or Richmond, or Kingston, on the same line, or Maidenhead, or Taplow (on the Great Western Railway), or to Harrow (London and North-Western Railway), or to a dozen other places, north, south, and west of London we might name. Do not let him run astray by going to study that piece of architectural humbug, Bedford Park, where he will only see sham examples of old English houses, not half so interesting as the street of Old London at the South Kensington Exhibition. Nor let him go to overbuilt Kensington or Bayswater. The places for seeing the charms of suburban London are farther away on the banks of the Thames, or skirting the Surrey hills.

A DAY OUT OF TOWN.

Parks and Open Spaces are to be found scattered over the metropolis. Some of these may suggest an afternoon's excursion and a way of spending a pleasant hour or two in the open air, amidst agreeable surroundings. Battersea Park, for example, which may be reached by road by way of Pimlico or by steamboat from any of the piers, is a delightful place, and abounds in beautiful features. The Royal Albert Palace, now one of the popular places of amusement, adjoins this park. An interesting drive to it would be from Westminster by way of the Embankment, passing the gardens of Chelsea Hospital, and over the Suspension Bridge. Finsbury Park (near Holloway) is very pleasantly situated, though a little out of the beaten track of visitors. It is a popular resort of the middle-classes, for whose amusement there are lawn-tennis, cricket and croquet grounds, a gymnasium, and swings for children, &c. Blackheath, a large open space of 267 acres, lying to the south of Greenwich, has for many years been much used by the public for the games of cricket, football, and golf. On a fine summer's afternoon the visitor would find the following an agreeable and interesting trip:—Steamboat from Charing Cross or the Temple pier to Greenwich; thence, after viewing the buildings of the Royal Naval College (sometime Greenwich Hospital), through the Park to Blackheath, and home by rail to Charing Cross. Greenwich is of some historic interest. Here were born Henry VIII. and his daughters Mary and Elizabeth, and here died that thoughtful, amiable lad, Edward VI. In the Tudor reigns, the Palace and Park were the scenes of many a gay pageant, and many merry festivities recorded in history. On Observatory Hill, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, built a tower or castle, and also partially rebuilt the Palace and laid out the Park. The Castle was demolished during the Civil War, and the Observatory built on the site, 1675. The existing Hospital was built from designs by West, son-in-law of Inigo Jones, *temp.* Charles II., and appropriated as an Asylum for Aged Seamen by William and Mary. It continued so for nearly two centuries, afterwards, in 1870 or thereabouts, being made a College for officers of the Royal Navy. The buildings are worth visiting.

Some little distance eastward of Greenwich is Woolwich, once an important royal dockyard and naval station, and still the principal Military Arsenal of England, with spacious barracks for Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, and an important military hospital. There is nothing in Woolwich itself to invite the visitor to spend a day there, unless he have a taste for military affairs, 80-ton guns, the casting of huge shot, shell, and the like; or unless he be fortunate enough to arrive there on the occasion of a military review. A pass from the War Department (Pall Mall) is necessary to secure admission to the Arsenal.



AT WOOLWICH.

Hampstead Heath is one of the places of popular resort in the neighbourhood of London; and deservedly so, for it is the most picturesque of the open spaces under jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Board of Works. The prospects in fair weather are very extensive, especially a fine panoramic view of London, reaching far away into Surrey. Some glimpses can here be had of the scenes which authors, painters, and poets have pictured, and which have made Hampstead so long the pride of Londoners. With Hampstead many famous names are associated. Steele, and the other members of the Kit-cat Club, used to make the 'Flask Tavern' their summer evening meeting-place; Pope and his friend Murray (afterwards Lord Mansfield, the eminent judge) 'deigned to rove on Hampstead Hill;' the holly tree which Hogarth planted in the garden of the 'Bull and Bush,' at North End, still exists—a huge shrub; Arbuthnot and Gay were occasional residents; Bishop Sherlock died here; Johnson lodged with his ailing wife at Frognall; Lords North and Erskine were residents near the church; and in the church—a plain and comparatively modern building—are buried Incledon, the singer; Harrison, who discovered the mode of finding the longitude; and Sir James Mackintosh, the philosophical lawyer and historian. Nearer our own time, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Joanna Baillie are associated with Hampstead.

IN SURREY.

Wimbledon Common, a broad open heath of 1,000 acres southwest of London, suggests another afternoon's excursion—by rail to Putney Station and thence up the hill (ten minutes' walk) to the Common. Skirting it to the south along Kingston Road for the distance of about a mile and a half, the visitor will find himself at Robin Hood Gate, one of the entrances to Richmond Park.

Richmond Park suggests one of the most delightful excursions in the neighbourhood of London. For sylvan walks, and views, it is not to be matched within many miles of the metropolis. The famous Hill commands a beautiful landscape on a clear day. To the right rise the towers of Windsor Castle and the hills of Buckinghamshire; and in the middle distance may be seen the low-lying tracts of Runnymede and Chertsey. To the left the horizon is bounded by the bold outline of the Surrey Downs. One may catch sight of the church spire of Harrow-on-the-Hill and the steeps of Highgate. Immediately at foot, the placid waters of the Thames wind for miles through the well-wooded and picturesque champaign. The whole forms a picture which, once seen, is not readily forgotten. Richmond may be reached most conveniently from Waterloo Station (Loop Line); or a party of four might find more entertainment in hiring an open carriage, and going down by road. The pleasantest road would be found by way of Brompton, Fulham, and Putney Heath to Robin Hood Gate; and thence across the Park to the Star and Garter Hotel, where dinner may be had. Visitors to Richmond may be induced to visit the Church for the sake of the persons who lie buried there,—Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons," Barbara Hofland, and Edmund Kean the actor. It may be well to mention that in the vicinity, on the left bank of the Thames, is Twickenham, whose church contains some interesting monuments, especially a tablet to the memory of Pope. Twickenham has many literary associations, "that quiet village by the silver Thames to which Essex, Bacon, and Hyde, by turns, retired from the bustle of court and the toils of active life; and where, at a later period, Pope made love to Lady Mary (Wortley Montagu), received the visits of Swift and St. John, and indited verse that will never die." Pope's villa has gone, and of the grotto scarce a trace remains. Horace Walpole lived hard by, at Strawberry Hill.

Kew, not far away, suggests another opportunity for an excursion away from the heat and turmoil of the town. There are two attractions at Kew—the Botanic Gardens and the Pleasure Grounds. Money has been wisely, and lavishly, spent upon this beautiful spot. An immense conservatory, with accompanying flower gardens, have been planned; many plant-houses have been erected; a museum built; a pinetum planted; and the whole is thrown open for the benefit of the public. To fill these gardens and conservatories, all the ends of the earth have been ransacked for their floral treasures. It is well, by the way, to warn the visitor that the Gardens are not open before 12 o'clock, except on Bank holidays; on those days they open at 10. A pleasant way of reaching Kew is by steamboat from Chelsea Pier, which may be reached by omnibus ("white") from Piccadilly, or any of the more westward river piers, Westminster, Charing Cross, Temple, &c. Trains run from all Metropolitan and District Stations, or from Waterloo (Loop Line) Station to Kew. The river steamboats, for a city like London, are antiquated and uncomfortable.

COOL AND COMFORTABLE.

Hampton Court has many attractions not solely associated with its famous Palace, and the memorials of the illustrious personages who lived in it. The neighbourhood is replete with rural charms, not the least pleasing of which are the walks in the Palace gardens and through the far-famed avenue of Bushey Park, which adjoins them. Hampton Court is some twenty miles from Westminster by the river (the journey this way is somewhat tiresome), and fifteen miles by (London and South Western) railway. It was the palace of Wolsey (by whom it was built), Henry VIII., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III., Queen Anne, and the first of the Hanoverian kings. A great mass of picturesque old buildings, containing many relics of departed royalty, is set in the midst of grounds of which the gardener's art has made a paradise of flowers. When the excursionist is weary of wandering through stately halls and ancient chambers, wherein are the dusty furniture, the bedsteads, the chairs, the tapestries, and the portraits of many princes, he may pass through the ancient court-yard into the palace grounds, where the air is soft and fragrant, and where there are trees which mayhap had reached maturity before the great cardinal who built the palace had himself won fame.

The collection of pictures (scarcely less than a thousand in number) will repay a visit to Hampton Court in winter or summer; but to know how lovely the surroundings of the quaint old palace are, one should visit it on a fair May day, when the chestnuts in Bushey Park are in bloom, and their towering branches uphold big bouquets of fragrant white and pink flowers. London can offer nothing more beautiful than this spot. It may be remarked that Hampton Court Palace is one of the very few public places in or near London open on Sundays.

It is a pleasant drive (or walk) hence to Teddington through the Park. Twickenham, Teddington, Surbiton, Kingston, Sunbury, and Shepperton, all not far away, afford charming views of Thames scenery, and are much frequented in the summer months by oarsmen and anglers. Farther away Maidenhead and Marlow have great attractions for boating parties. The scenery on the upper Thames is lovely.

Windsor is some distance "out of town." The most direct way of reaching it is by rail from Waterloo (Loop Line) Station of the London and South Western Railway. A four-horse coach, starting in most seasons from the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, about ten, and running to Windsor and Virginia Water, offers an attractive, but more expensive, route. Again, another way is from Paddington Station of the Great Western Railway.

A long summer's day may be spent in roaming about Windsor. It is as well to say that the State apartments at the Castle are open gratuitously on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from 1st April to 31st October, between eleven and four; and from 1st November to 31st March, between eleven and three. Tickets and guide books may be procured at the Lord Chamberlain's Store within the Castle after passing the Chapel. When Her Majesty is in residence the State apartments are closed to the public.

The State apartments are sufficiently interesting; but on the whole the great attraction of Windsor is St. George's Chapel, one of the most famous of sacred edifices. It is full of historic interest, and is a beautiful example of the florid-Gothic style of architecture of the days of Edward IV. The interesting archives of the Public Record Office, show a patent of Richard II., with the date 1390, describing the chapel as falling into ruins, and appointing a clerk of the works to superintend its repair. The salary of this functionary was to be two shillings a day, and the name of the man first appointed to the post was Geoffrey Chaucer! The interior space is formed into a choir, nave, and correspondent aisles; the choir being divided from the nave by a screen of artificial stone. The roof is elliptical in form, composed of stone, rising from tall, slender pillars, presenting a surprisingly light and elegant appearance. Entering the choir from the nave, the sight is very striking. On either side are the carved stalls of the Knights of the Garter, the canopies being sculptured in the most delicate yet fantastic Gothic. Above are the silken banners of each knight, with mantle, sword, helmet, and crest on a pedestal below. At back of the altar is a reredos showing some beautiful carving in alabaster. The wainscoting about the communion-table is also rich in woodwork. Not far from the altar, on the north side, is a small gallery, called "The Queen's Closet." It is a plainly-furnished apartment, with sofa and chairs upholstered in purple velvet. The wainscot and canopy are in the Gothic style, painted to imitate Norway oak. The Queen uses it on occasions on which she attends service in the chapel.

The stained glass windows are splendid examples of art: one of these, the west window, fills the entire width of the nave; another, over the altar, in the choir, is considered a *chef d'œuvre*, and cost some thousands of pounds. The whole of the ceiling of the chapel proper is decorated with the arms of many sovereigns and knights of the Order of the Garter, beautifully emblazoned; and all the decorations in the choir and around the wainscoting of the altar are in accordance with the same designs. The services of the Church of England are read daily in the chapel, morning and afternoon. On Sundays certain of the seats are free to visitors, and if a person be fond of fine music and singing, he will hear both in St. George's Chapel. Many royal personages are buried here: Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, Charles I., George III., George IV., William IV., the Duke of Kent, the Duchess of Gloucester, &c.

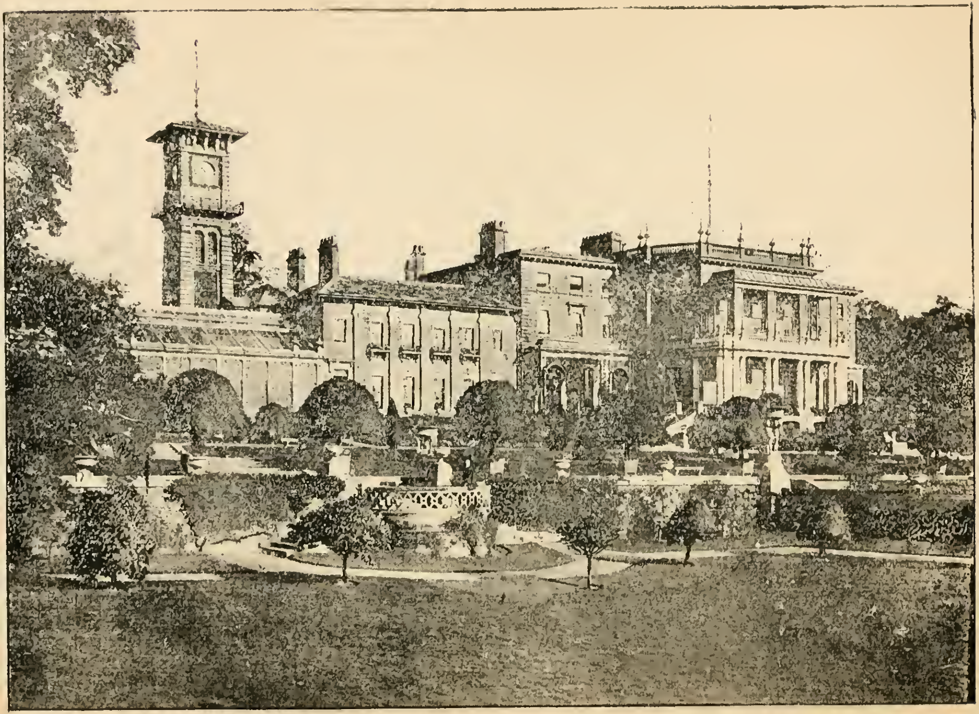
The Albert Chapel, erected by the Queen (on the site of an ancient edifice called Wolsey's Chapel) in memory of the Prince Consort, is a magnificent and worthy memorial; as also is the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, built by the Queen, and which contains the remains of the Prince.

Windsor Park should be visited, and a drive might be taken to Virginia Water. Eton College is in the neighbourhood, about half an hour's walk from the Castle. A ramble from Slough Station, near Windsor, will take the visitor to the scene rendered memorable by Gray's "Elegy."

In the opposite direction—south-east of London—the Crystal

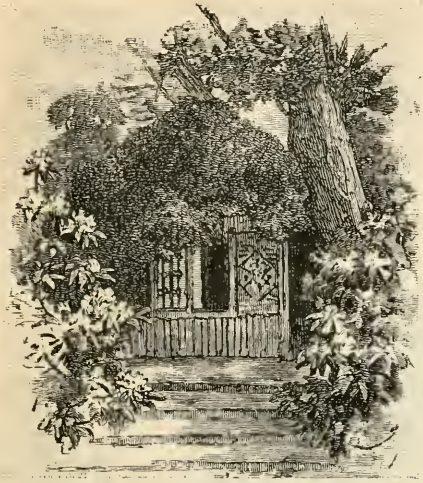
Palace at Sydenham, has long been a favourite resort of pleasure-seekers, perhaps more so in former years than at present, when its novelty has somewhat worn off. But it still remains essentially a place of amusement for the people, wherein enjoyment may be found adapted to every taste, and at a cost within the humblest resources. At all seasons of the year the Crystal Palace affords a genial welcome to every comer. In winter its concerts and theatrical performances are among the best of their kind; in summer the gaiety of its grounds and the tasteful flower shows, and the displays of fireworks, in addition to interesting sights within doors, afford ample means of enjoying a holiday. Thursday is generally "the fireworks night." The Flower Shows take place periodically in April, May, June and July; the great Rose Show usually at the beginning of the latter month. There are also many popular *fêtes* held here during summer, as, for example, those of the Temperance party, the Foresters, and the Tonic Sol Fa Association. Access by several lines of railroad from Victoria, Charing Cross, London Bridge Stations. The Albert Palace, in Battersea Park, deserves notice in this chapter.

There may be added to the foregoing certain places of fashionable resort, some accessible, and others not so accessible to the public, such as Hurlingham, Oatlands Park, and Bentley Priory, within easy reach of London. Of these Bentley Priory is far and away the most delightful. Admission to the mansion and grounds is not governed by any club-restrictions as in the case of Hurlingham. At one time belonging to the Marquis of Abercorn, and later a temporary residence of Queen Adelaide, widow of William the Fourth, Bentley Priory has, within the last year or so, become an hotel. It is doubtful whether any other such hotel can be found in the whole of England; certainly it has no counterpart in or near London. Briefly, it may be described as an English gentleman's country seat, the kind of place of which, in time past, before the publication of "society" journals, the outside English public learnt most through the



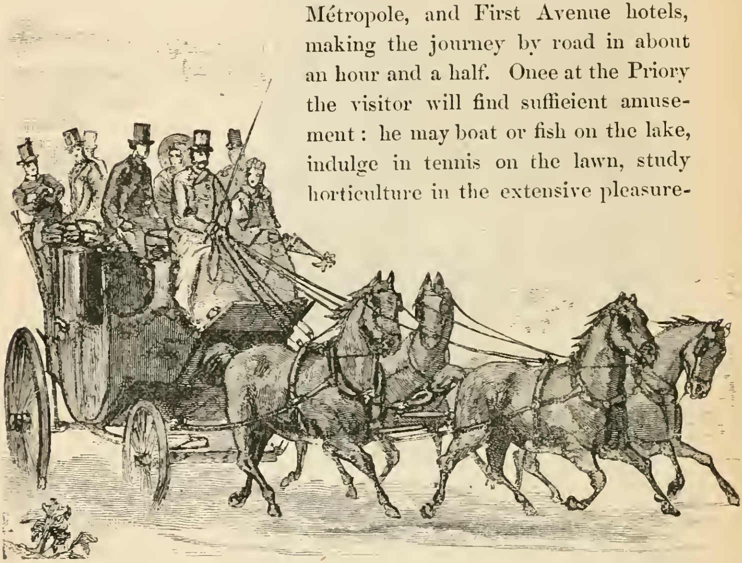
Bentley Priory. P. 157.

writings of Americans. The best pictures of such places, and of the life and habits of their aristocratic owners, were to be found in the letters of Cooper, Willis, and Fay. The "England" of the first, the "Pencillings by the Way" of the second, and the "Travelling Sketches" of the last-named, which works created quite a flutter in English society when they first appeared, gave some very neat sketches of the country seats and country life of wealthy Englishmen.


SUMMER-HOUSE OF QUEEN ADELAIDE.

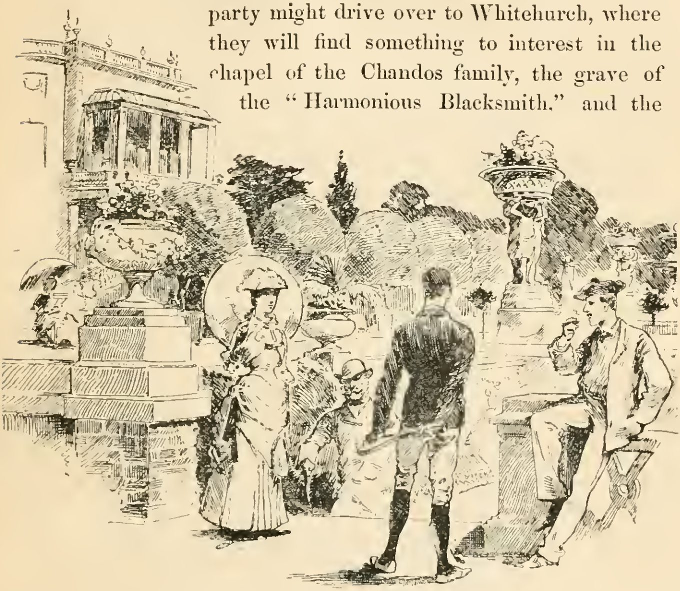
When the "Quarterly" gibbeted Mr. Willis for his grave breach of propriety, Mr. Macrone, like an enterprising London publisher, ever eager to satisfy public curiosity, straightway issued the "Pencillings;" and very well they went off. Nowadays there is no novelty in depicting the home and domestic life of anyone, from prince to hangman, so that we may excuse ourselves from describing Bentley Priory and the daily life of the visitors. Suffice it to say that it retains all its old-time charms both interiorly and exteriorly. The grounds are beautiful and picturesque, the surrounding scenery very lovely, the general arrangements of the hotel those of a quiet country mansion. The aforesaid Mr. Willis, of pleasant memory, said that "the great spell of high life in this country is repose." That word very exactly characterizes the principal charm of Bentley Priory. In early spring, and the long, warm days of summer, there is no more delightful place than this for a holiday within reach of London.

It may be most conveniently reached by train from Euston to Harrow (a railway journey of twenty minutes), thence a drive of a couple of miles by omnibus or cab. We believe that in summer a four-horse coach starts daily, about eleven, from the Grand, Métropole, and First Avenue hotels, making the journey by road in about an hour and a half. Once at the Priory the visitor will find sufficient amusement: he may boat or fish on the lake, indulge in tennis on the lawn, study horticulture in the extensive pleasure-grounds and gardens, lounge in a chair under wide-spreading oak, and admire the views or read, stroll through avenues and park, or across country to Whitchurch and Harrow, and finally, having taken his walk, encourage contentment and repose afterwards by lunching or dining. All this may be done at no excessive cost.



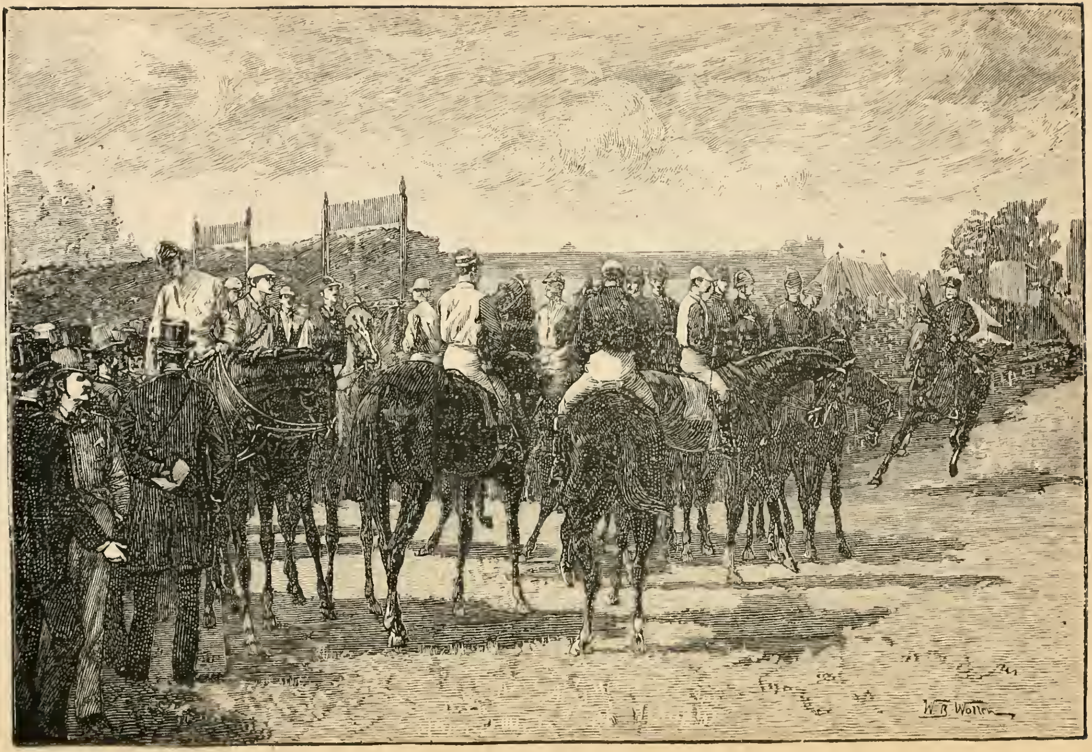
THE PRIORY COACH.

Those who go down by road or rail for the day will find a cold collation (snobbish phrase for which we will substitute cold lunch) already at hand as in London club-land to appease the appetite. If something more stylish in the way of a meal is wanted, a telegram sent to the manager a few hours in advance will secure a state banquet, if need be. Afterwards, in the cool of the evening (happy thought of a hot summer!), the party might drive over to Whitchurch, where they will find something to interest in the chapel of the Chandos family, the grave of the "Harmonious Blacksmith," and the organ of Handel; or to Harrow, to the famous school of John Lyon, the yeoman of Preston.



LAWN TENNIS IN THE GROUNDS.

The Priory itself has its history. Tradition says that George Prince Regent met Louis XVIII. here when France, having done with Convention, reign of Terror, Directory, Consulate, and Empire in turn, went back for a time to the old form of legitimate monarchy which she had waded through seas of blood to destroy. There is a site in the Cedar Gardens called "the meeting-place of the Emperors." Probably these "Emperors" were the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, who thus far accompanied the Prince Regent on his mission of courtesy. Queen Adelaide (as we have said) stayed at Bentley Priory towards the end of her life; and the Queen and Prince Albert, coming to Harrow School for some commemoration in 1848, called upon the queen dowager here. The curious in such matters may still see the favourite rooms of William the Fourth's queen. The Priory subsequently passed into Sir John Kelk's hands, and finally into possession of Mr. Frederick Gordon, who, without materially altering the interior of the building, or taking an acre from the extensive and beautiful grounds which surround it, opened it as an hotel. We commend it to the notice of visitors, not merely as a pleasure resort, but as a quiet, comfortable, and well-managed residential hotel in view of some of the most charming scenery in the home-counties.



BEFORE THE RACE.

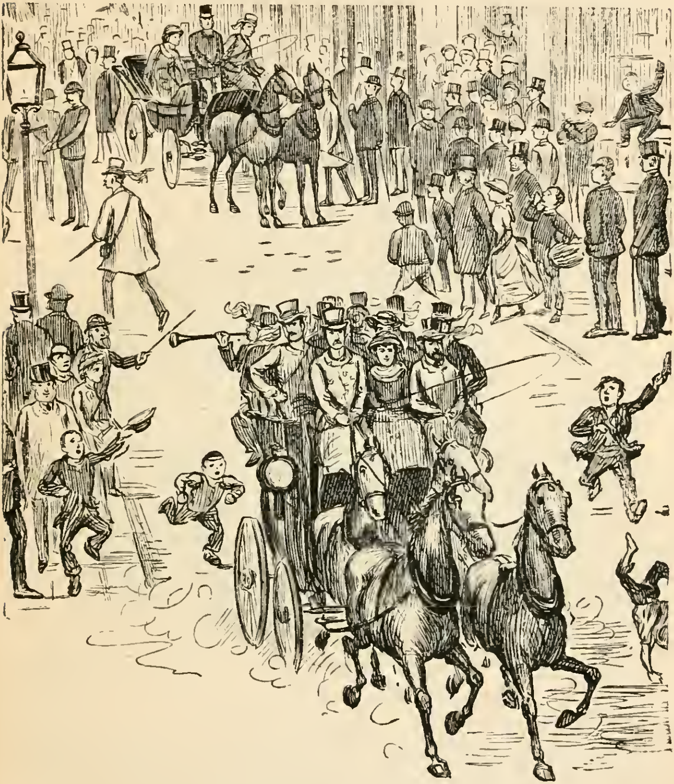
CHAPTER XVIII.

SOME EVENTS OF THE SEASON.

THE DERBY.

RACING (le Sport, as our neighbours say,) is one of the great avocations of Englishmen. Everyone joins in it (may we except, without insolent show of self-esteem, our worthy selves ?), from costermonger to duke. The stranger within our gates on the look-out for a national peculiarity may note one by taking his stand at a principal London railway terminus on the morning of a great Race-meeting. He will there find a very large and mixed assemblage of citizens, with white hats and race-glasses, off to the races. If he should desire, like a peaceful stranger, to pursue his own way to a suburb on that line of rail, in all probability he will be prevented doing so, by reason of the great railway company having suspended its ordinary daily train service. It may be that the time will come, when the railway companies which have the good fortune to run to Epsom will in due course be prevented from doubling their fares for the occasion, and, above all, from suspending their ordinary traffic in the suburbs of London to such an extent that peaceful citizens living along the line of route find it difficult, in some cases impossible, to follow their ordinary calling. It is no doubt very pleasant to reap so rich a harvest as Epsom and Ascot bring; but there is no other country in the world where a railway company would be allowed to play fast and loose with its time-tables.

Having noted this peculiarity of our little "systems," which have their day, and unhappily in this case do not cease to be, the curious stranger might turn to and consider the company. Most race-meetings near London draw together as choice a collection of blackguards and vagabonds of every degree as anywhere congregate. And these bring in their train a motley herd of camp-followers, sellers of pig's-feet, shell-fish, "snacks," and what-not, who profit by the holiday—the most honest workers among the lot. On the fringe of the crowd the stranger will notice some splendid "swells," and others less splendid (possibly with their ladies), and several "pals" and poor little tight-trousered clerks, and 'orty Mr. Jeames de la Pluche, and 'is friend "Sir 'Arry" (who've got off from the 'ouse for an hour or so), and a very great number of boys and men carrying sporting journals and scraps of paper scanning the betting. Not a twentieth part of them know anything about a horse (you're quite right, Mr. Critic, nor do we,—except in so far that the only time we mounted a mettlesome livery-stable hack he dismounted us, to the great gratification of Mr. Weller and his father looking up the street); not a twentieth part of the company know anything about a race-horse, but you are to believe they do. The journey down they will as glibly discourse to you anent the particular qualities of "the Duke's" and "Baron's" lots as if they had been bred in the trainer's stables. No races near London equal in popular interest those of the Epsom Summer Meeting, held at the end of May or beginning of June. Any stranger who has taken part in this great gathering of Englishmen need not trouble to journey to another race-course. He has looked upon the finest in the world with the exception of Newmarket, and if he has seen "the Derby" run, the remembrance of that scene will last a lifetime. To strict amateurs of the Turf, the Epsom Meeting is a mere national junketing. For serious racing they go to Newmarket, Doncaster, Kempton, and Sandown. The Derby race is not what it was. It is no longer, as regards value, the one race of the year which it is the main object of every sportsman to win; and this being the case the strength of the field is declining—a fact which in itself helps to diminish the number of spectators. While at Ascot many prizes have an endowment of a thousand pounds (one of double that amount), and while at meetings like Manchester and Leicester there are prizes worth a clear two thousand to] the winner, the managers of the Epsom Meeting have endeavoured to stand upon the old ways so far as the Derby and the Oaks are concerned, not a shilling of money being contributed by the fund to either event. Still, Epsom continues



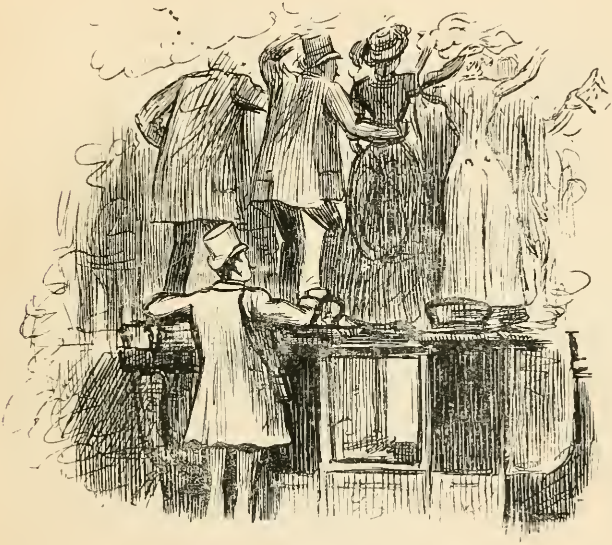
NEAR "THE LANGHAM": THE DERBY DAY.

the popular resort at present. It is so near town that the humblest sportsman can tramp to it, while all manner of ramshackle wheeled vehicles, and the most abject specimens of the equine race are compelled to "stay the distance." For the million, Epsom on the Derby Day embodies all that need be wanted to make a holiday. Given fine weather and prosperous times, and there is none other so fruitful of fun and enjoyment. A person who may have a decided aversion to race-meetings in general, as being associated with a great deal of disgusting vice and besotted dissipation, will yet find in that of Epsom something to interest if not to entertain him.

Thousands of people "go to the Derby" for the simple purpose of seeing the fun of the fair, much as people used to go to old Greenwich Fair. They have a curiosity for realizing a scene of which they have read in books and newspapers, or gazed at in pictures, or, perhaps, seen caricatured on the stage. The abundant literature which has instructed us year after year in the more quaint and suggestive elements of the gathering has forced an almost universal enthusiasm and curiosity on every class.

When the day comes round, all England turns out and joins in the frolic, the great majority of the holiday-makers caring less, perhaps, for the great event of the day than if it had been a race of donkeys jockeyed by wooden-legged naval pensioners. The real "Derby" is very like the "Derby" of novelists and journalists. This is the impression made upon a spectator who sees the race at Epsom for the first time. On the whole, "going to the Derby" is an experience worth realizing; and not one of the least stirring emotions developed by it in a new-comer is the familiarity of the scene to his mind, and the distinct way in which his imaginary conceptions of it, both personal and borrowed, are brought before him in a concrete, visible shape.

There is the great concourse on the Epsom Downs, skirting the race-course and stretching away as far as the eye can reach, with lines of vehicles, from dapper "four-in-hands" to costermongers' carts. There are "grand stands" and lesser stands, and booths, and "refreshment rooms," the betting ring, the judge's box, the paddock, and the rest; with tumblers, jugglers, boxers, thimblerig men, women who will "tell-your-fortune-pretty-gentleman;" Messrs. Codlin and Short, the giantess, the dwarf, the sword swallower, the Irish jig man, and all other the personages of the fair in grand array. The antics and ingenious little swindles of these and other people serve to while away the time in the intervals of eating and drinking. As to the race itself, the expectation is skilfully wound up from the moment of the saddling of the beautiful animals till they take their preliminary canter. Then come the false starts, which many of the public rather enjoy, as they prolong the delight of expectation. Waiting is much more agreeable when one's pockets are not to suffer whatever the result, and



"THEY'RE OFF, THEY'RE OFF!"

when no horse carries our money, and is fretting away his temper and his chances.

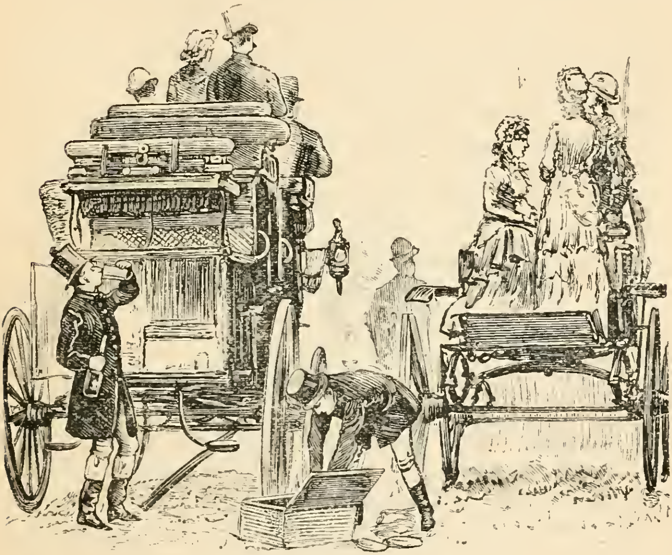
They are off at last, and the whole sea of faces turns round, one white wave, to watch their course. They disappear, and emerge into view again, and the leaders seem to drop back into the throng, from which two or three horses at last emerge again, and single themselves out. Then comes the final struggle, which, let us hope, will be a close one, and then we fall to eating and drinking again previous to the journey homeward by road or rail. The "book-makers" and betting-men who look upon racing as a serious business do not join in any of this revelry, for they go to Epsom as they would to their counting-house or their consulting-room, and they find that what with the long journey from the betting-ring to the paddock, and from the paddock back to the stand, they have no time, even if they were so inclined, for what are called "the humours of the hill."

The ways of going down to the Derby (such is the phrase) are three: by road, by rail, or on foot. A place on a "drag" or on an omnibus can generally be had by making up a party beforehand, and the cost, with luncheon included, ought not to be more than a couple of sovereigns per head. The distance by rail from Waterloo Station or Victoria Station is about fifteen miles, and the return-fare by "special trains," of which many run on the race-day—making the journey without stopping—is 7*s.* 6*d.* and 10*s.* 6*d.* Few persons are vigorous enough to make the journey on foot; but if any such should be found, we advise them to begin early, about five or six o'clock a.m., and to take the route by way of Clapham Common, Tooting, and Merton.

The "Oaks Day" (Friday) usually attracts a more select concourse of people, including many ladies, to Epsom Downs.

ASCOT.

The Ascot race-week, following close upon the Epsom Summer Meeting has many and great attractions for London society. It is the annual festival of the aristocracy, as "the Derby" is that of the people. Ascot race-course on the Cup day is the rendezvous of the most illustrious personages of the English fashionable world. The gathering is moreover a royal one—princes and princesses, together with their august relatives, being present in state. Her Majesty, who before her widowhood followed the example of her two immediate predecessors in being present at Ascot races, is now represented by the Prince and Princess of Wales. The royal party drive on to the course in state carriages, preceded by the Master of the Buckhounds and attendant huntsmen in state uniforms. This little piece of pageantry forms a very effective prologue to the proceedings of the principal race-days. The Royal Enclosure is filled with elegantly dressed ladies, whose chief object would seem to be to rival each other in the richness and splendour of



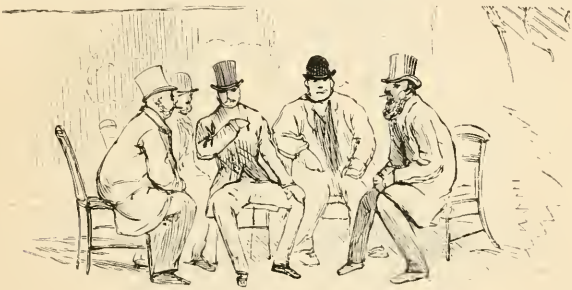
ON THE HEATH.

their costumes. The racing at Ascot comes to most of them as an opportunity for displaying the resources of their wardrobe. The attendant gentlemen for the most part are no less elegantly attired in the choicest garments of Poole, Whitaker, and other masters of the tailor's craft. The members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching clubs muster in great force. Their "drags" are, however, but units in the multitude of greater and lesser vehicles which fringe the course, in most seasons forming an unbroken line, at many points three and four deep, for over a quarter of a mile. There are many who remember the day when there were never more than two or three hundred people at Ascot races, when the jockeys used to ride in silk stockings and shoes with buckles, and when after each race the company used to walk up and down the course, as the fashionable folk still do the path skirting Rotten Row. Those were in the quiet days of Ascot, when the royal meeting was little more than a family gathering, where everybody knew everybody else, and upon which the London mob never thought of intruding.

There are two ways of reaching Ascot—by the London and South Western, and the Great Western Railway. The former will be found the most convenient. To those who journey by the latter, the drive through Windsor Park is a delightful one. It is by this route that the great majority of the coaches find their way to the course, though some come from the other side of Ascot Heath if their owners happen to be staying there for the race-week. A few send their coaches to the course early in the morning from some neighbouring stables and come from London by rail each day; and there are yet a few who make the journey by road.

GOODWOOD, SANDOWN, AND KEMPTON PARKS RACES.

Goodwood, too, should tempt the stranger. This is one of the prettiest race-grounds in England, planted in the midst of charming scenery, surrounding the country seat of the Duke of Richmond. The races are held the last week in July. Chichester is the nearest railroad-station, and a cathedral town worth visiting—to be reached easily, it may be noted, from Victoria Station, Pimlico. There are other ways of reaching Goodwood, and the latest route opened is by no means the least desirable, for the South Western Railway now runs a special train through from Waterloo to Midhurst, and from thence there is a branch line to Singleton, within two miles of the course. The situation of the little town of Midhurst, for ever associated with the respected name of Richard Cobden, is very picturesque, but visitors to Goodwood by this route do but skirt Midhurst in their short walk from one station to the other. The railway from Midhurst to Singleton runs through a very pretty country, and the walk or drive from Singleton itself is full of beauty for all who can appreciate woodland scenery. This route has the advantage, too, of saving one from the crowd, which is always more or less considerable—and unpleasant—at Chichester; and there is doubtless a great future before it, unless the Goodwood meeting itself is destined to die of inanition. This is, perhaps, taking a very pessimist view of things; but it must be admitted that the sport is going from bad to worse, and the attendance at Goodwood in 1886 is said, upon the best of authority, to have been the smallest known for a quarter of a century. The races at Sandown Park



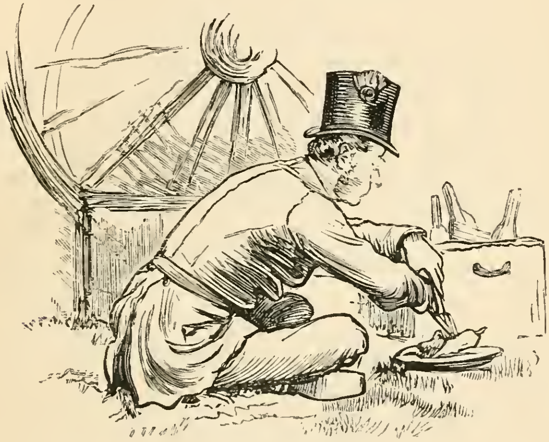
MEMBERS OF TATTERSALL'S.

(near Esher) are fashionable. The First Summer Meeting takes place early in June; the Second Summer Meeting towards the middle of July. And Kempton Park races are growing in favour.

MEETS OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND AND COACHING CLUBS.

A singular ceremony is repeated at intervals during the London season, which may be regarded as one of the most successful efforts of the kind yet invented. On a given morning (usually in the week before the great Epsom race), shortly after noon, some twenty splendid equipages belonging to members of the Four-in-Hand or Coaching clubs muster in Hyde Park. These are the representative English driving clubs, founded on the lines of an old and exclusive club which used to start from Chesterfield House, Mayfair, and drive down to Bedfont. The leaders of this club were Lord Chesterfield, Sir Henry Peyton, and the Duke of Beaufort. Its members might drive down visitors, but could not dine them at the club table. Consequently guests (as eating and drinking play an important part in all social gatherings in England) would not come. and the pastime subsided into dreariness. To remedy this, the Richmond Driving Club was soon started. The Richmond Club members invited guests to their dinner-table, and thus escaped the charge of unsociability brought against the old club driving to Bedfont. But the Richmond Club died out, and then coaching seemed to be on its last legs. Only one coach went out of London from Hatchett's; and very few drove four-in-hand even down to the races. Then a revival sprang up in the founding of the present Four-in-Hand Club, which was originally limited to fifty members, who on grand occasions used to turn out some twenty-four teams. One reason for this limitation was, that it was difficult to find places within convenient distance of London to give dinner or luncheon to more than a hundred persons. There was no idea of exclusiveness; but as the coaches had to be driven somewhere, and to carry guests, the latter had to be entertained. The founding of the Coaching Club was the result of this limitation of members by the older and more famous club.

The coaches of these clubs are built on the model of the old mail-coaches of fifty years ago, and therefore answer the purpose of being useless except for show. Each of them costs perhaps £500, and to each are harnessed four magnificent horses worth at least another £1000. Upon these wait two grooms in faultless breeches, top-boots and coats, neither of whom stands there under £80 to £100 a year. When all are mustered the coaches start (with a number of "swells" seated outside) with becoming solemnity, and oftentimes no little difficulty, and make the tour of Hyde Park, some perhaps going as far as Hurlingham or the Crystal Palace to lunch. One would have thought that this absurd and useless "ceremony" could have little interest save for the distinguished members of the clubs and their friends. Yet year after year it attracts thousands of spectators, who are massed in the vicinity of the Powder Magazine, Hyde Park, and at



ONE OF THE GROOMS.

other points upon the line of route. A picture of these parts of the Park on a morning of one of the meets would somewhat astonish an earnest-minded foreigner bent on studying the manners of the English.

A far more sensible affair is the Cart Horse Parade in Battersea Park on Whit-Monday.

TATTERSALL'S SALES.

Not far from the junction of Knightsbridge with the Brompton Road, a few yards west of Sloane Street, is "Tattersall's," a more famous place twenty years ago, when it stood at the back of St. George's Hospital, than at present. The "Corner," as Tattersall's was then familiarly called, from the fact of Hyde Park Corner being the point of its location, was the rendezvous of all the more famous personages of the sporting world. To be a member of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms was as essential to the dignity of a man of *haut ton* as to belong to "White's," "Brooks'," or "Boodles'." These rooms were chiefly set apart for the use of those who enjoyed discussing the qualities and chances of horses entered for the various annual races, and the accompanying betting and eventual settling of accounts. They were for a long time very exclusive, and the privilege of membership was solely in the bestowal of Mr. Tattersall himself. "Dick" Tattersall, or Richard the Second, the grandson of the founder, although he always begged young postulants for the membership of the "Rooms" to keep their two guineas in their pocket, and not venture on the road to ruin, nevertheless found himself in the awkward position of having to quarrel with everybody, or allow the subscription to go on. He reduced it, however, to the form it has since retained as an excrescence of his legitimate business, under control of a committee. At one period the notices in the London newspapers of the current state of the betting on horses entered for the great racing contests were invariably headed "Latest betting at Tattersall's." But the chief business of this famous establishment for more than a century has been that of selling and, we suppose we may correctly add, buying horses. The name of Tattersall has long been of world-known reputation as that of one of the leading, if not the foremost, authorities on horseflesh in England. The original Tattersall, the great-grandfather of the present Mr. Edmund Tattersall, was, like the original Christie, a very noteworthy man in his generation. A "statesman" or yeoman proprietor of North Lancashire, near Preston, he began the world with £10,000, which he spent before he came to London.[1] Some time afterwards he took a ninety-nine years' lease of Lord Grosvenor of the old place at Hyde Park Corner. This was in 1766, and it was on the expiration of the lease that Tattersall's was "translated" to Knightsbridge Green. This gentleman, we are told, was a daring and successful speculator in horseflesh. "He paid the then enormous sum of £2,500 for Highflyer to Lord Bolingbroke, and made so much money by that celebrated racer and sire that he named his house, in the Isle of Ely, Highflyer Hall."

Mr. Edmund Tattersall is the auctioneer, as his father and grandfather were before him, at all the great sales of racing stock in England. These sales—such, for example, as at Hampton Court paddocks and during the Newmarket July Meeting—are attended by owners, trainers, and possible owners of racers from all parts of Europe and many parts of America. The ordinary sales of horses are held weekly in the season.

MILITARY REVIEWS AND SPECTACLES.

The visitor who has an eye for military spectacles should during the summer months never fail to glance at the "Military Intelligence" in the London daily newspapers. The War Office authorities seldom give long notice of what is arranged to take place in this way. There are occasions on which the troops stationed in London parade in review order and go through a few manœuvres; but these are restricted to the day on which the

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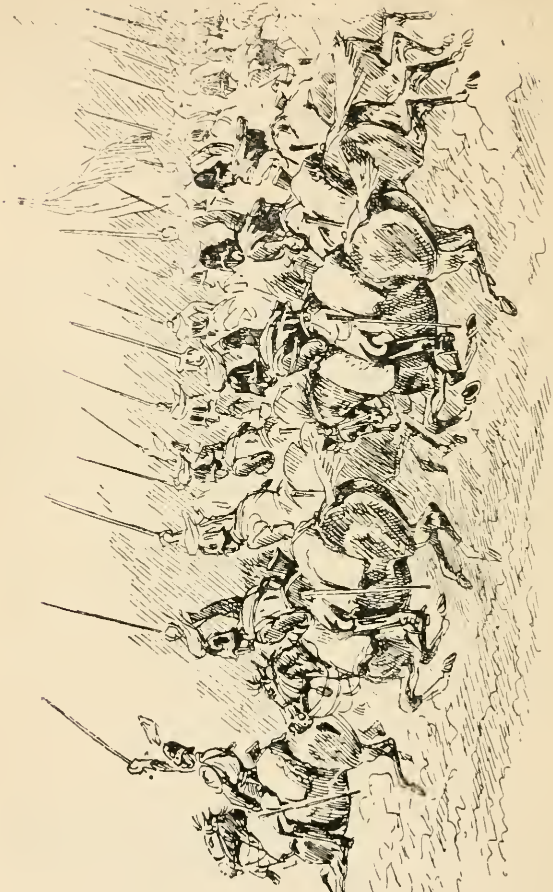
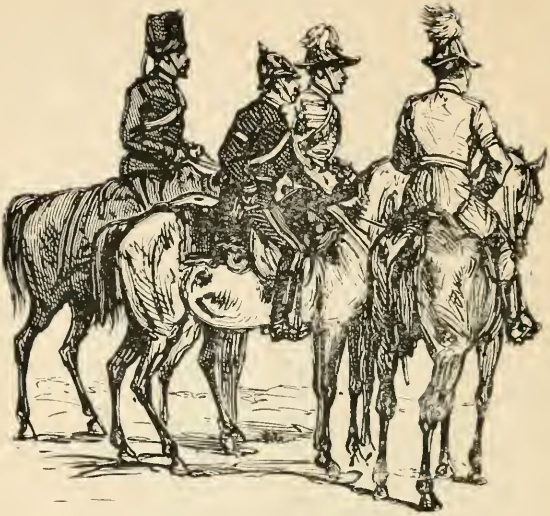
[1] "Daily News," May 30, 1885.



A CHARGE OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

Queen's birthday (May 24) is kept, and to the annual inspection of the Brigade of Guards in Hyde Park. On the Queen's birthday (or the day set apart for its official celebration), the regiments of Guards, with two or three troops of Household Cavalry, march from their respective barracks to the parade-ground in rear of the Horse Guards, Whitehall; and there (at 10 a m.), usually in presence of the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family, and of the Commander-in-Chief and a brilliant staff, the ceremony of "trooping the colours" is gone through, followed by a "march past" and general salute. Afterwards the bands of the regiments present are massed, and play a selection of music in the courtyard of St. James's Palace (nearest Marlborough House), where, by the way, daily at 10.45 guard is mounted and relieved, the band playing the while. An inspection of the Guards is ordinarily made in Hyde Park during the summer by the Commander-in-Chief, in presence of a distinguished company: and almost weekly, in May, there are sham fights on a small scale on Wimbledon Common, in which artillery, cavalry, and infantry take part.

But the more important military reviews are only to be seen at Aldershot, Woolwich, and Chatham; and it is impossible to fix, even approximately, the dates when these are held. A friendly introduction to an officer on the Headquarters staff should prove serviceable in securing early information of forthcoming military spectacles near London; but, as a rule, the visitor will have to rely on the newspapers, and these are seldom in a position to announce such events more than a day or two in advance. Aldershot is the great military centre, and here reviews on the largest scale take place. At Woolwich the most interesting military spectacles are those in which the Artillery bear the leading part, this being the headquarters of that branch of the service. At Chatham siege operations on an extensive scale occasionally take place, this being a large garrison and the headquarters of the corps of Royal Engineers. Shoeburyness, at the mouth of the Thames, on the Essex shore, is the place where long-range gunnery practice usually goes on, the National Artillery Association holding its annual meeting here at

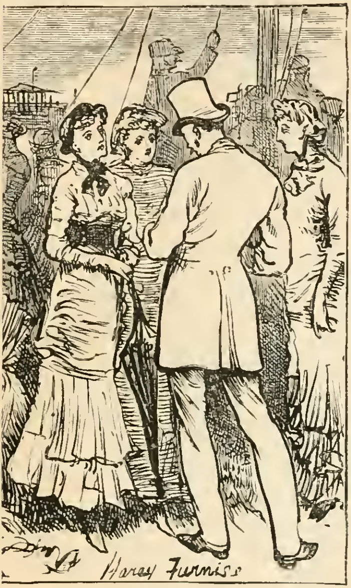


CRITICS.

the end of July. At Woolwich experiments in gunnery are made. Canterbury is a cavalry training depôt of some note; but Aldershot is the only place where cavalry manœuvres of any interest are carried on. The best opportunities of forming an opinion of the military spirit of the "Volunteer" corps of London are those which the Saturday afternoon drills on Wimbledon Common afford. There, during June and August, the visitor may make sure of seeing two or more of the "crack" regiments of volunteers manœuvring.

BOAT-RACING ON THE THAMES.

The great aquatic anniversary of the Thames is the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, held just before Eastertide, too early in the year to have much interest for most visitors to London. A large proportion of the good people of the town who yearly flock to the river-side to see it, care no more about that race than a baby in arms for the play his mother watches from the gallery of the Surrey Theatre. Fashion, and the continuous advertising of the daily practice of the rival crews by the press, induce many to do that which, if left to themselves, they would very probably not do. A regatta like that of Henley, Cowes, Ryde, or Plymouth, in midsummer weather and amid charming surroundings, is a very pretty and enjoyable sight. Parenthetically, we would advise those who may happen to have a day or two to spare during a visit to London in August, to take a trip to Cowes or Ryde during the regatta-week. Plymouth is out of the way; Cowes and Ryde, however, may be more easily reached. The matches there arranged between yachts and boats, with accompanying festivities, are well worth a railway journey from London to see and partake of. But the annual race from Putney to Mortlake between the representative crews of Cambridge and Oxford is (barring the usual incidents of a London holiday) one of the most uninteresting that can be imagined. At Hammersmith, which is accounted a good spot from which to see the rowers at their best, the boats are in view for not more than three or four minutes. Then all is over, so



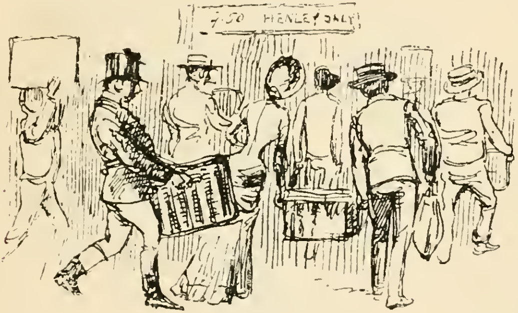
AT RYDE.

far as the spectators there are concerned. And so at other principal points on the river-bank towards Mortlake. The pleasantest part of the race is to be seen from the upper end of a well-spread table in a lawn-marquee, wherein the representative crews may be said to be typified in the numbers of the guests. The "Boat-race Day" is one of considerable rejoicing among residents at Putney, Barnes, and other places bordering on the river. Breakfasts and luncheons, to which many pretty girls dressed "all in their best" are bidden, and handsome young fellows skilled in those little attentions which most delight them,—these are the chief inducements towards the Thames on the Oxford and Cambridge race-day. For those to whom such inducements, unhappily, do not come, it may be mentioned that the starting-point at Putney Bridge, near the bridge at Hammersmith, the winning-post at Mortlake, are advantageous places for catching a glimpse of the crews. By rail to Putney, Barnes, or Mortlake, from Waterloo Station (London and South Western Railway), suggests the most convenient means for reaching either suburb.

HENLEY REGATTA.

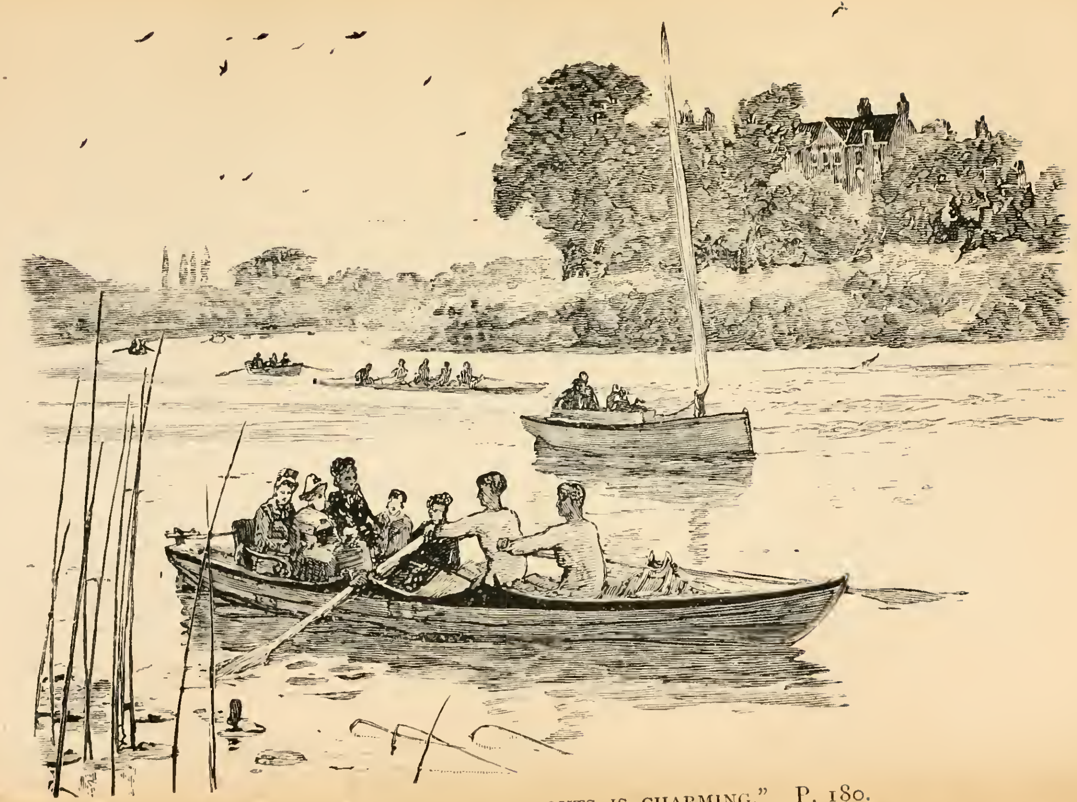
Henley Regatta, which is held the last week in June or beginning of July, is the centre of the Thames boating season, both from an aquatic and a social point of view. The crowd which visits the Putney and Mortlake course on the occasion of the University Boat Race is indeed larger than that which by rail, road, or river collects at Henley. But the gentlemen and ladies who congregate at Henley are as ten to one compared with those who are content to endure the manifold discomforts which are the price of a passing glimpse of the University crews. The reason of this is not far to seek, and is to be found principally in the fact that Henley Regatta lasts for two full days instead of twenty minutes, that the programme is delightful and various, and that the carnival of the aquatic year takes place at a season when the country is at its brightest. Every race may be seen in perfect comfort, and the most ill-placed spectator may see more than the most fortunate of those who attempt to see the University Boat Race from the banks. At the great Putney contest a desperate attempt is made to enliven a gloomy season of the year; at Henley there is a cheerful effort on the part of humanity to emulate and to imitate the brightness of summer.

Since the old pageants of Venice, nothing has been produced to excel the beauty of the scene at Henley during the regatta. It is far and away the prettiest festival of the kind London or indeed England has to offer. Formal aquatic processions on the Thames have dwindled to the "Fourth of June" celebration at Eton, for the Lord Mayor's pageant no longer returns by water to the city from Westminster. Athleticism has taken the place of antique ceremonial; and we have now at Henley, apart from the cause of the gathering, such an assemblage of parti-coloured boats, awnings, flowers, and flags, not to mention pleasant company, as could hardly be matched anywhere. Fine summer weather is indispensable to the full enjoyment of the regatta, for then the charming upper reaches of the Thames are seen at their best. The visitor who can command the hospitalities of a



"A FINE DAY FOR HENLEY!"

"house-boat" is to be congratulated. At the annual season of festivity, all the hostelries and available ancillary lodgings of the little town are occupied. The only method left of enjoying the scene in reasonable comfort is that of having a home on the waters, a floating house of one's own (or a share of one with a friend), "a fluviatile analogue," as has been said, of the four-in-hand at Ascot, and the family landau at "Lord's" during the Universities' or the Public Schools' cricket matches. Excitement in the sport going forward is agreeably tempered by strawberries and cream, and "cups" and dainty drinks mingled and iced too wisely and too well. From a little country jollification, Henley Regatta has, like Ascot Races, been growing to the proportions of a national holiday, though, luckily, the distance from London and the absence of a betting-ring keeps the rougher people away. The competition of rival clubs and crews at Henley is fiercer than of yore. The absence of the representative University crews, which formerly met there, has been amply compensated by the presence of the numerous boating-clubs which have grown into existence since the Oxford and Cambridge crews rowed their first race over the Henley course. As watermen's regattas and rowing matches fell into discredit on the Lower Thames, clubs of amateurs increased and multiplied. Selected crews of the best of these clubs, from the Oxford and Cambridge colleges and the Public Schools, and occasionally from America and France, combine to give a zest to the Henley Regatta, by exhibiting their "best form" in the several competitions. Henley-on-Thames is thirty-six miles from London, and the best way of reaching it is by Great Western Railway (from Paddington). For boating-parties, Maidenhead and Marlow have many attractions. The scenery thereabouts is charming. These places may be also reached from Paddington.



REABOUTS IS CHARMING." P. 180.

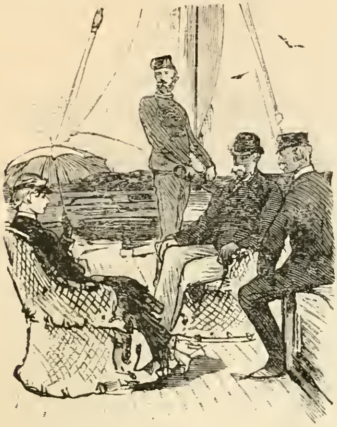
PROCESSION OF BOATS AT ETON.

Eton "Fourth of June" (to use the time-honoured phrase) still remains one of the events of the London season, more interesting perhaps to old Etonians and those who have sons at Eton, than to less-privileged folk. A former captain of Eton College says:—"The Fourth-of-June procession of boats was instituted in commemoration of a visit of George III., and is held on his birthday. It is the great trysting-day of Eton, when her sons gather from far and wide—young and old, great and small, no matter who or what, as long as they are old Etonians; that magic bond binding them all together as brothers, and levelling, for the time, all distinctions of age or rank." The proceedings on this anniversary begin with the "speeches," delivered in "Upper School," in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, and English. These being gone through, and "absence" called in the old quadrangle of the college, the principal guests go to the provost's lodging, where luncheon is served, and where one might meet half the cabinet, a fair sprinkling of the "lords," certain of the bench of bishops, a field-marshal or so, a number of members of the "Commons," and many of the most distinguished persons in England. Entertainments on a smaller scale are given in the various tutors' houses for the boys themselves. At three o'clock there is choral service in the chapel (one of the finest collegiate chapels in England): and after sisters, mothers, and cousins have refreshed themselves with tea, a gay sight awaits them at "the Brocas," a large open meadow down by the river, whence starts the procession of boats to Surly Hall, a hostelry of that name, on the right bank of the Thames, some three and a half miles from the bridge which separates Eton from Windsor. It is a queer and picturesque gathering—guardsmen from the neighbouring barracks, boatmen and fishermen, young folks from London, with the ordinary admixture of street-minstrels, lollipop-vendors, gypsies, fruit-sellers, and policemen giving greeting to the boys and the distinguished guests. The procession of eight or ten boats is pretty enough, as, headed by a quaint, old-fashioned barge rowed by Thames watermen, containing the band of the Life Guards, it passes in front of the assembled spectators. Military music breaks upon the ear; the Windsor bells peal out; there are nods, and wavings of handkerchiefs, from the banks; the silken flags are dipped so as to trail along in the water; and there is much cheering and general clapping of hands.

When the boats are returned to "the Brocas," the last act of the day is gone through. A rocket from an island in front of the boat-houses announces that the final scene of fireworks is set. The town-folk on the bridge, and the great people on the river-banks, give the orthodox moan of surprise as the rockets burst in the still night into stars of blue, green, crimson, and gold; and round about and in and out the punts, skiffs, wherries, and miniature barges, you may see the Eton crews rowing their orthodox "three times" round the eyot in the middle of the stream. Then the boats toss their oars, and salute; the fine old bells in the Curfew Tower ring out a merry peal; the Eton Arms, with the motto *Floreat Etona*, are written in letters of fire; the boys cheer; the bands play "God save the Queen;" the last squib splutters in a slow and flickering death; and George III.'s birthday has been well and truly kept by the descendants of his "young friends" of the Royal College of Eton.

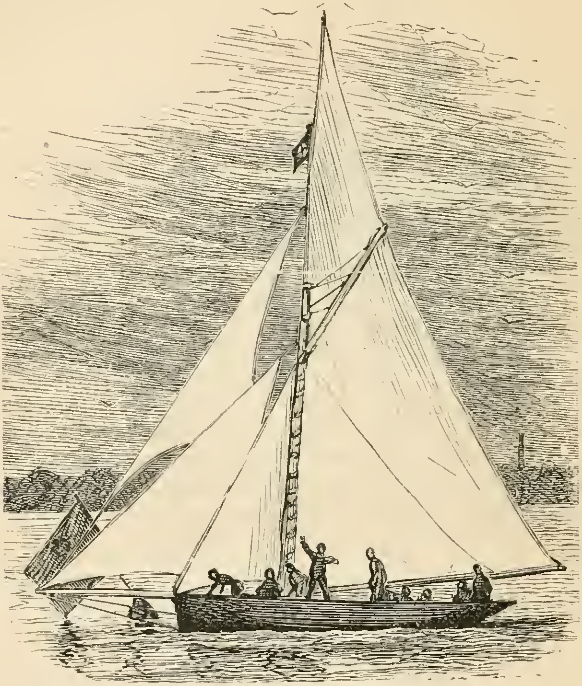
ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB RACES.

About the time that spring begins to lengthen into the longer and warmer days of summer, London—or at least that part of it which has a good deal of money and no occupation beyond pleasure-seeking—is reminded of the yacht-racing season. For yachting round the coast, and dawdling pleasantly from regatta to regatta in craft constructed with reference to the comfort of those on board, it is customary to wait till cricket is on the wane, and sportsmen are preparing for moor and stubble; but yacht-racing must be earlier served, and comes in as it were with the flowers. The Royal Thames Yacht Club races in May begin a yachting season which is not unlikely to prove interesting to all who care for one of England's most national pastimes. It is not unworthy of notice that despite the strenuous commercial instincts with which they are associated in the mind of foreigners, no people in the world have more thoroughly organized amusements than Englishmen. Unfortunately, many of their sports are accessible only to a limited number of persons, but others, such as cricket, fox-hunting, and yachting, afford enjoyment to many more than are lucky enough to take part in them. Cricket matches supply interest and excitement to thousands who by no means desire to face the redoubtable Mr. Spofforth, of Australian fame. In similar fashion, yacht-racing, besides providing subject of lively comment around the coast, especially in the centres of yacht-building, affords a capital pretext for a trip to the sea, with the possibility of a pleasant cruise after reaching it. With such purpose in view, we call attention to the races of the Royal Thames and Royal London Yacht Clubs. The Thames sailing-barge match is also an event to be noticed. The journey to Erith or Gravesend by river steamboat is an interesting and (in summer weather) an agreeable one; and arrived thus far, it may be hoped that the hospitality of some member of the club will ensure the visitor, if he be in the humour, a longer trip seaward. It may be mentioned that the London daily papers give due notice of these races (in May, June, and



BELOW THE NORE.

July), and their advertising columns of the means of reaching from London Bridge the rendezvous of the yachts.

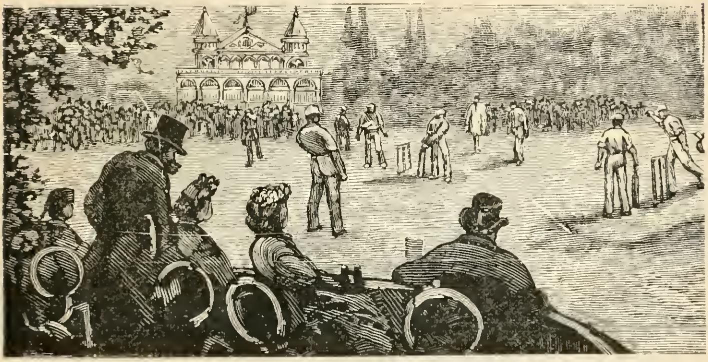


OFF ERITH.

CRICKET-MATCHES OF THE SEASON.

"Lord's" and Kennington Oval are the chief cricket-grounds of London. The former lies in the St. John's Wood district, a little north of Baker Street, the latter on the south side of the Thames, a short distance from Vauxhall Station of the London and South Western Railway. Lord's is the headquarters of the

Marylebone Club, the premier cricket-club of England; Kennington Oval of the Surrey Club, which also enjoys considerable distinction. From a society standpoint the great cricket-matches of the London season are those at Lord's between Oxford and Cambridge Universities, generally held the last week in June, and between Eton and Harrow Schools falling about the second week of July. On each occasion a large crowd of fashionable people, including a great many ladies, assembles to watch the play. The scene at the Eton and Harrow match is in many ways remarkable. The one special novelty of 1887 is the week's cricket at Lord's from June 13 to 18 inclusive, arranged by the M.C.C. to celebrate at one and the same time the Queen's Jubilee and the centenary of the Marylebone Club.

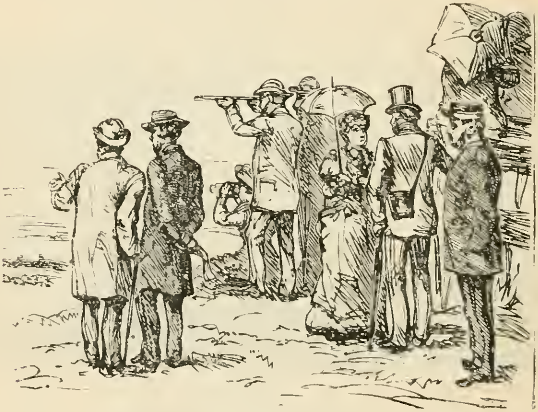


A POPULAR MATCH.

"North v. South" at Lord's, "Surrey v. Middlesex" at Kennington Oval, "Gentlemen v. Players of England" either at the Oval or Lord's, the "Bar v. the Army" at Lord's, "Rugby v. Marlborough" at Lord's, are cricket matches of the season well worth the notice of a visitor who has a fondness for sports or inclination for the entertaining incidents of a London gathering.

WIMBLEDON CAMP: NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEETING.

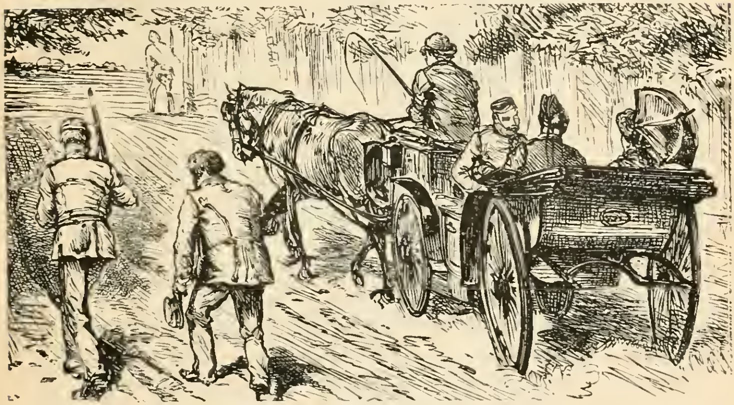
Annually, in the middle of July, the National Rifle Association holds its two-weeks' meeting on Wimbledon Common. The value of the prizes given for competition at this gathering of marksmen amounts to about £13,500. In the pleasant days of midsummer, Wimbledon Heath is well worth visiting, for beauties that appeal to all lovers of English scenery. In parts it is well wooded. In open glades the sweet-smelling bracken grows abundantly. Patches of purple heather show here and there among the wide stretches of olive and brown. Coombe Wood and Kingston Bottom and the glades of Richmond Park, with their avenues of shadowy foliage, may be seen in the distance; and farther away still, the distant blue-capped hills of Surrey. Wimbledon Common is a beautiful spot for a walk on a summer's morning, quite apart from the numerous attractions of the Camp. It is best reached from Putney (London and South Western Railway from Waterloo Bridge Terminus), though the distance is not



A REVIEW.

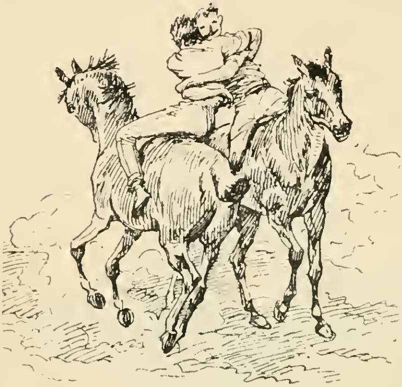
great from either Wimbledon or Wandsworth stations, on the same line of railroad.

The chief events of the Meeting are the competition in the Second Stage for the Queen's Prize (£250 and the gold medal), usually decided Tuesday of the second week; the "Lords and Commons" match; the competition for the "Mullens" and "Loyd Lindsay" prizes; the "Army and Navy" and "United Services" competition; and the match for the "National Challenge Trophy." But there is always something going on at the Camp; and for a fortnight it is the rendezvous of the most hospitable military men in England. In the afternoon, generally from 4 till 5, a band plays near "The Cottage." The firing begins each morning at 9. The prizes are given away on the last Saturday of the meeting.



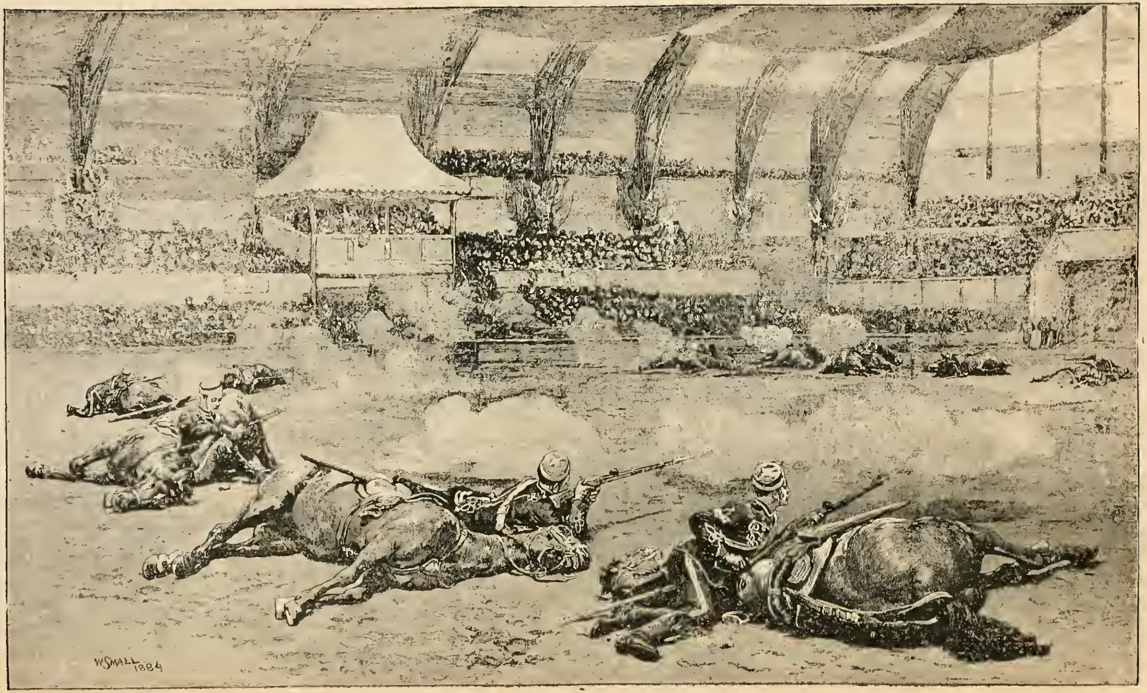
WEST HILL, WANDSWORTH. "TO THE CAMP."

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.



A TUSSLE.

One of the most interesting events of the London season is the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. If you are in London during the latter part of June you should not fail to see it. Originally started some few years ago through the exertions of Mr. J. H. Raffety in aid of a soldier's charity, it may now be honestly said to be the most successful military display of the kind ever attempted. Both officers and men of every branch of the Army take part in it—Artillery, Cavalry, Engineers, Infantry of the Line, and Volunteers. You may attend all the military reviews of the year at Aldershot, Woolwich, and Chatham, and yet see nothing like it. The main features of the Tournament might be briefly set down as follows: Individual contests, such as Cavalry: Lance v. Lance, Sword v. Sword, Tent Pegging, Lemon Cutting, Sword v. Lance, Tilting at the Ring, &c., &c. Collective contests, as the Artillery Driving Competition, Cavalry Charge over Obstacles, Musical Ride of the Life Guards, Combined Display of all Arms of the Service, &c., &c. But this presents but a very meagre programme of what the spectator actually sees. On the opening day of the 1886 display we noticed at one time in the open space of the Hall no less than 500 men (cavalry and infantry both), 350 horses, 20 guns, a field troop of Royal Engineers, mule train and screw mountain gun, and Medical



CAVALRY DISPLAY (ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT), AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.

Reproduced by permission from "The Graphic."

Staff Corps detachment—all working away with the same fire and spirit as if in the actual stress of open conflict. The Galloping Competition by the Royal Horse Artillery is an extraordinary exhibition of nerve and skill.

Among other displays a detachment of the Royal Engineers and Infantry from Aldershot gives a lively picture of an attack upon a fortified post, to reach which the storming party are obliged to escalade a wall, construct a bridge across a river under a heavy fire, disperse a sally of the enemy's cavalry, and finally carry the fortress by a *coup de main*. The great size of the arena in the Agricultural Hall permits the employment of a large number of men, and a wonderful display of skill and celerity in building the bridge. First come the infantry, swarming over a lofty wall by jumping on one another's shoulders, and presently the occupation of the hither bank of the river, and the opening of a brisk fire upon the hostile cavalry. Then come with a rattle the waggons and a working party of the Royal Engineers, who proceed to build a bridge under the fire of the fort in an almost incredibly short space of time; and infantry and artillery advance to the final attack. Brilliantly picturesque, these latter evolutions were keenly relished by the spectators as affording a vivid representation of actual war, without, of course, those ghastly accompaniments which beset the path of glory.

It is much to be wished that H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief would concede another two days of this popular military display. It should be an immense aid to the recruiting sergeant. We ought, too, to have a couple of sixpenny days for the artisan classes.

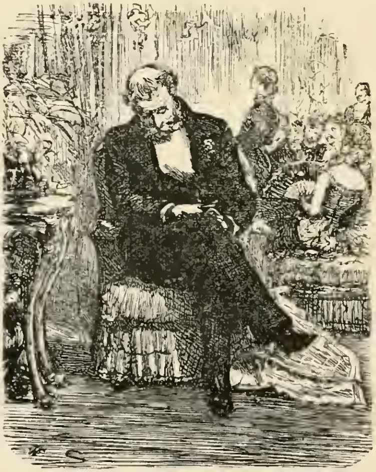
ATHLETIC SPORTS, ETC.

The chief places for Athletic sports in London are Lillie Bridge, adjoining the West Brompton Station of the District Railway, and the London Athletic Club Grounds, Stamford Bridge, near to the Walham Green Station of the same railway. The annual meetings of the various athletic associations at these places are largely attended by the public. The athletic sports of Oxford and Cambridge, usually held in March, and of the Civil Service, in June, at Lillie Bridge; or the periodical meetings of the London Athletic Club at Stamford Bridge are specially interesting. There are Archery grounds at the Crystal Palace, at Regent's Park and Sandown Park. Lawn Tennis may be seen to best advantage, perhaps, on the "All-England" grounds at Wimbledon, near the station, in the pleasant days of June and July. Rowing may be seen at its best in July and August in one of the delightful Saturday to Monday trips on the Thames above Teddington or Hampton Court, or in an excursion from Putney to Richmond on Saturday; or better still, about Taplow, Maidenhead, Cookham, Great Marlow, and Henley. Football matches are played during the winter months at Kennington Oval, Blackheath, Battersea Park, and on most of the Commons; golf chiefly on Wimbledon Common and Blackheath. Rifle shooting is practised at Wimbledon, Wormwood Scrubs, and many other places in the environs of London.

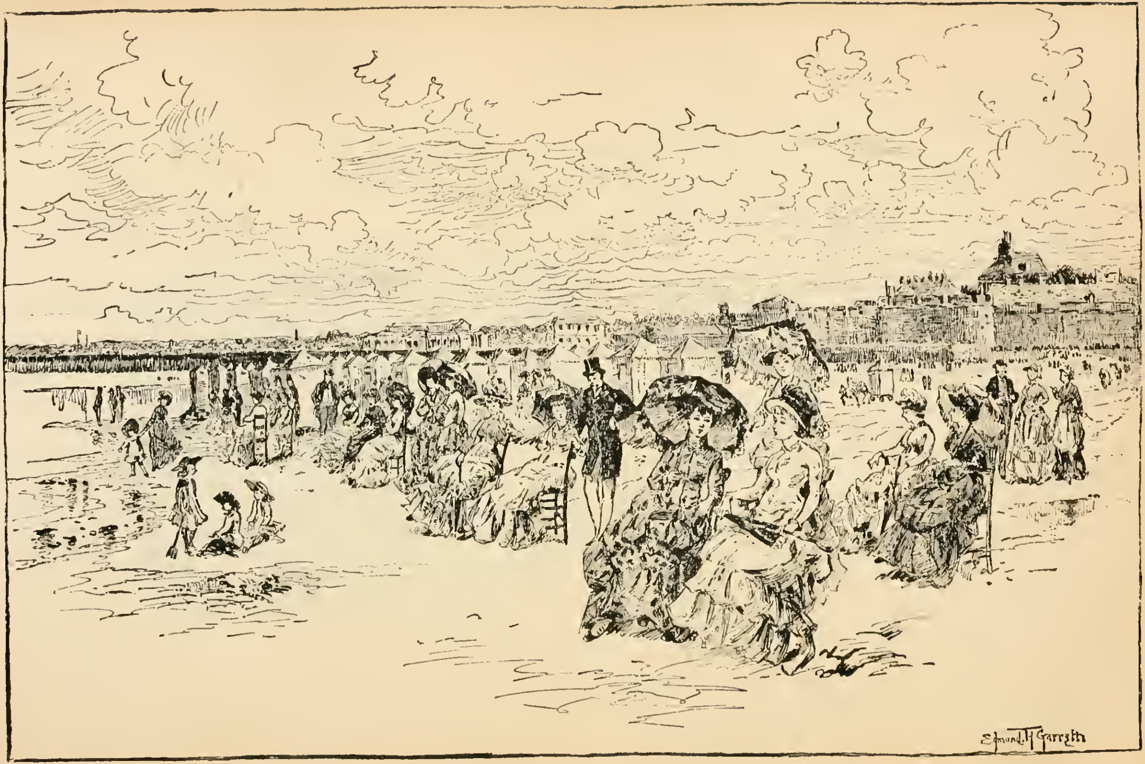
FAREWELL TO THE SEASON.

The races at Goodwood mark the end of the Season. Thither go "the Quality" whose residence for a few brief but busy weeks of summer in the capital served to denote that joyous period of the year. Goodwood is Ascot over again, with fewer "citizens" (and "alarms and excursions" of the London betting gang) as in the Shakesperian stage directions. There are generally the same horses, the same jockeys, the same sets of "swells," the same smart frocks and bonnets, the same grand array of delicacies and drinks. When Goodwood is over comes the season of seaside places. The great personages of Mayfair, Belgravia, and the west-end of the town find themselves in each other's society at Cowes and the land-locked ports of the Channel littoral. They flirt on deck instead of on dry land, and dine not in drawing-rooms but in cabins. They explore the rippling seas that wash the Isle of Wight, or cruise off the Orkneys, or penetrate up French rivers to old towns like Rouen. Some betake themselves to fishings in Norway, others to transatlantic hunting-grounds. The theatrical *élite* and the head-masters who head the aristocracy of the public-schools flit away to the Dolomites and the Engadine. September and the falling leaf call most back to the English stubbles and the partridge, and the adventurers who have gone north for grouse now return south in quest of the less noble quarry. Then comes the hunting of the fox, and the Season sleeps like the fox's furry diminutive, the dormouse.

To the majority of mankind, the end of the Season is a matter of complete indifference. If one is obliged to stay in London (as a large number of persons not of "the Quality" are compelled to do), he finds that the streets are quieter, there are not so many men in the club; he can pass Marlborough House, and so into Pall-Mall without being arrested by a crowd of tag-rag and bobtail waiting to see the Prince and Princess of Wales. The nights are not so noisy, the days are less crowded, "our hustling morrows," do not hustle each other so rudely, and there is an end of the matter. So writes a philosopher in that admirable journal of social and political philosophy, the "Daily News." But to many persons as much outside the pleasures of the Season as any philosopher (and much more so than philosophers who have made their fame, and are "taking their fling"), to many persons the end of the Season means the end of their harvest. The people with the money have gone away. "The cab-tout feels their absence. He leaves the theatre doors, and prowls about in search of cabs covered with luggage. The hansom cabman will soon abate his pride. For months he has put intending fares through a catechism—'Where are they going?' 'Brixton;' 'Oh, that won't suit;' and the lordly cabman drives on in a neat new pair of gloves. With the close of the season he descends from the perch of pride. Instead of superciliously staring at persons who hail him, he hails them. He is anxious to be employed, and no longer picks and chooses." Waiters at the restaurants and hotels are less haughty and more attentive. One may doff his "stove-pipe" or "chimney-pot" hat, and take to mouse-coloured felt without incurring the censure of the select. It is even permitted to take a bite of a pear in Piccadilly without fearing the "cut direct" of the man one would least desire to meet while in the act of sucking the luscious juice of a "Marie Louise" in the aforesaid aristocratic thoroughfare. In short, the end of the Season brings its delights, its festivities, and pastimes, and perhaps the most delightful of all three is the knowledge that the "greatest swell" may now dress as he likes, walk where he likes (even within the sacred boundaries of the "Row"), eat and drink what, and at the time, and how he likes, and even be seen in the pit of the theatre, or on the "knifeboard" of an omnibus, without loss of caste, or danger of being outlawed.



THE LAST OF THE SEASON.

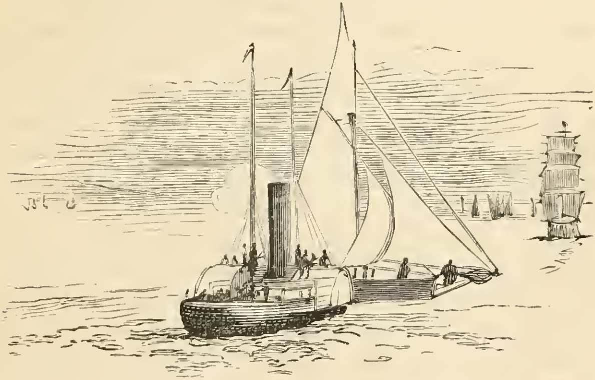

Edmund H Garrett

To be reached from Dover. P. 193.

CHAPTER XIX.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT THE SEASIDE.

THE first salt breath of the sea, short, sharp, and invigorating, comes as a harbinger of summer holidays and rest to the frame weary of late hours and the exacting business of pleasure. Sea breezes may be enjoyed by the jaded Londoner, or the visitor to London, without much inconvenience and at little expense, for brief periods during the summer months. He may leave town after the shops are closed on Saturday, and be within sight of the sea in course of an hour or so, arranging his trip so as to be back in town about the time the shops open on Monday. He may run down to Brighton in little more than an hour; or to Folkestone or Dover in two hours; or to Westgate-on-Sea, or Margate, Hastings, or Eastbourne in little over that time; or



THE FIRST SALT BREATH OF THE SEA.

to the Isle of Wight, or Bournemouth, or Southsea, in less than three hours. On the east coast he may go to Southend or Clacton-on-Sea, or Walton-on-the-Naze, Yarmouth, or Lowestoft. Or, if he would go farther away still, he may leave the Thames on Saturday by one of the General Steam Navigation Company's steamers, taking the Channel route by sea to Boulogne and returning by the same steamer to the Thames on Monday. In short, he may spend a couple of days on the sea, or by the sea without intermission of business or sight-seeing in London, and for about what it would cost to entertain a couple of friends in orthodox fashion at Richmond or Greenwich. From May to October all the principal railway companies issue cheap return-tickets to places on the coast available from Saturday till the following Monday.

Thus, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway advertise such tickets for Brighton, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Southsea, &c. The South Eastern Company issue Saturday to Monday tickets to Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, Folkestone, &c. The Chatham and Dover Company to the same places, and many others. The South Western to Southsea, the Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, &c. The Great Eastern to Yarmouth, Harwich, &c.

Among seaside-towns within easy distance of London, Brighton is far and away the most popular. Even in the means of reaching it, in our view, it tops the pleasure-places of England. For comfort, a pleasant rate of speed, smooth travelling, moderate passenger tariff, and we may add, civility of its officials, we think the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railroad Company has few competitors to beat it. The economical traveller will find many a worse resting-place than its third-class carriages provide; the traveller of affluence few more comfortable than its first. The first-named may reach Brighton at a cost of 4*s.*; the last-named at a cost of 10*s.*: the time of "doing" the journey a little more than an hour. The scenery of the line is very charming after leaving Redhill. Brighton itself is lively and invigorating. Its "season" is generally supposed to begin in October and end in

March. During that period Brighton is or ought to be at its gayest. Then it is largely frequented by the "upper ten," and "swells" collect there from all parts of the kingdom, and indeed some parts of the Continent. We who are not "swells" find Brighton delightful at all seasons of the year. In the months of May, June, July, August, and September, the western part of it is as economical and pleasant a seaside resort for children as any in England. We doubt if there is any town in the kingdom in which children may roam about the public places with greater freedom or less danger from road traffic; and certainly there is none that we know of so admirably administered municipally, or in which the pleasure and comfort of visitors is more sensibly cared for. Its sea-front is one of the finest promenades in the world. Its beach affords an agreeable lounge in summer, entirely free from the annoyance of "niggers" and other street minstrels of unpleasant popularity. There is always something going on. In summer, bathing, boating, sailing, fishing; in winter, balls, fêtes, bazaars, and the like. The Aquarium has an interest for persons fond of aquatic curiosities; the Pavilion for those finding pleasure in music, and there is the excellent little theatre of Mrs. Nye Chart, for those not tired of dramatic representations in London. The piers, the drives, the lawns, and the walks have their attractions. Brighton is full of boarding and lodging-houses and hotels, so that he who comes shall not complain of lack of accommodation. If not exactly a place for persons of narrow means, Brighton is less plagued with "sharks" than seaside resorts usually are. A couple of sovereigns prudently expended ought to cover all necessary expenses of a Saturday to Monday trip from London to Brighton.

Of its hotels, the Grand has the advantage of a splendid position. It stands in full view of the sea, the width of the roadway alone separating it from the beach. Although thrown into the shade by the greater splendour of its more recent namesake of Charing Cross, the Brighton Grand Hotel has muny claims upon the patronage of visitors. Its central position is one of the chief. It is controlled by a courteous and painstaking manager; and as we have once before remarked in the pages of this book, it is upon the personal influence and attention of the manager the comfort of hotel guests very largely depends. The Bedford is another hotel of the first respectability, frequented chiefly by people whose means are ample. The Sillwood, a short distance from the sea-front, is a quiet and pleasant retreat for ladies. The Norfolk is another hotel of the first rank. Among other places, we have heard Markwell's Hotel highly spoken of; the York also, and it is needless to say, the old "Ship."

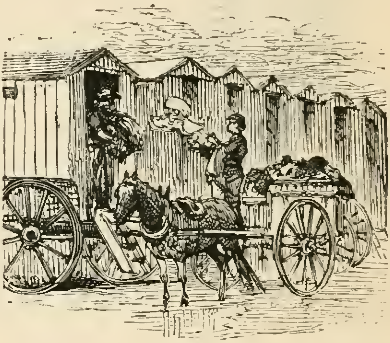
In the way of amusements, the great event of the Brighton Season is the "United Counties Hunt and Polo Ball" (Fancy Dress) held in the Royal Pavilion, generally in December. The list of "Lady-patronesses," "International stewards," "Club-stewards," "Hunt stewards," "Polo stewards," and "County stewards" would have satisfied the most exacting duchess who ruled "Almack's." Music and the Drama furnish many attractions. The system of theatrical tours brings a new company to Mrs. Nye Chart's pleasant theatre every week. Oratorio concerts, Promenade, and grand special concerts, with singers from the Opera, are given at the Pavilion periodically. The band of the cavalry regiment quartered at Preston Barracks and the town's band play on the Lawns and elsewhere weekly, or oftener, in the Summer Season. Altogether Brighton is without its equal in England as a pleasant, invigorating, and lively seaside town, as full of enjoyment in the Summer as in the Winter Season.

Of other seaside places on the South Coast within convenient distance of town, we have only space to name Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings. A beautiful esplanade is one of the principal attractions of the first-named place. Hastings is much resorted to by persons in delicate health. St. Leonards is practically its suburb. This place has grown rapidly, and can boast a splendid promenade and extensive terrace of mansions fronting the sea, to which someone gave the un-English, abominable name of Marina. The South Western line (from Waterloo) offers many attractions on the coast line of the Isle of Wight and Dorset. The Great Eastern is becoming more and more in favour for short trips to such places as Yarmouth and Harwich, whence one may cross the Northern Sea to Antwerp or Rotterdam.

KNIGHTLY SERVICE.

We know of few places on the English coast more lively and pleasant than Dover. Try it after a surfeit of dances and dinners. Go down by Chatham and Dover train (Victoria Station), and if a bachelor stay at the old "Shakespeare;" if happier in possession of the love of wife and children, go to an excellent private hotel westward of the Promenade (the last house) near the Docks. And amuse yourselves by watching the ships go by, or by taking the daily trip to Calais or Ostend. We have travelled far and wide, and have found rest and health at Dover.

Margate is a breezy goal for which many a weary Londoner patiently strives; Margate, or its near neighbours Westgate and Birchington, or Ramsgate and Broadstairs. A pleasant way of journeying to Margate is *viâ* the Thames from London Bridge. The Margate steamboats are swift roomy craft, capable of carrying on upper and lower deck and saloon (spacious, airy, and comfortable) from three to four hundred passengers. The boats start daily in July and August, and tri-weekly in June, from London Bridge about eleven, and make the journey in from four to five hours. The fare is but 4*s.*; an excellent hot luncheon or dinner (whichever one prefers to call it) is provided on board at 2*s.* 6*d.* a head; and the ever-varying waterway is far more picturesque and interesting than the monotonous railway. There is plenty of fresh air, of course; and one sees unrolled before him an entertaining, ever-varying panorama of ships, docks, public buildings, and brisk waterside life, added to which, good views are obtained of Greenwich, Woolwich, Erith, Gravesend, and the country beyond, till the Nore is reached, and the low-lying lands of Thanet. Moreover, there is some amusement to be had on board in studying the habits and manners of Cockayne. Music is generally provided, with possibly a little indifferent singing of music-hall ditties, the intervals of the concerts being passed in drinking, eating, and we might truthfully add flirting. But all is in good taste, and even the most fastidious will find little to offend his sense of propriety.



TOWELS.

Margate can hardly be called a picturesque town. It looks very white and very clean, and smells very fresh, and is very bracing. One long, irregular street sweeps along the sea front, from which a number of smaller streets lead to the thickly populated slopes above. From the higher ground or cliffs on either side of it one may get a splendid view of the Channel, as far away as the coast line of France. A great drawback to Margate's attractiveness is the lack of inland scenery. There are no trees. But who goes to Margate for trees? The sands and the pier constitute its attractions in the eyes of the Londoners. In the early morning the visitors crowd upon every square yard of the former. The fun which there goes on is something to see. Every one joins in it,—old people, young people, big people, little people, "very genteel" folk, and folk who make no pretensions to gentility, real swells and fictitious swells, Ethel and 'Arriet, 'Arry and Charles, Maude and Muriel. If a man will not laugh and enjoy himself on Margate sands, there is no laughter or sense of fun in him.

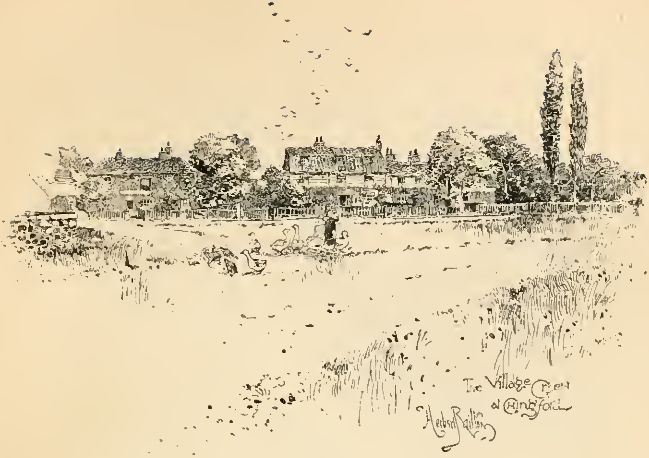
Westgate-on-Sea, about a mile east of Margate, is very respectable and "high-toned," not to say a trifle dull. But if dull, it is plentifully charged with health-giving breath of the sea. Westgate has a promenade following the line of a pretty little bay, and is planned out and partly built up. It has one or two hotels favourably known, and a long row of shops at which immediate necessaries and some luxuries may be bought. It is a charming place for rest and quiet in which the highly-prized Margate air may be enjoyed without actually living in Margate itself. The seaside philosopher may thus, if it so please him, study the firmly-established popular watering-place in Margate, with its jetty extension (visited by some twenty odd thousand persons per week in the height of the season), its sands, its hotels and baths, its Assembly Rooms, Marine Palace, and Hall-by-the-Sea, with their music and dancing. When he has thoroughly comprehended Margate life in its fullest expression he may visit Westgate, where fashion, decorum, peace, and privacy may be enjoyed; and should even Westgate prove too gay there is infant Birchington close by, offering absolute calm in its bungalows. Still further afield to the east there are the "beginnings" of Birchington Bay. The keen air is much the same in all of these spots—all lying open to the north and east, and the bracing breezes blowing straight from the North Pole and the German Ocean. For certain maladies these keen blasts are esteemed a sovereign remedy, and there can be no doubt of their efficacy in restoring tone, vigour, and appetite to the

LOW TIDE.

overworked or, if we may coin a word, "over-pleasured" Londoner.

Ramsgate, some four miles from Margate, is less "noisy" than the more popular town. The people who visit it are less disposed to singing and dancing and junketing, though Ramsgate "sands" have earned even greater notoriety as a rendezvous of Punch and Judy men, nigger minstrels, donkey-drivers, and the like, than those of the sister town of Margate. All these south-east coast watering-places are much in favour of Londoners, who avail themselves of the Saturday to Monday return-tickets of the railway companies.

We can only briefly add that the tourist arrangements for the season are extensively advertised at the beginning of May by hand-bills and time-tables to be easily had at any terminus or railway booking-office in London.


The Village Green at Chingford
Herbert Railton

Chapter XIX*.

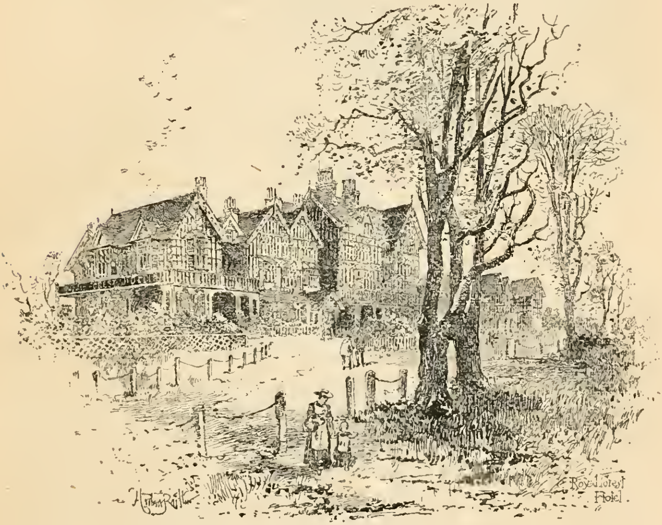
SATURDAY TO MONDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

SATURDAY to Monday is the Londoner's holiday. To a large number of persons it is the principal holiday of the year. True it recurs very frequently, and in the aggregate makes a very respectable show of days dedicated to idleness—nearly a third of the whole year. But taken in part, it is a brief period which admits of no long journeys and visits to far-off places. In the previous chapter (to which this is supplementary), we have ventured a few hints as to what may be done in the way of spending this forty-eight hours at the seaside within easy access of London. In the present, we propose briefly to refer to the opportunities open to the Londoner or visitor to London, who may prefer the country.

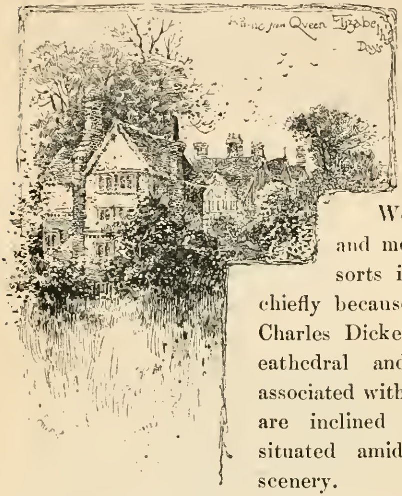
The places most accessible to him are to be found in the six counties bordering on Middlesex; Bucks and Herts on the north; Essex and Kent on the east; Surrey on the south; and Berks on the west. In Buckinghamshire the pleasantest summer retreats are to be found near the Thames, which separates the counties of Bucks and Berks. He might begin his pilgrimage quite near to London, at Taplow, Marlow, or (on the Berkshire side) at Windsor, starting thence for a few hours' country excursion as the humour seized him. We have been well treated at the Star and Garter Hotel, Peascod Street, and for a day's rest can recommend a little village inn, the Squirrel, at Winkfield, on the borders of Windsor Forest. It is but a small roadside alehouse with scanty accommodation for travellers, but the people who keep it are civil and obliging. The Wheatsheaf at Virginia Water is of well-known reputation, as also are the White Hart and Castle hotels on the hill by the castle.

In Hertfordshire, St. Albans, Bushey, Rickmansworth, and Hertford itself offer some attractions to the Londoner. The ancient abbey in the first-named town is well worthy his attention, and he may spend a Sunday less profitably than in studying its interesting history. Rickmansworth is a pretty village, and Bushey, with its park, is still prettier. Hertford is a town in the neighbourhood of which we have found some points of interest with a stout stick and dog as companions. In general, in selecting a country inn at which to stay, we have found it a good rule to order a lunch or dinner, and to judge by the manner in which either is served whether we may venture further and put up there for the night. Many and many a comfortable inn have we been enabled to note after that preliminary trial.

In Essex we advise Chingford as a place to stay. It is but a brief half hour's journey by rail from Liverpool Street terminus, and once there, Epping Forest, with its lowlands and wooded heights, glades, and dells, and broad expanse of breezy country is open to the visitor. We can recommend the Forest Hotel at Chingford (seven minutes from the station) as affording very pleasant and comfortable quarters. Its picturesque gables and red chimneys will be noticed showing between the trees to the right on leaving the station. Had this hotel been built (say) at Henley, it would be the popular summer rendezvous of half the town. It is certainly the most attractive country hotel, both as to exterior and interior, of which we know; and it ought to become a health resort and place of summer residence for Londoners of the west as well as of the east. The air of the uplands around is distinguished for its dryness, and as for the opportunities for walks, rides, drives, and excursions, these are practically unbounded. A week at this hotel in spring, summer, or autumn, living upon good



country fare, home-made bread, sweet milk, fresh eggs, poultry, and meat, with an occasional bottle of good wine, ought to bring a weary and jaded city man a full measure of strength, and new lease of life. And as for younger folk, whose lease of life (happy and prosperous, we'll hope) is to be the full three score years and ten, the opportunities of open-air enjoyment, and revellings in woods and dells, are so many and various, that we have not space to set them down. We recommend the reader to consult a little book, which costs but sixpence, and which affords a vast amount of interesting and useful information respecting Epping Forest and the adjacent country—"Walks in Epping Forest," by Percy Lindley—and then to make his way to the Forest Hotel at Chingford, and set about turning that information to practical account.


Dating from Queen Elizabeth's Days

In Kent, we recommend to the reader's notice, Chiselhurst; Sevenoaks; Tunbridge Wells (one of the prettiest and most frequented summer resorts in England); Rochester, chiefly because of its associations with Charles Dickens; Canterbury, for the cathedral and its curious bye-ways associated with Chaucer's tales; and we are inclined to add Maidstone, as situated amidst the most delightful scenery.

As to Surrey, we are disposed to begin with Epsom (not in the racing week), in the vicinity of which are the famous Downs, and several fine estates; Reigate is a pretty town, and the Station Hotel at Redhill (a tasteful Elizabethan structure just outside the station) a comfortable inn for staying at. Thence the visitor may make excursions to places we have named elsewhere—Leatherhead, Dorking, Box Hill, Leith Hill, Holmwood. Guildford is a quaint old town, in another part of Surrey (about thirty miles from London), well worthy of notice for a Saturday to Monday country trip; Egham also.

In Berkshire we begin with Maidenhead, on the Thames, and Cookham, one of the loveliest spots near London. Windsor we have already twice before referred to at length. About Reading are some charming country parts. Indeed, we should be inclined to name Reading as a starting point for an excursion in this county.

CHAPTER XX.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

THE opportunities for religious worship excepted, the ways of "spending" Sunday in London are neither very various nor very pleasant. In summer the dulness of that day, church or no church, is sufficiently irksome; in winter, it borders on the depressing. Every variety of religious service is within reach of the visitor, from that of the "Positivists" at Newton Hall, Fetter Lane, to that of the Church of England in Westminster Abbey. Within these limits, there ranges a choice of one hundred and seventy different sects whose places of meeting, scattered over the metropolis, are freely open to strangers. With respect to the Churches in London, these will be found to represent almost every period of ecclesiastical history, and every grade of religious opinion—extreme "ritualistic," moderately "high," "broad," and "low." The Roman Catholics are well represented in every part of London. The innumerable Chapels of the Baptists, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and of other denominations, provide an unlimited choice to the Nonconformist. In addition to these, there are "halls" and rooms where assemble those who adopt the "Theistic" or the "Rationalist" teaching, or the practice of the "Humanitarians," and the like, all too numerous to be stated here in detail. Lastly, there is the mission preacher and the street preacher, whose services are conducted in the open air.

To church or chapel in the morning, at least, is the custom of most well-ordered persons in London not hindered by unavoidable circumstances. It may be that this custom pertaining to Sunday alone, of all other days in the week, increases its dulness. If the churches and chapels of London were freely open (as we take leave to think they might be) to the devout within certain hours on every day of the week, we might perchance meet with fewer restrictions on going to and fro on Sunday, and less inclination when the chance comes to shirk our religious duties on that day. As it is, a London Sunday is a horror from which all persons of a worldly disposition (and some more thoughtful) flee; and, so far as these are concerned. London is depopulated on the day of rest. Church is avoided. During church hours no trains leave the stations. Only occasional omnibuses and few cabs are to be had. The wayfarer may not eat a meal at a restaurant, no matter how hungry he may be, except between one and three, or after six; and the streets have all the appearance of the streets of the City of Desolation. In the way of rational recreation "after church," the visitor will find himself restricted to a stroll or a drive in "the Park," with the alternative of an excursion to Richmond, or Hampton Court, or Bentley Priory, or possibly a visit to the Zoological Gardens. Public opinion has not yet expressed itself definitely in favour of opening public museums and art galleries on Sunday. One might be pardoned for thinking that a stroll through the rooms of the National Gallery is not likely to be productive of greater sin than a stroll down Rotten Row. It is not, however, difficult to find some alleviations of the dreariness of London on a Sunday in summer, but in winter we fear the stranger within its gates will be left to the alternative boredom of his hotel or lodging, unless he can command the welcome shelter of a club, or the hospitality of a friend.

The "Daily News" every Saturday morning publishes a list of what may be termed, in default of a better word, representative places of worship in London, the hours of service, and the names of the preachers for the following day. We think we could hardly do better than refer the reader to that journal for any information he may desire on these points. It will, however, be advisable to remind him of the hours of Divine Service at certain of the principal churches and chapels. These are as follows :—

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

St. Paul's Cathedral	Morn. 10.30;	aft. 3.15;	eve. 7.0.
Westminster Abbey	,, 10.0;	,, 3.0;	,, 7 0.
	(Service in the Nave in the summer months only.)		
Chapel Royal, St. James's	Morn. 12.0.		
	(An order from the Lord Chamberlain's office is necessary to obtain admission.)		
Chapel Royal, Whitehall	Morn. 11.0;	aft. 3.0.	
Chapel Royal, Savoy	,, 11.30;	,, 4.0;	eve. 7.0.
Temple Church	,, 11.0;	,, 3.0.	
	(An order from a "Bencher," or barrister necessary to obtain a seat at the beginning of the service.)		
Lincoln's Inn Chapel	Morn. 11.0;	aft. 3.0.	
Gray's Inn Chapel	,, 11.30;	,, 3.30.	
Foundling Chapel	,, 11.0;	,, 3.0.	
All Saints, Margaret Street, W	,, 11.0;	,, 3.0;	eve. 7.0.
St. Alban's, Holborn	,, 11.0;	,, 3.0;	,, 7.0.
St. Margaret's, Westminster	,, 11.0;	,, 3.0;	,, 7.0.
St. Martin's-in-the-Fields	,, 11.0:	,, 3.0;	,, 7.0.
St. Mary Magdalene, Munster Square	,, 11.0;	,, 3.0;	,, 7.0.
St. James's, Piccadilly	,, 11.0:	,, 3.0;	,, 7.0.
St. Philip, Waterloo Place	,, 11.0;		,, 7.0.
St. James's, Marylebone	,, 11.0;		,, 7.0.
French Protestant Church, St. Martin's-le-Grand	,, 11.0;		,, 7.0.

NONCONFORMIST CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

Baptist Chapel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.	Morn. 11.0;	eve. 7.0.
Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury (Rev. Stopford Brooke)	,, 11.0;	,, 7.0.
City Temple, Holborn Viaduct (Rev. Dr. Parker)	,, 11.0;	,, 7.0.
Christ Church, Westminster Road (Rev. Newman Hall)	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.
Clapham Common (Rev. J. G. Rogers)	,, 11.0;	,, 7.0.
Falcon Square, Aldersgate Street, E.C. (Rev. J. Corbin)	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.
Finsbury Chapel	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.
Great Queen Street (Wesleyan Chapel), W.C.	,, 10.45;	,, 6.30.
Islington (Union Chapel; Rev. Dr. Allon)	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.
Islington, Colebrooke Row (Presbyterian)	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.
Marylebone, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square (Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser)	,, 11.0;	,, 7.0.
Metropolitan Tabernacle (Rev. C. Spurgeon)	,, 10.45;	,, 6.30.
Regent Square, Gray's Inn Road, W.C. (Rev. Dr. J. Oswald Dykes)	,, 11.0;	,, 7.0.
Scottish National Church, Crown Court, Russell Street, Covent Garden	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.
Unitarian Chapel, Little Portland Street (Rev. P. H. Wicksteed)	,, 11.0;	,, 7.0.
Westminster (Congregational), James Street, Buckingham Gate	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.
Whitefield's, Tottenham Court Road	,, 11.0;	,, 6.30.

ROMAN CATHOLIC PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (The Oratory), Brompton Road. Morn. 6.30 to 11; eve. 3.30 and 7.

French Chapel, Little George Street, Portman Square. Morn. 11; eve. 3.30.

Great Ormond Street, 46, Great Ormond Street (near Russell Square). Morn. 8.30 and 11.30; eve. 3.30.

Pro-Cathedral Church of our Lady of Victories, Newland Terrace, Kensington Road. Morn. 8, 9, 10, 11; eve. 3 and 7.

Royal Bavarian Chapel, 12, Warwick Street, Golden Square. Morn. 11; eve. 3.30 and 7.

St. George's Cathedral, Westminster Bridge Road. Morn. 6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, and 11; eve. 3 and 7.

St. James's (Spanish), Spanish Place, Manchester Square. Morn. 11; eve. 3.30 and 7.

St. John the Evangelist's, Duncan Terrace, City Road. Morn. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11; eve. 3 and 7.

St. Mary's, Cadogan Terrace, Sloane Street. Morn. 7.30, 9, 10, and 11; eve. 3, 7, and 8.

St. Mary's of the Angels'. Westmoreland Place, Bayswater. Morn. 7, 8, 9, and 11; eve. 3.30 and 7.

St. Mary's, Moorfields, Blomfield Street, Finsbury. Morn. 7, 8, 9, 10, and 11; eve. 3 and 7.

St. Peter's (Italian), Clerkenwell Road, facing Hatton Garden. Morn. 11; eve. 4 and 7. Daily, 10 a.m.

CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC.

The principal places of worship of this denomination are at Harrow Road, Paddington; Gordon Square, near Russell Square; and College Street, Chelsea. Hours of service on Sunday, 6 and 10 a.m., and 7 p.m. The ritual of these churches is elaborate.

JEWISH SYNAGOGUES.

Great Synagogue, St. James's Place, Aldgate. Services daily, 7 a.m. and sunset.

Jewish Synagogue, Great St. Helens, St. Mary Axe, Leadenhall Street. Service begins an hour before sunset every Friday.

Great Central Synagogue, Great Portland Street. Service as preceding.

Office of the United Synagogue, 2, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

Friends' Meeting House, between 110 and 111, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross; and 12, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C.

THE NEW JERUSALEM OR SWEDENBORG CHURCH.

This persuasion has eight Chapels in London, the principal being in Argyle Square, King's Cross; Palace Gardens Terrace, the Mall, Kensington; and Camden Road, Holloway, all open at 11 and 7 on Sundays.

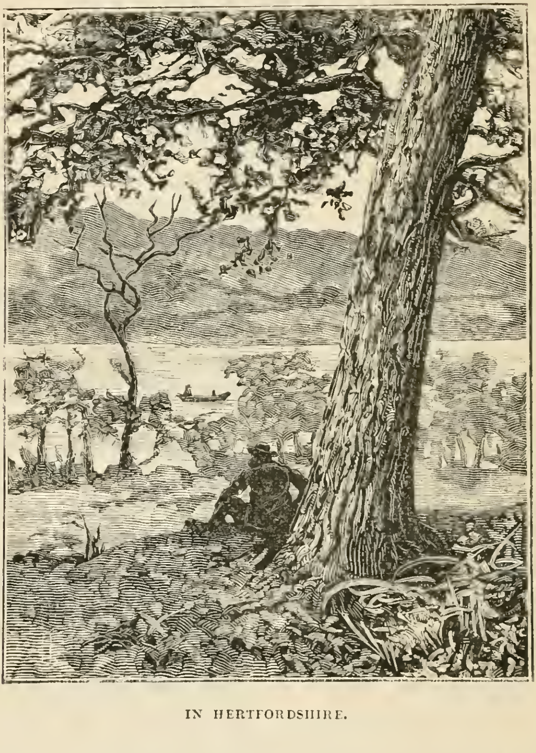
AFTER CHURCH.

Thackeray was for "allowing a man to have harmless pleasures when he had done his worship on Sundays." Thackeray was for conceding this, be it remarked, at a time when, in some households, it was deemed a sacrilege to read a newspaper or write a letter on Sunday. In this (at that time) courageous expression of opinion the great novelist simply inculcated, what one would have thought to be, a common-sense view of the way Sunday might be spent without harming one's self or offending others. Some of the electors of Oxford city (we are writing of

The Lake, Bentley Priory.

nearly thirty years ago) thought otherwise. They hissed Mr. Thackeray when he uttered the opinion, and slandered him afterwards, so that he had to appeal to them to say whether in any of his books there was anything written that "should not be read by any one's children, or my own, or by any Christian man." If he had but printed and scattered abroad on a fly-leaf the scene in the little bedroom in the Charterhouse, when dear old Colonel Newcome, ex-Carthusian, feebly mutters his final "Adsum," his censors would have slunk away condemned. Even in the present day we are very intolerant in this matter of keeping Sunday: a good deal of nonsense is written and spoken of what should be done and what should not be done on Sunday; but fortunately we are a little more liberal-minded now than we were thirty years ago. Of all days in the week, Sunday in London is the most dreary to a stranger. He will begin it, of course, by going to "the Abbey" or St. Paul's, or some other place of his choice, to worship. Afterwards a journey into the country affords perhaps the most rational and pleasant way of spending Sunday. A breath of fresh air, a walk on the breezy downs, or a stroll by the river is more satisfying to most persons than lounging about the streets. Hampton Court with its spreading lawns and shining waters, the historic palace and well-kept parterres, the famous grape-vine and the bewildering "maze," at once suggests a place of pilgrimage not far away. Then, there is stately Windsor and the Long Walk, Virginia Water and the splendid forest, with Cumberland lodge to mark the way; or Halliford and a long stretch of river; or Twickenham, with the gardens of the Orleans Club and what remains of Pope's villa; or Maidenhead, with its villas and hotel; or Marlow by boat to Cookham; or Henley and its straight regatta course; or Greenwich and the Trafalgar (with possibly a fish dinner), or the Star and Garter and beautiful Richmond, embowered in dark rich green foliage, with the river winding like a silver ribbon through the enchanting landscape: whichever of these places he may select, the visitor will be refreshed by his excursion.

If he care to go farther afield, we make bold to suggest (as having ourselves often made the journey) a pilgrimage to Holmwood or Burford Bridge, each near Dorking, a sleepy little town scarce bigger than a village, at the foot of the Surrey Hills.

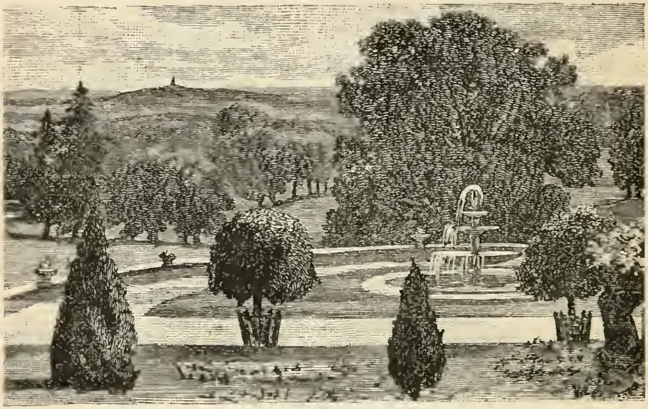


IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

The scenery hereabouts, in early spring and summer, when the grass and foliage are at their freshest and best, is as charming as any to be found in England. Dorking is but an hour's cheap and easy journey from town. It is placed in a district of hill, dale, and common, and lane, of parks and gentlemen's country seats; with pretty little churches nestling among the trees, and country inns, and all those characteristics which help to make the villages of England so attractive to the traveller.

There are one or two places well worth seeing, in the neighbourhood, chief among which are the Deepdene, the seat of the Hopes (full of art-treasures) and Wotton, the ancient seat of the Evelyns, descendants of the Evelyn of "Diary" fame, the contemporary of the immortal Mr. Pepys. The elder Hawthorne somewhere mentions a pilgrimage he once made to Wotton with his friend Francis Bennoch, to see the prayer-book used by Charles I. on the scaffold and other treasures of a rare and valuable library. The principal attractions of Dorking need no passages of courtesy or letters of introduction to bring them within view of the visitor. These are Box Hill, commanding extensive views, and heather-clad Leith Hill, the loveliest spot in the county; Ranmore and Holmwood Commons, and the pretty stretches of parklike grounds adjoining the Deepdene and the Denbies. Altogether, we do not know anywhere near London a spot which gives so pleasant and varied a view of English rural scenery as Dorking and its neighbourhood. The train from Charing Cross, or Victoria,—in the first case, destination Box Hill, in the second, Dorking; the stations of both lines almost adjoin,—will within an hour carry the visitor into the heart of Surrey. And if he regret the journey thus made, he can have no relish for the sweet air of the country, and no eye for the picturesque and beautiful.

A shorter and more economical trip would be to take the train at King's Cross for Muswell Hill, a pleasant spot in the northern environs overlooking the woods of Hertfordshire and Essex and the towns and villages of the valley of the Lea. It is suggestive of many literary memories At its foot poets have loved to nestle. "Lalla Rookh" was written in a cottage on one side of it; Sam Rogers, author of the "Pleasures of Memory," sleeps in pretty Hornsey churchyard close by; Leigh Hunt was born in the village of Southgate, but a half mile off on the other side. Climb the hill on a clear day, and you will have before you one of those panoramas which may be said to be exclusively English in their beauty. In the foreground Wood Green, not long since a wild common, now a thickly populated town. Here is Hornsey; there Highgate, with its rural beauties, not the least among which are the grounds about Holly Lodge, the abode of the lady (Baroness Burdett Coutts) whose name has become famous everywhere for her munificent charity. Coleridge's Hampstead is not a great way off,—that Hampstead about whose lanes and by-paths Charles Dickens often loved to linger, and which is associated with the writers and poets and painters of other days. Elia—dear, kindly Elia—crops up, too, in the memory; for there in the distance lies Charles Lamb's Enfield. We can see the Green Lanes of Tottenham and Edmonton, and the vestiges of Epping Forest, and the glimmering in the distance of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Muswell Hill is a spot not often visited by strangers, yet surrounding it are some of the prettiest bits of scenery around London.



IN MIDDLESEX.

Then there is Bentley Priory, already mentioned, a charming place for a quiet Sunday out of town. It may be easily reached by train (to Harrow) from Euston Square.

Epping Forest is another pleasant resort (to be reached by rail best from Liverpool Street); Chingford is for most Londoners the best arrival station; Loughton, Buckhurst Hill and Wood Street stand next in favour. Arrived at Loughton, by rail, we shall come across the best forest scenery by ascending York Hill and making towards High Beech. On York Hill, and especially near the "Forester's Arms," the prospect is delightful. Over the valley of the Roding, and over Hainault, and still further right over the Thames, the eye wanders as far as the blue hills of Kent and Surrey. A sea of forest foliage fills the nearer view. The forest, on either hand, "thick with knee-deep ferns, now moist dell, now broken upland, with peeps of purple in the distance, in spring or early summer decked with primroses and bluebells, loaded with the perfume of May-blossom, and alive with the call of cuckoos and wood-pigeons, and the myriad voices of loud-throated song-birds."

Between Golding's Hill and the Epping New Road is a lovely piece of forest, containing about seventy acres known as the Monkwood, with tall trees, which will be found a delightful retreat on a hot summer's day. At Chingford, the "Royal Forest Hotel" offers many attractions as a traveller's rest.

On the other side of the Thames, Gravesend suggests a trip of some interest; it may best be reached by rail from Charing Cross, and the return journey might be made by river steamboat. Rosherville Gardens are worth visiting; but the great attraction is Cobham Park, about four miles from the town, the residence of Lord Darnley. The house, which is a noble specimen of Elizabethan architecture, is, however, open to visitors on Fridays only. Charles Dickens, in "Pickwick," makes note of the beauties of the park:—"An ancient hall," he writes, "displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of Elizabeth's time; the long vistas of ancient oaks, and the large herds of deer cropping the fresh grass," &c. A good tavern at Gravesend is (or was) the "Old Falcon." Gad's Hill is a pleasant walk from the town.

Westward by rail from Paddington Station there are Eton (Stoke Pogis but 1½ miles away), Burnham Beeches, Taplow, and Maidenhead, and Marlow, offering many attractions of woodland and river scenery.

The foregoing notes are merely offered in the way of suggestions. The visitor can best suit his own convenience and taste by consulting the pages of "Bradshaw," the advertising columns of the London daily papers, or Philips' "Excursionist's Guide to the Environs of London," in making selection of a place for spending a quiet Sunday away from town.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRIPS AWAY FROM LONDON.

WE cannot tell you everything, most friendly reader; but we'll do our best to tell you all we can. Maybe you come from across the Ocean? Is that so? Well, then, let's shake hands; and we'll go out of our way to show you some civility, though for a time it takes us away from London.

In 1886 we had, as you remember, some Colonial and Indian visitors with us. A series of pilgrimages were then arranged which took them (in the lofty language of the leading London journal) "to some of the spots associated with some of England's greatest glories;" and at each of these they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The places were Oxford, Leamington, Birmingham, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon. They left Paddington (Great Western Railway Station) at 9.45 on a Monday morning, and were back again in London late on Thursday night. If you need a little break in the sight-seeing of London, why not follow in the wake of these distinguished strangers?

At Oxford they of course saw the Colleges, which, even if we had space, we shall not attempt to describe; at Leamington they realized the charms of one of the prettiest of English inland country towns in summer-time; at Birmingham they saw the Council Chamber and the Town Hall, and afterwards visited the Birmingham and Midland Institute, Free Libraries, Mason Science College, the Birmingham Municipal School of Art, the Museum and Art Gallery, Council-house, &c.; and later princely Chatsworth and rare old Haddon Hall. At Warwick the party inspected the Castle and grounds; the mansion of Miss Percy (where many interesting views and pictures and objects of historical interest were inspected). The visitors then left for Kenilworth Castle, where one of the principal features of their visit, by the way, was the serving of luncheon in the old barn above the guard room, which had not been used for nearly two hundred years. After spending some time in examining the ruins and other points of interest, the visitors proceeded to Stoneleigh Abbey. The next trip was to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, where they inspected as many of the numerous places of interest which the town contains as is possible in an hour's time; among others, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, the Holy Trinity Church, &c.

Many of the excursionists devoted their attention not so much to ruins and ancient churches as to the materials which give busy trade to the vast industrial district of such places as Birmingham. For example, some took a look at Redditch, Hewell, and Bromsgrove. At the first-named town the principal object of interest was the fishing-tackle works of S. Allcock and Co. There are other similar establishments in Redditch, but this is the largest, and the variety of the occupations within its walls surprised its visitors. Five hundred operatives are engaged, apart from those employed at the branch houses in Toronto and in Spain. There is one machine worked by girls, by which from 25,000 to 30,000 fish-hooks can be twisted in a day. As many as 176 distinct kinds of artificial baits go to the Canadian market alone. There are few fishing-tackle shops in any country of the world where Allcock's goods are not sold. Milward's needle manufactory was also visited. Here 800 hands are employed, and 8,000,000 needles are made and finished every week. A second group of excursionists went to Worcester to see the Guildhall, Cathedral, Dent's glove manufactory, and the works and Museum of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory. Burton meant beer, of course; but there were also churches, and the ruins of Tutbury Castle, on the cards. Another contingent sought out Coventry, where it had a free choice in the Cheylesmore Company's Cycle Works, Rotherham's Watch Manufactory, and the Stevengraph Ribbon Works.

A fourth went to Northampton, where the magnificent library at Althorp of 50,000 volumes, many rare and priceless, was shown. At Stoke the famous pottery works of Messrs. Copeland, Minton, and Company, and Wedgwood and Sons welcomed a large party. Other parties went to Shrewsbury, Stretton, and Lichfield, not far away.

In another direction Cambridge was visited, and Norwich and Ipswich (Ransome's Engineering Works); and in another yet Bristol and Bath; and in another Chatham and Canterbury.

The foregoing are, at all events, suggestive of places away from London quite well worthy your attention when you are in England, even if for a month only.

If you are here for a longer time, why not try the cathedral cities—as Canterbury aforenamed, and York, and Winchester, and Ely, and Exeter; or if interested this way, the garrison towns, as Portsmouth, Chatham, Dover, Plymouth, and of course Aldershot; or the great shipbuilding towns, or the great manufacturing towns, such as we have no need to name.

And if you would see rural England, why, take a trip into Devonshire to the valley of the Dart (Totnes); or to Dovedale, or to Matlock and Buxton, in Derbyshire; or to Lyndhurst in the New Forest (do we not know the comforts of that well-known hostelry, the Crown Hotel, Lyndhurst, and have we not experience of the courtesy of the landlord?); or to Ventnor and Sandown in the Isle of Wight; or to Bournemouth in Hampshire. We could tell you of a score other places; but our work compels us to get back to London streets.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STREETS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

INTRODUCTORY.

"YOU only find in Rome what you take thither," said Goethe. In Goethe's sense you only gather in the streets of London what you take into them, what you have heard or read about them. An hour or two in a library with the works of Cunningham, Leigh Hunt, Jesse, or Timbs, is about the best preparation one can have for a ramble through the London streets. If the visitor looks forward to finding now many of the once familiar vestiges of old London—familiar even to us of to-day—he will be sorely disappointed. It is true we may still point with pride to a few splendid monuments of bygone centuries, the "Minster of the West," the Hall of William the Red, the Round of the Templars, and the Tower of William the Norman; but of buildings of lesser fame and out of the way works of interest, old houses, old inns, old shops, and the like, the rambler in search of the picturesque will find but few remaining. To the historical student, of course, the streets of London are paved with memories. Dr. Johnson, when he took his walk down Fleet Street, passed from end to end of it as he might have paced from end to end of his library. Each side of the road was full of suggestions to his well-stored mind, and spoke of men and things perhaps unheard of by the companion of his ramble. In like manner may the student of the present—the student versed in the rich antiquarian lore of London of the past—trace the plan of the Roman city, identify the sites of buildings of Norman and Tudor times, and of what were once the homes, birthplaces or graves (since many of the old churchyards are now made over as gardens to the poor) of most of those whose fame is written in the pages of England's own eventful story. But he must no longer expect to eat his dinner in the Thatched House Tavern or Turk's Head of Johnson's day, or sit in the little room where Marvel refused the bribe of Danby, or stand within the railed gallery looking down upon the courtyard of the Belle Sauvage Inn. He may be directed to the spots where these once stood, but every vestige of the buildings themselves has disappeared under the rapidly destructive influences of metropolitan and city improvements.

One of Lamb's friends (Godwin) proposed a subscription to all well-disposed people, "to raise a certain sum of money to be expended in the care of a cheap monument for the former and the future great dead men. The monument to be a white cross with a wooden slab at the end telling their names and qualifications." This wooden slab and white cross to be perpetuated to the end of time; to survive, as Lamb humorously writes, the fall of empires and the destruction of cities, by means of a map which in case of an insurrection or any other cause by which a city or country may be destroyed, was to be carefully preserved. When things got again into their regular order, the white-cross-wooden-slab-makers were to go to work again and re-establish the wooden slabs in their former places. Charles Lamb cuts a joke at the project in his kindly way, and tells how his friend wrote a pamphlet of many pages in its favour. But if such a map had been drawn—a map on the scale of the splendid sheet published by the proprietors of the London "Graphic," "London, as seen from a Balloon, 1884,"—indicating the exact sites of the various birth-places, some time dwellings, chambers, lodgings, &c., of the great men who once flourished in London, what an interesting record we should have! We might, for example, have taken in at a glance the whole domestic career of Lamb himself, beginning with the lodgings at No. 7, Little Queen Street, Holborn, through his several removals—Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane; Mitre Court, Temple; 4, Inner Temple Lane;

20, Russell Street, Covent Garden; to Enfield, and, lastly, to Church Street, Edmonton. We might have traced Thackeray through his wanderings from street to street, Dickens through his, and all the other great writers, whom we love to think about in our ramblings over London, through theirs. As it is, we have to go to innumerable books for a key to the door of each particular house, and even then we may miss it.[1]

Like all other cities and towns, the great city had a beginning. The original Llyn-din, or Fort of the Lake, a collection of rude huts set upon one of two or three knolls, rising out of fens, salt estuaries, and tidal swamps, denotes that beginning. This gave place to Roman London, of which we may yet trace the plan, and show many relics to this day. We have still the Roman milestone, fragments of Roman walls and of Roman houses, and the line of Roman streets. In Cripplegate, for example, not far from the General Post Office, may yet be seen a splendid specimen of the original Roman wall. The Londoner may lave his limbs in a genuine Roman bath of icy water for the trouble of turning a few paces down Strand Lane. One of the only two Roman milestones in Britain remains in Cannon Street, the other being at Chesterholm, in Northumberland. There is Roman work about the Tower. Until quite recently an old Roman turret was standing within a hundred yards of Ludgate Hill Station. These and other remains faintly attest the perfection to which our first conquerors brought the system of colonization. The visitor may view in the museum of the Guildhall of London statues, pavement, altars, domestic utensils, which have been found in Leadenhall Street, in Lime Street, in Lombard Street, in Broad Street, their shapes and their colours almost as fresh as when interred. A recent writer (it is impossible to give his name, since he appears anonymously in the columns of a London newspaper),[2] remarks:—"It would be a curious task, albeit an almost impossible one, to map out Roman London as the Rome of the Cæsars is mapped out—to see the temple of Diana standing hard by what the stone in Panyer Alley,[1] says is the highest ground in the city;

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[1] Since this was written Mr. Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London" has been published.

[2] "The Globe," April 5, 1884.

> 'When you have sought the city round,
> Yet still this is the highest ground;'

—to trace the street which converged at the milestone in Cannon Street—the Watling Street[2] coming from the south and proceeding again north-west; the Ermine and Stane Streets from the south-east; the North Road running to the ancient colonial capital; the East road going to Colchester; to place the pleasant villas along the Wall-brook,[3] and the Old Bourne;[4] to see the great citadel in its entirety, and to follow the sturdy wall with its turrets and gates around the city. If, as archæologists aver, the great Roman temple stood where now stands the chief Protestant Cathedral of the world; if the ancient London Forum was where is now the Royal Exchange; if the chief Roman cemeteries were on the sites of the Bunhill Fields burying ground and St. Sepulchre's Church;[5] if the Roman citadel was where now stands the Tower of London, it is sufficient proof that posterity has been faithful to the lines laid down by the old Roman colonists. The great arteries of London run almost precisely upon the line of the great Roman arteries; we have still a Watling Street and a Stone Street; the Gray's Inn Road, formerly in the North Road, was known before the railway era as Maiden Lane, a name still preserved by the same road in Maiden Way, far up into the North; there is Stratford to the East. So there is little reason to doubt that the archæologists are right in their former supposition."

From the time of the Roman colony to the era of the Conquest, we are able to place the sites of a series of buildings civil and ecclesiastical, and have scores of local names which remain to this day. That great edifice and memorial of English history, the Tower of London, of the beginnings of which Gundulph, Bishop of Rochester, builder of the old Norman Keep in his episcopal city, is the reputed architect, stands among the foremost of London's Norman buildings. The Abbey of Westminster commemorates the church dedicated to St. Peter, built by Sebert on the isle of Thorney ; as does St. Paul's, " the stately and beautiful structure " described by William of Malmesbury as erected in the place of Ethelbert's first Christian church. The original Westminster Hall, the work of William Rufus, which was " only a bed-chamber in comparison with the building he intended to make," is yet another memorial of the Norman age. Then we have the St. John's Gate at Clerkenwell, the relics of the priory of St. Bartholomew at Smithfield, the beautiful reproduction of the Chapel of St. Stephen's (which has given a name to the House of Commons), all taking us back to Norman times. Langbourne, Tyburn, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Blackfriars, Whitefriars, Cheapside, Eastcheap, St. Martin's-le-Grand, St. Mary-le-Bow, Holywell, Clerkenwell, are among the local names of this or of a subsequent period which still remain ; and to these many others might be added. The Temple Church, restored in recent years, was in its original beauty at the commencement of the fourteenth century. In the Savoy (still retaining its ancient designation) we stand upon the ground where once stood the palace of John of Gaunt. The thoroughfare which borders the Thames from Blackfriars to the Tower, and known centuries ago by the name of Thames Street, marks the place where lived Geoffrey Chaucer, " in the house of his father, a vintner." The Vintry, the district occupied by the wine-sellers of the Plantagenet period, still survives in the civic " ward " of that name. Coming to a later period, we find memorials on every hand of the prominent personages of English history—Gresham Street commemorating the public-spirited merchant of Tudor days who founded the Royal Exchange; Essex Street, the sometime residence of Elizabeth's favourite; Northumberland Street, of Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the poet Surrey; Rupert Street, taking us back to the period of the Civil War; Chandos Street, to Queen Anne's days and the magnificence of Canons; Milton Street, commemorating the poet Milton, and so on. "If," says Mr. Frederic Harrison, "you omit Dryden, Pope, Handel, Addison, Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, Hogarth, Reynolds, Turner, Byron, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Quincey—if you strike out of our literature, our history, our law, our art, all that is locally associated with definite spots of London, London sights, London life, and London monuments, the gap would be huge. The features of London are themselves so vast, their local history so rich, that they each have a history of their own. No city in Europe possesses a river like the Thames, with its leagues of historic buildings along its course, its mighty ports, and bridges, and docks; nor have the Rhine or the Tiber a closer association with poetry, literature, and art. English history and English literature abound with memories of the river. Nor has any city of Europe so great an array of parks associated as much with poetry, literature, and art, each with a long history and endless traditions of its own." We propose now, the reader willing, to point out some of the traditions of the more noteworthy spots which we shall visit in a ramble through London streets.

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[1] A narrow thoroughfare between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street. A stone built into one of the houses on the east side bears the inscription.

[2] A street leading out of Cannon Street towards St. Paul's.

[3] Walbrook, a street on the west side of the Mansion House.

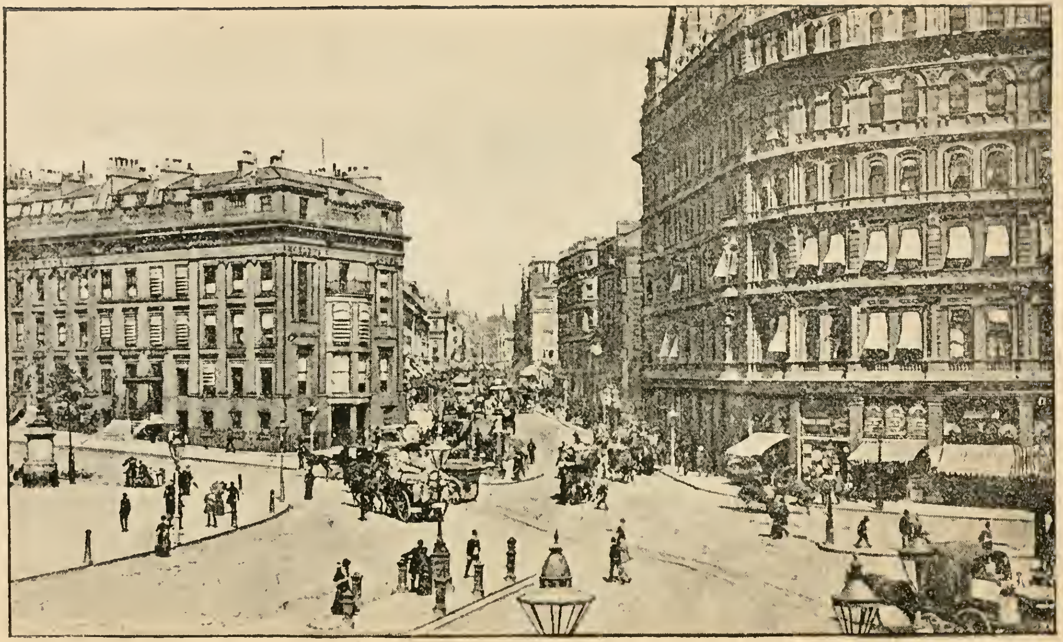
[4] Holborn.

[5] St. Sepulchre's Church stands at the western end of Newgate Street.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE BUSTLING STRAND."

THE Strand, which so greatly delighted Charles Lamb, and which, in a letter to Wordsworth, he described as having as many charms for him as had the tinted hills and lakes and leaves rustling in the wood for the poet, is still the "bustling Strand." It is still the great main thoroughfare of London from its most central point to the City. From early morning till past midnight it is more frequented than any other London street. It is the locality of the principal Theatres, the Law Courts, the Inland Revenue Departments, of not a few important newspaper offices, and of many of the best shops. Its historical associations are innumerable. Where now the maze of little courts and side streets extends to the Thames Embankment, there stood, centuries ago, the town-houses of the bishops, the ambassadors, and the powerful nobles. Beautiful gardens surrounded them, and against their walls plashed the waters of the then "silver" Thames. Here was Bedford House, Essex House, Northumberland House, the palace of John of Gaunt of the Savoy, and the mansion of the Lord High Admiral Seymour, now vanished from the places where they stood, and only leaving their old names to the streets and districts of new London. Northumberland House, on the site of which (or near it) now stands the Grand Hotel, was the last of all the great mansions which lorded it on the river side. It stood till 1876. It was built by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, son of the famous Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, the poet; but a very unworthy son, except in point of ability. "He was one of those men," says Leigh Hunt, "who, wanting a sense of moral beauty, are in every other respect wise



Charing Cross.

in vain, and succeed only to become despised and unhappy. . . . It is thought by the historians that he died just in time to save him from the disgraceful consequences of the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury."

Taking the south side of the Strand from Charing Cross, leaving the Grand Hotel—between the entrances of which are to be noticed two or three good shops—we find the mansion of the earls of Northumberland commemorated in Northumberland Street, still one of the older streets of London, where are the offices of the "Pall Mall Gazette." In Craven Street, a quiet street running parallel with it, there are many good lodging-houses and private-hotels patronized by Americans. Dr. Franklin lived here in 1771; a plaque on the front distinguishes the house. The Craven Hotel stands upon the site of an inn of very ancient date. The Golden Cross, on the opposite side of the Strand, was at the beginning of the present century an hotel of European reputation. The Charing Cross Railway Station—a copy of the ancient cross erected to Queen Eleanor in what was once the hamlet of Charing should be noticed in the courtyard—is the terminus of the South Eastern Company, the most convenient and on the whole the pleasantest route to the Continent. The church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, across the road, built in the reign of George I., was years ago one of the "fashionable" churches of London. Its Corinthian portico fronting on St. Martin's Lane is the usual object of praise. Within the church lie buried the remains of Nell Gwynne, the "little sprightly, fair-haired woman with laughing blue eyes, round but beautiful face, and turned-up nose," who was one of the "favourites" of Charles II. Here, too, are interred Roubiliac, the sculptor of many fine monuments in Westminster Abbey; Farquhar, author of the "Beaux Stratagem;" Hunter, the distinguished surgeon; and Robert Boyle, the philosopher. At No. 449, Charing Cross, opposite the railway station, has for some years been established the American Exchange and Reading Rooms, a place of resort for many Americans in London. Villiers Street, on the south side of the Strand, so named after the dukes of Buckingham, whose town mansion once stood here, leads to the Charing Cross station of the Underground Railway, the Charing Cross Steamboat Pier, and to one of the prettiest of the Thames Embankment gardens. Here one may see a last relic of one of the great mansions "which lorded it by the river side," in the Water Gate of old York House. "unquestionably the most perfect piece of building that does honour to Inigo Jones." Hungerford Market, so late as 1859, stood at the foot of the railway bridge. Gatti's Café, in Villiers Street, is to be recommended as a cheap and popular house of refreshment. George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Buckingham Street (where once lived S. Pepys), all commemorate the second Duke of Buckingham, George Villiers, who pulled down the famous York House, and built these in place of it.

The streets in the Adelphi—John, Robert, Adam, &c., are named after the builders. Garrick lived on the Adelphi Terrace in 1771. The rooms of the Society of Arts (open from ten till four, except on Wednesday and Saturday) are in John Street. Between Adam Street and George Street, on the other side of the Strand, is Bedford Street, the site of an old mansion of the earls and dukes of Bedford. Coutts's Bank is nearly opposite. The Adelphi Theatre, rebuilt in 1858, a few doors east of Bedford Street, was at one time the famous home of English melodrama. It still shows some preference for that department of dramatic art. The Vaudeville Theatre, whose speciality is chiefly comedy, is near at hand. On the same side of the Strand, after passing Southampton Street (leading to Covent Garden), is Haxell's Royal Exeter Hotel, one of the more moderate in its charges of the London hotels. Mr. Haxell has a good and indeed unique collection of theatrical portraits in the smoking-room. The famous Savage Club (now in the Savoy) once had rooms at this house, resorted to by literary men, actors, and artists. Exeter Hall (the headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association), a building with a narrow but tall and conspicuous frontage, with a Greek inscription on the fascia of the pediment, is next the hotel. The large Hall is chiefly used for public meetings; it was erected in 1831, and is capable of accommodating upwards of 4,000 persons seated. During May many religious and other societies hold their annual meetings here. There is a smaller hall beneath and various offices.

On the south side, on the ground of Cecil and Salisbury Streets, stood the mansion of Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, "the cunning son of a wise father." In Beaufort Buildings once lived Fielding, author of "Tom Jones;" and at the corner, near the site of Mr. Rimell's shop, flourished Mr. Lillie, the perfumer so often named in the "Tatler." Close at hand, is the Savoy, once famous as the locality of the palace of the Dukes of Lancaster. Here is the beautiful restored Chapel Royal of the Savoy. It is a small building, richly decorated, and is historically remarkable as the scene of the Savoy Conference for the revision of the Liturgy at the restoration of Charles II. The Savoy Theatre lies within the ancient "precincts." At the end of Wellington Street is Waterloo Bridge (opened in 1817), leading to the terminus of the South Western Railway. From the centre of the bridge a good view of Somerset House and the principal buildings on both sides of the river may be obtained. At night, when the Embankment is lighted-up, the scene is very impressive. On the north side of the Strand, with its chief entrance in Wellington Street, is the Lyceum Theatre, where Mr. Henry Irving and his excellent company have obtained their greatest successes. The Gaiety Theatre, originally a music-hall, built on the site of old Exeter Change, is close at hand. Somerset House, over the way, occupies part of the site of the former palace of the Protector of that name. Here, in the old building, Henrietta Maria, consort of Charles I., and Catherine of Braganza (Charles II.'s wife), held their courts. Cromwell's body lay in state here. The present handsome and spacious building dates only from 1776, and was planned by Sir William Chambers. It is now the seat of various Government offices—Exchequer and

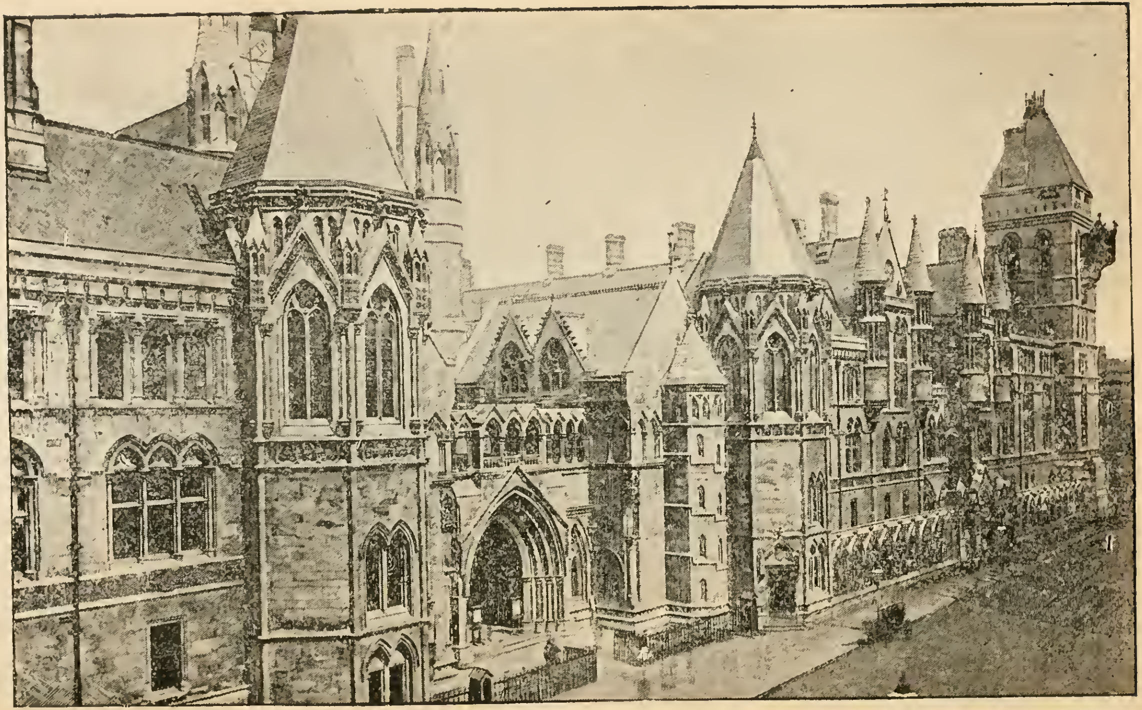
Audit, Inland Revenue, Registrar-General, and Wills and Probate. In this last office all wills are proved. The calendars may be searched for 1*s.*; the original of a will be seen for 1*s.*—the wills of Shakespeare, Newton, Dr. Johnson, and of nearly all the great Englishmen of past times, among the number. The rooms to the right of the Strand entrance were used for the exhibition of the pictures of the Royal Academy, in the days of West, Fuseli, Reynolds, Opie, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and many others. Notice the Statue of George III., at the north end of the quadrangle, and the fine bronze allegorical figure of The Thames, the work of John Bacon.

Next Somerset House are King's College and Schools, founded in 1828, one of the most prominent of the great educational institutions of London. Near here stood the Turk's Head Coffee-house, frequented by Dr. Johnson. The church of St. Mary-le-Strand, opposite the entrance of King's College, was built by Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. In front of the spot where the church stands a "tall May-pole overlooked the Strand," which in the days when May ushered in a great holiday in the streets of London was decorated with flags and garlands. The May-pole was removed in 1718. The Strand Theatre, once the most popular play-house for burlesque in London, lies not far from the church on the south side; nearly opposite to it is the Opera Comique.

Between the Strand and Drury Lane and Wych Street (in which is the Olympic Theatre) is Holywell Street, so called from the former existence of a spring or holy well. This street, which is a narrow thoroughfare, is principally inhabited by the sellers of cheap and second-hand books and clothes. There has been a talk for some years past of taking down the two churches which now stand in the Strand roadway, together with the block of old buildings which separate Holywell Street from the Strand. This would widen the Strand at a very congested spot—that opposite the "Graphic" office—and would create a fine space in front of the Palace of Justice. These alterations made, and the widening of Ludgate Hill completed, there would then exist one grand thoroughfare from Charing Cross to St. Paul's.

In Norfolk Street, at the south-west corner, lived Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, where also lived and died Dr. Brocklesby, the friend and physician of Dr. Johnson. In Surrey Street lived Congreve, the dramatist; and Mrs. Bracegirdle in Howard Street, adjoining. The church of St. Clement Danes (which Johnson attended), opposite the offices of the "Graphic" and "Illustrated London News," was built in 1682 by William Pearce, from a design of Sir Christopher Wren, on the site of a former edifice of the same name, which was said to have been called "Danes," because in it were buried Harold, a Danish king, and others of his nation. The poets Otway and Nat Lee lie buried here, and Dr. Brocklesby, above-named. The chimes still ring out from St. Clement's steeple, as Falstaff describes having heard them with Justice Shallow. Clement's Inn, north side of the church, still retains its name, but the older part of it has been sold, and is to be demolished, like everything else old about London.

Essex Street, on the site of which stood Essex House, and Devereux Court, upon the south side of the Strand, formerly known as the "Outer Temple," were named after Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Johnson established one of his minor clubs, called "Sam's," at the Essex Head Tavern. Essex Street Chapel is the oldest Unitarian Chapel in London. The Grecian Coffee-house, in Devereux Court, was one of the famous coffee-houses of London in the last century. In this court are the premises of one of the oldest firms in London—those of the Messrs. Twining, tea-dealers and bankers. The aspect of the East Strand has been entirely changed of late years by the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. These splendid buildings, built from designs of the late Sir G. E. Street, were opened to the public with great ceremony by the Queen in person in December, 1882. Including staircases, corridors, halls, and rooms, there are 800 apartments in the main edifice, and 300 in the eastern building. The contract price for erecting them was £700,000. The land upon which they are built cost the country £1,453,000. It was occupied of late years by some of the most wretched tenements in London. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that the Law Courts had previously been held in Westminster Hall from the days of the early English sovereigns to those of Queen Victoria. The migration of the judges from that ancient building was an event of the highest historic interest, for it broke a continuity of 800 years. For all that time justice had been dispensed within the precincts of the earliest palace of the English kings at Westminster.



THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ROUND ABOUT COVENT GARDEN.

BOW STREET, now best known for its police-court and for the theatrical costumiers who make this thoroughfare and the streets adjoining their headquarters, was once the Bond Street of London. Those were the days when the oldest and most honourable of the coffee-houses "sacred to polite letters" was "Will's," at the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street. The district was at that time particularly fashionable. Macaulay's description of Will's has been very often quoted; it is in its way as classic as the classic spot itself: "Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars, sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index-makers, in ragged coats of frieze"—these, among others, comprised its *habitués*. "The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to him, and to hear his opinion of Racine's last tragedy, or of Bossu's treatise on epic poetry was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuff-box was an honour sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast."

When about a hundred years later Doctor Johnson, then still an obscure man, came to collect materials for the "Life of Dryden," there were only two old people living who could remember the glory of "Will's"—Mr. Swinney, successively director of Drury Lane and Haymarket theatres (died 1754), and Colley Cibber, comedian and dramatic poet (died 1757). But before that time Steele and Addison had made the place once more famous, until Button's Coffee-house stepped into the place of

"Will's." This became Addison's resort, as "Will's" was that of Dryden. "Button's," sacred to the memory of England's greatest wits and essayists, was pulled down in 1865. "I myself remember to have seen it," writes Mr. Julius Rodenburg; [1] "often have I come into this neighbourhood, standing between the two houses in the comparatively quiet street, to think of the departed times and men. On the right was Covent Garden, whose two piazzas, once highly fashionable, the great and the little piazza, built after the designs of Inigo Jones, surrounded by red-brick houses with balconies, have long ago been changed into the famous market; on the left was Drury Lane Theatre, the old street and the theatre blackened by smoke and soot, if not by age. In a little side street, Maiden Lane, in the time of Queen Anne inhabited by the finest milliners, there lived, in the house of the 'White Peruke,' Voltaire (1728-30), when he was writing his 'Lettres de Londres sur les Anglais;' and before me, over the arches of the Adelphi, rose the terrace on which the 'New Exchange' bazaar showed its tempting treasures in gloves, ribbons, and fine essences to the fair world in hoop petticoat and peruke. Will's Coffee-house alone survives; but it is now inhabited by a respectable butcher."

At the house of "Mr. Thomas Davies the actor," then bookseller, No. 8, Russell Street, Boswell was introduced to Johnson. To "The Hummums," an old-fashioned hotel which occupied the south-west corner of the street, Londoners used to go to bathe, or "take the warm bath," as a luxury, much as they now do the Turkish bath. The "Hummums" of Johnson's day was the "Hammam" of our own, though it could hardly boast the same kind of luxurious accommodation. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the church facing the market, is the burial-place of several actors, and others of more or less fame—Butler, the author of "Hudibras," among those of greater. He lies in the churchyard, as do Arne, the celebrated musician, Macklin, the famous comedian, who died at the age of 107, and Sir Robert Strange, the "greatest of engravers." Sir Peter Lely, the painter of the meretricious beauties of the court of Charles II., also rests here, with one or two others of lesser note. Henrietta Street, now almost completely rebuilt, and which gives promise of becoming a resort of the publishers, is said to be named after Charles I.'s queen. In King Street was born young Arne, "a musician against his father's will, who practised in the garret on a muffled spinnet when the family had gone to bed." "Arne," says Leigh Hunt, "was the most flowing, Italian-like musician of any we have had in England; not capable of the grandeur and profound style of Purcell, but more sustained, continuous, and seductive. His 'Water Parted' is a stream of sweetness; his song 'When daisies pied' is truly Shakespearian, full of archness and originality." Writing of old English music reminds us that one of the most popular and best conducted (during the reign of genial "Paddy Green") of the supper-rooms of London, "Evans's," where one could hear a good old English glee well sung, while smoking a cigar, or, if hungry, partaking of a well-cooked mutton chop, stood opposite the church at the north-west corner of Covent Garden. Tavistock Street on its south side, parallel with Henrietta Street, was once the great emporium of millinery, but not a vestige of the older houses once so dear to the "bucks" remains. Garrick Street is completely new from end to end; on its south side is the "Garrick Club," the membership of which is generally supposed to be restricted to men of letters and actors. As a matter of fact, a number of persons who are but remotely connected with either profession belong to it. It is one of the most popular and comfortable of London clubs.

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[1] "England, from a German Point of View." Bentley and Son. 1875.

Long Acre, so-named when it was but a rural highway skirting the fields of St. Giles, is now the headquarters of the carriage builders. During the early days af Whig and Tory, when party spirit ran high, it was famous for beer-drinking clubs, called "mug-houses," where "gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen" used periodically to meet to sing patriotic songs and discuss the political situation. These mug-houses might be said to be the forerunners of the Cogers' Hall, "discussion forum," and artisan clubs, of our day, though hardly, perhaps, conducted with so much decorum. "They had a president, who sat in an arm-chair some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the company in order. A harp played all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rose and entertained the rest with a song. . . . There was nothing drunk but ale [a considerable improvement on our day] and every gentleman had his separate mug, which he chalked on the table where he sat, as it was brought in. . . . One was obliged to be there by seven to get room, and after ten the company were for the most part gone." At the western end of Long Acre runs St. Martin's Lane, once the favourite residence of the artists. Here may be said to have originated the Royal Academy. Says Leigh Hunt:[1] "Perhaps there was not a single artist contemporary with Sir Joshua Reynolds who was unconnected with St. Martin's Lane, either as a lodger, student, or visitor." Wilson and Gainsborough lived here; Hogarth and Sir Joshua in Leicester Square adjoining; the latter at No. 47, now Puttick and Simpson's auction rooms; Hogarth at the south-east corner, where Archbishop Tenison's schools now stand. Sir Isaac Newton lived in St. Martin's Street, on the south side of the square; his house was afterwards occupied by Dr. Burney and his clever daughter, Madame D'Arblay, who wrote her most popular novel here. "The Alhambra," originally the Panopticon of Science and Art (1852), whose beautiful fountain reaching to the many-coloured roof was the delight of our boyhood, subsequently a circus and later a theatre, burnt down in 1882, and rebuilt and reopened in 1883, has long been the recognized home of spectacular ballet. The Empire Theatre, over the way, has secured popularity, but is now closed. On its site once stood the town mansion of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester—whence the name

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[1] "The Town." Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

"Leicester Square"—the family of Sir Philip and Algernon Sydney. Afterwards it became the residence of some of the family of "the Georges." "Here George III. passed his boyhood," says Hare,[1] "and used to act plays (of which the handbills still exist) with his little brothers and sisters. It was in front of this house that he was first proclaimed king." The mansion was pillaged in the Lord George Gordon riots, when the people tore up the rails of the square and used them as weapons. It was afterwards a public exhibition as to its upper part, and a dining saloon as to its lower. In the centre of the pleasant public garden, for the which the weary pedestrian is indebted to the generosity of Mr. Albert Grant, stood, not many years ago "Wyld's Great Globe." It sheltered, among other things of greater and lesser note, a statue of George I., brought from what was the magnificent seat of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos at Canons. The last time we saw the statue it had been painted in striking colours by some jocose individual as a protest against the dilapidated condition of the statue and the square generally. Mr. Albert Grant's munificence remedied that state of things. Leicester Square has been long the popular resort of foreigners of the middle classes, as the restaurants, big and little, good and bad, in the smaller thoroughfares and courts leading therefrom sufficiently testify. The region of Soho at the back of Leicester Square is crowded with lodging-houses patronized by foreigners. At No. 43 in Gerard Street—its windows used to look out upon the garden of Leicester House—lived (for a time) and died John Dryden. In this street also resided Edmund Burke; and here, at the "Turk's Head," was founded, in 1764, one of the many clubs of Dr. Johnson, the "Literary Club"—on the whole, the most famous of them all. Originally it met on Monday evenings, afterwards changed to Friday. The Literary Club, which met at the "Turk's Head" till 1783, when the landlord died and the house was shut up, still survives in "The Club"[2] which now meets periodically

[1] "Walks in London." 1878.

[2] "Boswell's Johnson." Napier. 1884.

at Willis's Rooms. From the foundation to this time the number of members has been one hundred and eighty-four; among whom are found—omitting the mention of living members—many illustrious historical names, Johnson, Goldsmith, Adam Smith, Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, among men of letters; Burke, C. J. Fox, Sheridan, Windham, Canning, Mackintosh, Brougham, Russell, among statesmen; Gibbon, Hallam, Grote, Macaulay. among historians; Reynolds, Chantrey, Lawrence, among artists; Davy, Wollaston, Young, Whewell, among men of science; and Copleston, Wilberforce, Milman, Stanley, Tait, among churchmen. In Cranbourne Street, which runs into Long Acre, lived Oliver Cromwell, then "Captain Cromwell," from 1637 to 1643. The site of his residence, like many another once famous spot in London, is not exactly known, but it is stated his house stood on the south side.

CHAPTER XXV.

THROUGH FLEET STREET.

EVERY part of Fleet Street brings to mind some interesting memorial of the earlier history of London. That famous obstruction, "the Griffin," marks the place where once stood a yet more famous obstacle to the traffic citywards, Temple Bar. The citizens were trying to remove it for the best part of a century, and now it is gone there are not a few old-fashioned people who lament its loss. But the other day we were asked if it might be possible to view the stones which composed it. The modern history of this last of the City's gates presents some memorable scenes in the history of London. It stood the silent witness of many an exciting and auspicious event after the Great Fire, the period which marked the removal of its predecessor. These would include state pageants and Lord Mayor's processions innumerable; Mohock and 'prentice raids, Templar frolics, exhibitions of traitors' heads; the exciting Temple Bar battle for "Wilkes and Liberty;" the rioting of Lord George Gordon; the passage of kings, queens, princes, statesmen, heroes, philanthropists, ambassadors, judges, and thousands of less important personages, to partake of the City's hospitality; the funerals of Nelson and Wellington, and the public rejoicings associated with many national victories, beginning with those of Marlborough, and ending with those of the Crimean War. When the houses on old London Bridge were demolished, Temple Bar became the Traitors' Gate of London, on which the heads of persons executed for treason were exposed. One, Sir Thomas Armstrong, master of the horse to Charles II., a ringleader in the Rye House Plot, was the first whose head was stuck on one of the spikes which originally stood over the archway.

Child's Bank, the first house on the south side of the Temple Bar memorial—at one time the bank's muniment room was the principal chamber of the Bar itself—was founded something over two hundred years ago. The earliest notice relating to the bank is an advertisement dated 1661, respecting the loss of a gold watch: "Whoever brings it to the 'Marygold' (the ancient sign of the bank), a goldsmith's shop without Temple Barre, shall receive £5 with hearty thanks." The goldsmiths anciently kept "the running cashes" of the citizens. On the site of Child's Bank stood the Devil Tavern, the resort of Ben Jonson and the wits of his time; while opposite was Sheer, or Shire Lane (so-called because it divided "the city" from "the shire"), otherwise Rogue's Lane. A short distance beyond the bank is Middle Temple Lane, and a few doors farther on is the gateway of the Inner Temple, one of the so-called Inns of Court. Originally colleges for legal study, these Inns of Court are now little more than residences for lawyers, or indeed for any one who chooses to hire chambers in them. They are not incorporated, and cannot, consequently, make bye-laws; but, by prescription, their customs have obtained the force of laws. A law student, before being called to the Bar, has to be entered as a member of one of these inns, to attend lectures, to dine a certain number of times in the common hall, and to pass an examination at the end of his studentship. The Inner and Middle Temple, in the liberty or district so called, are the two senior Inns. These famous abodes of the lawyers occupy the ground between Fleet Street and the Thames, north to south; and east to west from Whitefriars to Essex Street, Strand. A few years ago the rental of this property was stated to be £32,866 per annum, but it is probably very much more now, since the rebuilding of a large part of the premises. The Temple is a refreshing and delightful resting place from the whirl and confusion of Fleet Street. If the "Benchers" permitted the citizens the quiet enjoyment of the pleasant gardens (under suitable rules and regulations, such as govern the admission to other open spaces in the metropolis), the concession would be a precious boon in the summer months to the toil-worn wayfarer. The Temple came into the possession of the law students in the fifteenth century. Originally it belonged to the Knights Templars, some memorials of whom are still to be found in the highly interesting Round (built 1185) of the Temple Church, which forms the oldest portion of the present fabric. Under the roof of this ancient edifice the solemn ceremonies attendant upon the admission of a novice to the holy vows of the Temple were in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries performed. It was the severe religious exercises, the vigils that were kept up at night in this old church, together with the reputed terrors of the penitential cell connected with it, that gave rise to those strange and horrible tales of impiety and crime, of magic and sorcery, which led to the unjust and terrible execution at the stake of the Grand Master and some hundreds of the Knights Templars themselves, and finally to the suppression and annihilation of their powerful Order. The final blow came in 1310, when an examination into their conduct took place in St. Dunstan's Church (the parish of St. Dunstan's still exists in Fleet Street), and the Pope dissolved the society; the last Prior of the great religious house dying in the Tower of London. Upon the pavement of the Round are the cross-legged effigies of buried Knights, so represented in token that they had assumed the "cross," and taken the vow to march to the defence of Christendom. The cloisters adjoining the church were built by Sir Christopher Wren, as was the Middle Temple Gateway.

Not far from the altar, in the modern part, is a white marble tomb over the remains of the learned Selden, who died in 1654. "He was," says Wood ("Athenæ"), "a great philologist, antiquary, herald, linguist, statesman, and what not;" and in the little vestry beneath the organ gallery is a marble tablet to Oliver Goldsmith, buried at the east end of the choir, April 9, 1774. His tomb, with the inscription "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith," is without the church on the left side. There are memorials in the church erected to Plowden, the jurist; to Howell, writer of the

"Familiar Letters;" to Edmund Gibbon, an ancestor of the historian; to Lord Chancellor Thurlow; and to other eminent English lawyers. There is also, on the south wall, a tablet to Ann Littleton, 1623, daughter-in-law to Sir Edward Littleton, with the following quaint epitaph:—

"Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be called for, let it rest:
For, while the jewel here is set,
The grave is but a cabinet."

Middle Temple Hall, half-way down Middle Temple Lane, was built in 1572, and there is a tradition that here Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was first played. The interior is well worth studying. The Inner Temple Hall is modern, as also is the Middle Temple Library. The list of illustrious personages, lawyers, and men of letters who at one time or other occupied chambers in the Temple would fill a book; among their number Bacon, Clarendon, Raleigh, Selden, Blackstone, Somers, Mansfield, Beaumont, Wycherley, Congreve, Rowe, Fielding, Burke, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Lamb. Goldsmith died on the second floor of 2, Brick Court, April 4, 1744. Johnson's chambers, when he lived in the Temple, were on the first floor of No. 1, Middle Temple Lane.

Between the Temple Gates in Fleet Street at one time lived Bernard Lintot, who was in no better esteem with authors than the other great bookseller of those times, Jacob Tonson. There is an anecdote of Dr. Young's addressing a letter, intended for some other person, to Lintot, which began thus: "That Lintot is so great a scoundrel," &c., &c. The Cock Tavern, on the opposite side of the street, nearly opposite Middle Temple Lane, was once a popular resort of the students of the law; it has been immortalized by Tennyson in the lines beginning, "O, plump head-waiter at the Cock, to which I most resort." The cock of gilt, proudly perched upon a bottle, which for years served as the sign over the doorway, has gone. Chancery Lane, anciently called Chancellor's Lane, the greatest legal thoroughfare in London, leads to the Public Record Office and Lincoln's Inn, in the erection of the garden wall of which worked Ben Jonson the poet as a bricklayer, "having a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket." To the west, till the reign of the Stuarts, fields extended to St. Giles's and Tyburn, and on the east was the garden of the Rolls. The Chapel of the Rolls lies within the gateway to the right a short distance up "the Lane." No. 120 Fleet Street is said to be the site of Isaac Walton's old shop from 1627-34. Cardinal Wolsey resided "over against the Rolls." Clifford's Inn, an ancient Inn of Court, lies in the rear of St. Dunstan's Church. The house No. 17, a hairdresser's shop (next Inner Temple Gate), one of the oldest in the street, is stated to have been "formerly a palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey," but without any authority for the statement. No. 19, close by, is the banking-house of Messrs. Gosling; the "Three Squirrels" over the entrance is the sign under which the firm traded in the year 1650. The house of Messrs. Hoare, the bankers, on the same side, a few doors east, occupies the site of several buildings (34 to 39), including the famous old Mitre Tavern, at which Johnson, Goldsmith, and their friends used to sup. Between Chancery Lane and the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West (Crown Buildings) is the well-known publishing house of Sampson Low, Marston and Co. St. Dunstan's Church stands on the site of an older edifice dedicated to the same patron saint, and dating from the thirteenth century. The present building was erected in 1831. The registers of this church are extremely curious, says Mr. T. C. Noble in his entertaining account of this district,[1] having been handed down in unbroken sequence from Elizabeth's reign. Fetter Lane, on the same side of the way, is said at one time to have had the honour of Dryden's presence. Johnson also lived here for a time. In Fleur-de-Lis Court the infamous "Mother Brownrigg" used to starve and torture her apprentices. She was executed at Tyburn, 1767. At No. 32 in the lane is the Moravian Chapel, originally one of the eight conventicles where divine worship was permitted. Here, 1672, Richard Baxter preached and was lecturer till 1682; and here Wesley and Whitfield preached before the founding of the "cradle of methodism" in Moorfields.

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[1] "Memorials of Temple Bar." T. C. Noble. 1863.

Going back into Fleet Street, a little to the left, is Crane Court, where resided Dr. Nicholas Barbone, promoter of the Phœnix Fire Office, son of the extraordinary personage Praise-God Barebone. His house was rebuilt by Wren, and ultimately (1710) came into possession of the Royal Society; and here the Society remained for seventy-two years. In Red Lion Court, a few doors farther east, was the press of Nichols and Sons, who for some years (1779-81 and 1792-1820) printed the old "Gentleman's Magazine." Dr. Johnson, who is so intimately connected with the history of Fleet Street, lived, successively, in Fetter Lane, Boswell Court, Gough Square, in Inner Temple Lane, Johnson's Court, and finally, and for the longest period, in Bolt Court (No. 8), where he died. Bolt Court is almost exactly opposite the "Daily News" office. In Gough Square (No. 17), lying in the rear of this and Johnson's Court (by the way, this particular locality is not named after the great lexicographer), he (1747-58) compiled the largest portion of his Dictionary. At No. 6, Wine Office Court, Oliver Goldsmith finished his charming "Vicar of Wakefield." The old "Cheshire Cheese" tavern in this court once enjoyed more than a mere local reputation. Like all the other old taverns of London, it has seen its best days. Passing down Bouverie Street, on the south side of Fleet Street, we enter upon the district of Whitefriars, so called from a Carmelite convent which originally stood here. Before the Reformation Whitefriars had been a sanctuary for criminals, and till the reign of William III. it still gave protection to debtors, and took the cant name of "Alsatia." Insolvents thronged the houses from cellar to garret, and knaves and libertines found shelter here with women as abandoned as themselves. Soon cheats, forgers, and highwaymen, and worse, found within the "precincts" a refuge; and once within them, no peace officer dare follow. At a cry of "Rescue!" all the available residents turned out in a body, and while the orders of the Lord Mayor were laughed at, those of the Lord Chief Justice could only be executed with the help of a company of His Majesty's Guards. The "privileges" of "Alsatia" were abolished by special Act in 1697, and, it will be allowed, not before it was time. A little lower down, on the right side of Fleet Street (from the Strand), is St. Bride's Church, in the vicinity of which lived Milton "at the time that he undertook the education of his sister's children," and at the west end of which lies buried Richard Lovelace, author of the beautiful ballad that contains the well-known lines—

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage,
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for a hermitage."

In Salisbury Square, close at hand, then, with its approaches, called Salisbury Court, lived Samuel Richardson, printer, publisher, and novelist. Probably a good part of his works were composed there, as well as at Fulham, where he subsequently resided, for his pen was never out of his hand. He was a friend of Dr. Johnson and other well-known literary personages of his time.

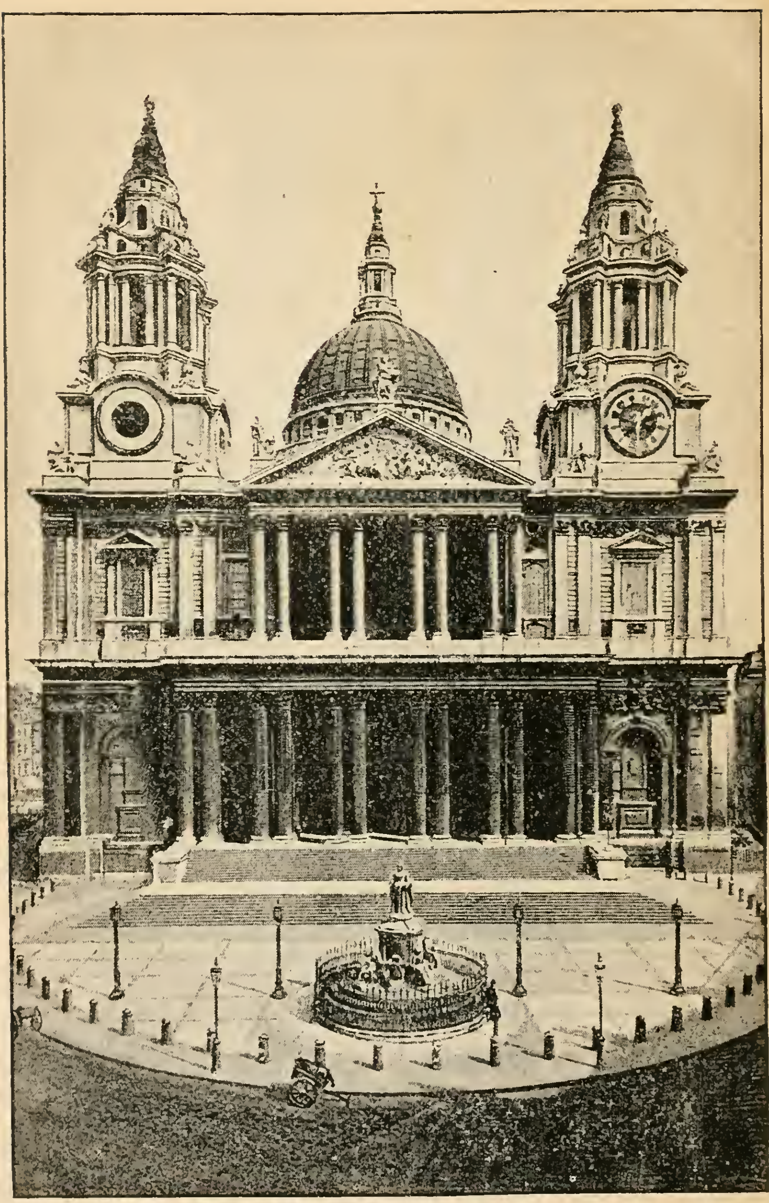
Shoe Lane, on the opposite side of the main thoroughfare, now one of the labyrinths of the newpaper world, leading to Holborn and Farringdon Market, was in Pepys' time noted for its cock-pit. Earlier still, the town mansion of the Bishops of Bangor gave respectability to the locality. A portion of the garden, with its lime-trees and rookeries, existed till 1759. It is hardly necessary to tell the reader that the Fleet Street of to-day is best known as the place of publication of the most important English newspapers—the "Daily News," "Daily Telegraph," the "Standard" (in Shoe Lane), the "Daily Chronicle," &c., &c., boasting of being "the largest daily," "the oldest Liberal," "the cheapest local," and, what is more, of having the largest circulations in the world. The offices of these newspapers, whose enterprise, liberality, and independence have secured them world-wide reputation, are to be found on either side of this interesting and still famous thoroughfare.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LUDGATE CIRCUS TO ST. PAUL'S.

STANDING at that corner of Ludgate Circus which is occupied by the offices of the founders and organisers of tourists' excursions, Messrs. Cook and Son, we have Ludgate Hill facing us, New Bridge Street, leading to Blackfriars Bridge, on our right, and Farringdon Street, leading to Holborn Viaduct, on our left. Opposite, a little to the right, is the Ludgate Hill Station of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. If the visitor be in the mood, he may here take the train for the Crystal Palace, or any of the pleasant places in its vicinity, or even farther afield —to Bromley, Sevenoaks, Rochester, &c. Blackfriars, marking the site of an ancient monastery of the Dominicans, of which, it is needless to say, not a vestige remains, or, indeed, of any other old part of this old highway, was in Elizabeth's reign the Court end of the City. In Play House Yard, at the back of the railway station, stood the famous theatre in Blackfriars where Shakespeare's, Ben Jonson's, and Beaumont and Fletcher's plays were (in many instances) first performed. Here and in Printing House Square are the offices of the "Times" newspaper. The curious in such matters may, we believe, see the work of printing the early edition by making application, by letter, to the publisher. But the "Times," wealthy as it is, cannot boast the circulation, nor, indeed, the political prominence, of its cheaper contemporaries, though it is still the fashion to yield it place at the head of the London press. The printing of the "Daily News," "Daily Telegraph," or "Standard" would be equally interesting, from the point of numbers printed, to any one who cared to stay up till four o'clock in the morning to witness the process.

In Bridge Street, opposite the railway station, stood the ancient palace of Bridewell, occupied, from time to time, by several of the earlier English sovereigns—Plantagenet, Lancaster, York, and Tudor; and afterwards constituted one of the so-called royal hospitals of London by Edward VI. Of these, "Christ's" and "Bartholomew's" are the oldest present representatives. Belle Sauvage Yard, on the left side of Ludgate Hill, passing under the railway bridge, now occupied by the extensive printing and publishing company of Cassell, was the courtyard of the old Belle Sauvage Inn. Leigh Hunt says it was one of the inns at which the famous Tarlton used to act, in the days when comedy and tragedy were performed in the yards of carriers' inns. In the galleries which formerly were built round the inn-yard the wealthier spectators used to sit, the servants and others on rude forms or benches, placed on the ground fronting the temporary stage. Sir Thomas Wyatt's insurrection against Queen Mary was stopped at this spot, where once stood the old Lud-gate. A short distance farther up the hill, to the left, is the thoroughfare called the Old Bailey, where is Newgate prison, and adjoining it the chief criminal court of the metropolis. Newgate is a gloomy-looking, ancient building. It is the *beau ideal* of prison architecture, with hardly a window from end to end, and here and there an empty niche or some dilapidated carvings; all besides is gloomy, massive, and cold. Newgate has gone down in the world, and but for its convenience as a prison next the criminal court would probably have long since been demolished. As it is, its days are supposed to be numbered; its governor and "ordinary" (or chaplain) having long since been pensioned. The names of Sidney Smith, a late governor, and the Rev. Lloyd Jones, long-time "ordinary," are the pleasantest memories connected with the later history of old Newgate. In its early days it was devoted to the reception of persons of rank; it has since submitted to the principle of legal equality, and rich and poor, high and low, have passed through its stunted outer door to freedom or to penal servitude, perhaps to a



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

still more dreadful doom. The public executions which disgraced London thirty years ago took place in front of the heavy-looking door left of the "quarters" of the governor. Returning to Ludgate Hill: a small court, Stationers' Hall Court, leads to Paternoster Row, the great centre of the bookselling and publishing trade of London. There was a time when Paternoster Row harboured the grocery trade of the City, while the upper stories of the houses were taken by *marchandes des modes*, and visited by all the beauty and elegance of the old City. Gaiety gave way to religion, and the *marchandes des modes* took flight to more modern streets westward, their place being taken by the rosary girls of Henry VIII.'s time. Luther's translation of the Bible was publicly burnt in this neighbourhood, and, soon after, warrants were issued against those who burned it. So varied have been the applications of this inconvenient dingy "row," in an ancient alley of which the wayfarer may read an inscription stating that this is the highest point of old London. Amen Corner and Creed, Sermon, and Ave Maria lanes still testify to the sacred associations of the locality whose central point of interest is that great and famous landmark of metropolitan London, the cathedral of St. Paul.

The history of a church, albeit the grandest and best known in all England, that dates back less than two centuries, must needs be meagre in detail. Apart from its architectural glories, the historical interest of the present cathedral chiefly centres in the records of its predecessors. It is said that a temple to Diana of the Ephesians once occupied the same spot in the old days when the Romans had brought their pagan worship to Britain. In this spot the pagan temple was succeeded by the first St. Paul's, which was destroyed by fire in the reign of Stephen. Then arose one of the most famous of the world's churches, Old St. Paul's, a splendid Gothic cathedral with a towering spire, worthy of the greatest city in the world. But it enjoyed no great reputation as a place of worship in the best sense of the term. Every reader of the old dramatists will call to mind Paul's Walk, and to what strange uses it was applied. An Act of the Common Council of Mary's reign was deemed necessary to prevent the citizens carrying casks of beer, or baskets of bread, fish, flesh, vegetables, and fruit through the cathedral. Elizabeth, in her turn, forbade duelling, sword-drawing, or shooting there, and made agreements to pay money there illegal. For the church was thronged, in those days, by business men, who turned it into an exchange, and by lawyers who met their clients there, each selecting a particular pillar, which he used as a place of consultation. Advertisements of all sorts covered the walls; the least desirable kind of servants came there to be hired; and even cheats, thieves, and assassins made it their meeting-place. Bishop Earle describes the noise of this motley crowd "as that of bees—a strange hum, mixed of walking tongues and feet—a kind of still roar, or loud whisper." Another bishop, Bishop Corbet, speaks of

"The walk
Where all our British sinners swear and talk,
Old hardy ruffians, bankrupts, soothsayers,
And youths whose cozenage is as old as theirs."

Lotteries were drawn at the west door; and altogether the great cathedral of London seems to have been a place which honest men and women would have been at some pains to avoid. One of the strangest facts in its story is that this ex-temple of Diana, with all its shame and all its glory, was very nearly purchased of Cromwell for a synagogue by the London Jews. Old St. Paul's was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.

The first stone of the present St. Paul's was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the building. He notices in his "Parentalia" a little circumstance connected with the preparations, which was construed by those present to be a favourable omen, and which evidently interested and pleased his own mind. When the centre of the dimensions of the great dome was fixed upon, a man was ordered to bring a flat stone from the rubbish to be laid as a mark for the masons. The piece he happened to pick up for his purpose was the fragment of a gravestone, with nothing of the inscription left but the word "Resurgam," "I shall rise again." And true enough St. Paul's did rise again, with a splendour which posterity has ever admired. It is undoubtedly the second church in Christendom of that style of architecture, St. Peter's at Rome being the first. Inferior in point of dimensions, and gloomy in contrast to St. Peter's comparatively untarnished freshness—destitute, too, of its marble linings, gilded arches, and splendid mosaics—it is, on the whole, as Eustace, a critic prejudiced on the side of Rome, acknowledged, a most extensive and stately edifice: "It fixes the eye of the spectator as he passes, and challenges his admiration, and even next to the Vatican, though by a long interval, it claims superiority over all the transalpine churches, and furnishes a just subject of national pride and exultation."[1] It was not till 1710 that the building was complete, when the architect's son laid the topmost stone on the lantern of the cupola. The total cost was £747,954. The opening sermon was preached December 2nd, 1697, on the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the House of the Lord." Sir Christopher Wren's tomb was the first to be erected in the church in the crypt. The famous epitaph in Latin originally chiselled upon it is repeated in gold lettering over the north door: "Subtus conditur hujus ecclesiæ et urbis conditor Ch. Wren qui vixit annos ultra nonaginta, non sibi sed bono publico. Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice." Which may be translated: "Beneath is buried Ch. Wren, architect of this Church and City, who lived for more than ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if thou seekest his monument, look around."

For a long time the only tomb in the church was that of Wren. The next to be admitted to the honour of sepulture there was Howard, the philanthropist. His biographers say he was a cantankerous sort of fellow at home, in spite of his great philanthropy; and his face looks cross enough in his marble portrait statue. The third tomb in St. Paul's was that of the great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds; and then came the scholar, Sir William Jones. Since that day, St. Paul's has become the mausoleum of great soldiers and sailors, as Westminster Abbey is the grander tomb of poets and statesmen. Nelson's tomb is here, with a monument by Flaxman; and the massive tomb of the Duke of Wellington, surmounted by huge allegorical groups in bronze, and with the names of his victories surrounding the base. There are memorials also to Lord Cornwallis, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, Collingwood, Sir John Moore, Lord Rodney, Earl St. Vincent, Sir Thomas Picton, &c.

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[1] "London in Ancient and Modern Times." The Religious Tract Society. London.

For some unknown reason, painters have shared this mausoleum of the soldiers and sailors, instead of finding what would have seemed a more fitting home with the poets and musicians in Westminster. Besides Sir Joshua, are West, Lawrence, Barry, Opie, Fuseli, and others; but, above all, Turner. As a whole," writes an American lady of some literary distinction,[1] "the monuments in St. Paul's are remarkable chiefly for their subjects, though some few have merit of their own." The inner dome, painted by Sir James Thornhill, portrays events in the history of St. Paul. The Whispering Gallery is reached from an angle under the dome by 260 steps. The Stone Gallery is outside the base of the dome. The Outer Golden Gallery is at the summit of the dome, and the Inner Golden Gallery at the base of the lantern, whence the ascent is made by ladders to the Ball and Cross. From the Outer Golden Gallery may be obtained at early morning of a clear day the most perfect view of London possible. "In high winds the creaking and whistling resemble those of a ship labouring in a storm." Visitors are admitted to the cathedral without fee, daily, except during Divine Service, which is performed on Sundays at 8 and 10.30 a.m., 3.15 and 7 p.m.; on weekdays at 8, 10, and 4. The arrangements for admission to the parts not open to the public generally are as follows, namely: choir, which contains much exquisite carving by Grinling Gibbons, free, but closed except during Divine Service; whispering and other galleries, 6*d.*; clock, bell, library, and staircase, 6*d.*; ball, 1*s.* 6*d.* Compared with the Abbey, St. Paul's has but slight wealth of association, though its solemn and ponderous bell (the fourth largest in England) suggests many melancholy memories, since it never gives forth a sound save when it is tolled on the occasion of the death of some member of the royal family, the Bishop or Lord Mayor of London, or the Dean of the cathedral. The building with the portico on the east side of the cathedral is the famous St. Paul's School, founded by Dean Colet in 1639. This school, with all its traditions, has now passed to the less interesting but more airy district of Kensington.

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[1] Louise Chandler Moulton.

Chapter XXVII.

CHEAPSIDE TO THE BANK.

We are now well within "the City's" boundaries and the jurisdiction of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor. His territory barely exceeds one square mile, and the numbers of his resident subjects are hardly more than 50,000; yet within a stone's throw of his official residence is concentrated most of the material wealth of London. At the farther end of Cheapside, in the heart of the City, less than half a mile from the Thames and London Bridge, various streets meeting form an irregular open place. This irregular open place is one of the most remarkable spots in London. For no other place, except that of Westminster, can vie with this in the importance of its buildings and the crowding of its streets, though many may surpass it in extent, beauty, and architectural regularity. It has been designated "the Capitoline Forum of British Rome: it holds its temples, the Mansion House, the Exchange, and the Bank of England. In the centre the equestrian statue of the saviour of the Capitol, the Duke of Wellington."[1] "All round are islands of pavements, as in other parts of the town, for the foot passengers to retire to from the maelstrom of vehicles." It is well that there are these "islands," for the traffic of omnibuses, cabs, carriages, and carts at this point is greater and more confusing than in any other part of London.

The City of London is under the government of the Lord Mayor, two sheriffs, 25 aldermen, 206 common-councilmen, a recorder, and other officers, and is divided for municipal purposes into 26 wards, each of which is under the government of an

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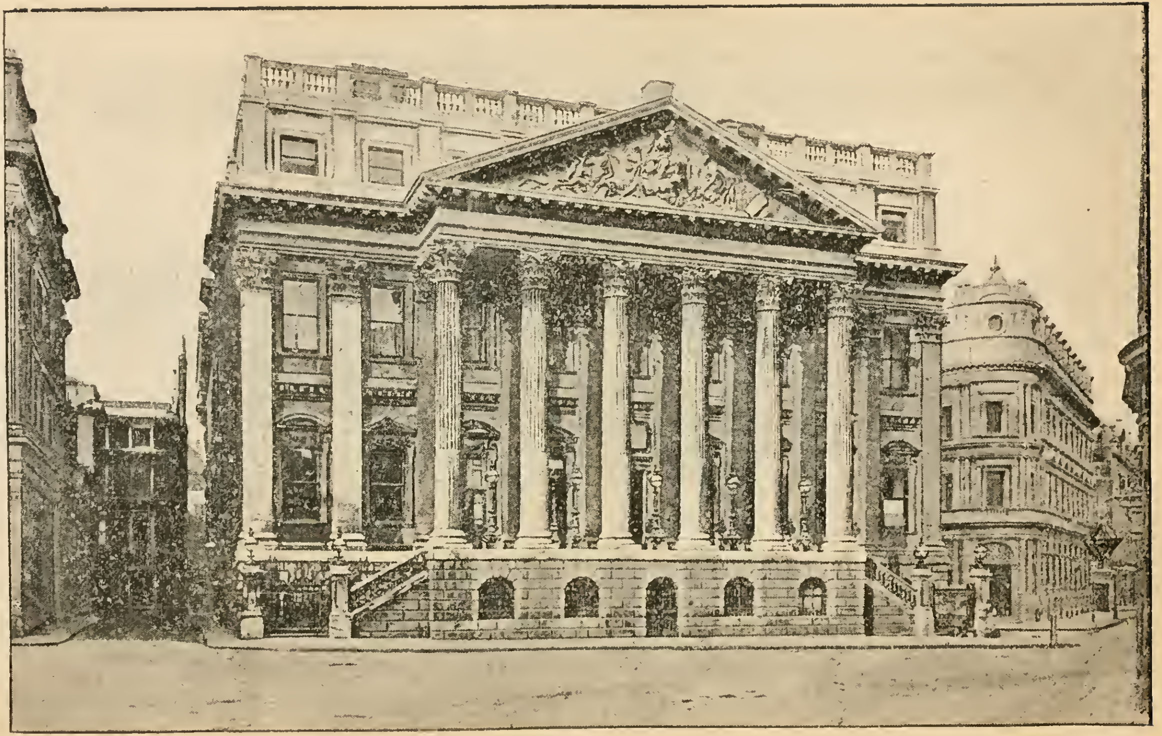
[1] "Saunterings in and About London." London: 1853.



The Mansion House.

alderman. How long this arrangement shall continue is at present a matter of grave deliberation by the Government. The Saxon denomination for the governor of London was *portgraf*, or *portreeve*, which, about a century after the Conquest, was changed to mayor. This officer was appointed by the Crown till 1215, when the citizens obtained the right of electing their own mayor. The mode of election now followed was fixed in 1476 by an act of Common Council. The Lord Mayor is annually chosen from the body of aldermen, at a court held at Guildhall on Michaelmas Day, and is sworn in to the duties of his office on the 9th of November following. A grand pageant takes place on the occasion, followed by a dinner and ball at Guildhall. In most instances (though not always) the alderman next in seniority to the Lord Mayor has been elected his successor. He is always free of one of the City companies, and must have served the office of sheriff. The Lord Mayor is second only to the Sovereign within the City, and at the Sovereign's death he takes his seat at the Privy Council, and signs before every other subject. His powers are similar to those of a lord-lieutenant of a county, and his authority extends over the whole City and a very limited portion of the suburbs.

At the Mansion House lives the Lord Mayor. Here he holds his court, and during his year of office receives the homage of statesmen, lords spiritual and temporal, leaders of the Commons, Her Majesty's judges, and others learned in the law, the representatives of art, science, literature, and commerce, naval and military commanders, and his principal colleagues of the municipality. During the time he holds, if not "the seals," the gold chain and other insignia of the dignified and exalted chief magistracy, the greater part of it is taken up in dispensing the hospitality of the City. To enable him to do this with becoming splendour, he receives an official salary not much less than that which was formerly paid to the President of the United States, and has reserved to his use plate and other historic valuables which, according to a moderate computation, is worth not less than

£20,000. The Lord Mayor is expected to spend all his official salary in maintaining the immemorial splendour of his office, as well in respect of the banquets and entertainments he provides for the guests of the municipality, as of the carriages, horses, and retinue of servants he keeps. It is highly meritorious in him if he spends a great deal more. Loud are the cheers and congratulations that await him on his taking leave of the citizens in the Guildhall on the 8th of November if he shall have succeeded in so doing.

It is only right to say that the Lord Mayors of London have been always ready to do something more for the citizens than give magnificent feasts and show themselves in gilded carriages. The civic power of which they are the elected representatives and spokesmen has been used to good purpose for the people on many an eventful occasion. It offered a firm bulwark against the encroachments of the kings of England of former days, supported as they too often were by venal judges and parliaments. In evil days the City government became a champion of liberty against the State government at Whitehall. The monument to Lord Mayor Beckford in the Guildhall sufficiently testifies that the City magistrates have not been without boldness, and even eloquence, in addressing the sovereign of England (though by the way there is some doubt as to whether Beckford did deliver the extempore speech imputed to him) when the occasion seemed to call for it. Having now, so to say, presented our humble duty to the Lord Mayor on entering his territory, let us retrace our steps, for the moment, to the westward end of Cheapside.

To the left, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, are the General Post and Central Telegraph Offices. The older building was designed and built 1825-9, by Sir R. Smirke; the modern building, by J. Williams, dates from 1873. The present penny postal system (adopted at the suggestion of Rowland Hill) was introduced in 1840.

In 1839 (the year before the introduction of the new postage) there were eighty-two millions of letters posted, of which about one in every thirteen was franked. In 1840, the circulation rose to 169,000,000, although franking was abolished. In 1884 it had reached the astonishing total of 1,280,000,000. Statistics show that in Scotland each member of the community there writes on the average thirty-one letters in the year, while in England and Wales the number is forty-one; in Ireland only seventeen. But increased letter correspondence is only one item in the growth of the Post Office. The circulation of post-cards now exceeds 144,000,000. In addition, 288,000,000 of book packets and circulars, and 140,000,000 of newspapers passed through the post in one year, making a total of more than 1,852,000,000 of packets of one kind and another. The increase in the circulation during a single year is now nearly equal to the total number of letters carried by the department in 1839. The conveyance of correspondence is no longer the sole duty which the Post Office undertakes. It provides a speedy and safe way of remitting money, by means of post-office orders and postal notes. No less a sum than £31,000,000 was thus transmitted in 1884. This total is the more remarkable from being made up of small sums. About £3,500,000 was sent by means of no less than 8,000,000 of postal orders, and as many as 948,000 of these papers represented one shilling only. The Post Office also carries on an enormous banking business. One person in every ten in England and Wales is its customer, and it holds deposits to the extent of £39,000,000. Investments in Consols have been placed within the reach of the poor through the medium of the Savings Bank, while children have been encouraged to make a beginning of saving by means of the penny-stamp slips. The carriage of parcels, the most important reform since the introduction of the penny post, has been initiated, and sixpenny telegrams are promised at no distant date. At the present day there are nearly 6,000 post-offices and railway stations opened for the receipt and despatch of telegraph messages, and more than 30,000,000 of such messages are forwarded in the course of the year. These continual adaptations of the postal system to the needs of the public have quickened the interest felt in the General Post Office, and that far-reaching organization controlled by it which plays so active a part in our daily life. The general regulations of the Post Office will be found elsewhere (at the end).

We are still at the point where Newgate Street opens into Cheapside, and before making our way eastward may find it convenient to take a peep at Christ's Hospital, which lies at the back of the modern Post Office buildings. The main entrance is in Christchurch Passage, Newgate Street; and there is a private entrance in Little Britain. This school, which will probably soon be a reminiscence of the past so far as Newgate Street is concerned, was founded by King Edward VI., June 26, 1553, on the site of the famous Gray Friars Monastery as part of a general scheme of charity for London, which had for its purpose the providing for the wants of the sick poor, the thriftless poor, the aged poor, the afflicted poor, and the vicious poor. In course of time the qualifications for admission of children to Christ's Hospital have been more and more relaxed, until the one *sine quâ non* of Edward's time, that they should be poor fatherless children, no longer exists. The government of the charity, which is the second richest in Great Britain, is vested in a President, Treasurer, and Board of Governors, comprising every class of persons, from the Queen and Royal Family downwards. To admit of a person becoming a Life Governor, he must have subscribed £400 to the school fund, which donation entitles him, always, to have one boy in the institution on his presentation, and to a vote at general meetings of the governors. The uniform of the boys is the same as that worn by children of humble rank in the days of the Tudors, a blue cloth gown with silvered buttons, black velveteen knee breeches, yellow stockings, shoes, a red leather belt, and clerical bands of white linen. Christ's Hospital not only clothes, feeds, boards, and educates her children gratuitously, but in some cases provides for them at starting in life. In connection with the institution are charities for assisting "Old Boys" in distress, and a society formed of ex-scholars themselves, called the "Benevolent Society of Blues."

School work all through the year begins in the morning at 9, and ends at 12; in the afternoon at 2, and ends at 5. The meals are taken in the "Great Hall"—next to Westminster the finest in London; and everything in the way of diet is clean, ample, and wholesome. Before each of the meals, which consist of breakfast, dinner, and supper, grace is said by one of the "Grecians," or senior scholars, from a pulpit in the centre of the hall—which, among other things, contains a good collection of paintings, and one of the finest organs in London. The boys dine at 1, and strangers are permitted to be present.

Adjoining Christ's Hospital is another of the "royal hospitals" which were founded by Edward VI., that of St. Bartholomew. It may be most conveniently reached by leaving Christ's Hospital by the lodge-gate in Little Britain, and keeping the same side of the street (the west) for about fifty yards.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital was first founded in the twelfth century, and refounded by Henry VIII. in 1546. The building, a spacious quadrangular structure, is principally modern, having been finished in 1770. It makes up 676 beds, of which about 400 are for surgical cases. About 160,000 patients are relieved by this hospital, viz.—6,000 in-patients, 100,000 out-patients, Necessity is the only recommendation to this institution; and patients are received without limitation. The medical staff is equal to any in the metropolis. Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was for thirty-four years physician to St. Bartholomew's. Abernethy was one of its famous lecturers; and Richard Owen "the greatest anatomist," according to Cuvier, "of his age." The staircase was gratuitously painted by Hogarth.

Retracing our steps once more to the great central thoroughfare of Cheapside, one of the oldest and most famous of London streets, intimately associated with its civic glories for centuries past: on its north side is Foster Lane, where stands the hall of the Goldsmiths' Company. Then follow in order, Wood, Milk, and King streets, all centres of great commercial activity, connected with the silk, woollen and "Manchester" trades. At the foot of King Street stands the Guildhall, where the Corporation meetings, festivals, and common halls are held. Having been much damaged in the Great Fire of 1666, it was replaced by an edifice constructed of the materials of the old building of which the crypt and walls alone remained. The present front was added in 1865-8, when the fine Gothic roof was built. The great hall, 153 feet in length by 48 in breadth, and 53 in height, built and paved of stone, is capable of accommodating 6000 persons: at least that number were present at the grand entertainment given by the Corporation to the allied Sovereigns in 1814. At each end of the hall is a magnificent painted glass window in the pointed style. In the hall are statues erected by the Corporation in honour of Lord Chatham and his son the Right Honourable William Pitt, Nelson, and Alderman Beckford. On the pedestal of the latter is inscribed the reply, already referred to, made, or rather said to have been made, in 1770, by Beckford, who was then Lord Mayor, and one of the members for the City, to the answer of George III. to an address and remonstrance of the Common Council. At the west end of the hall are the two wooden giants called Gog and Magog, the subject of so many nursery tales. In the council-chamber, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council hold their courts, is a statue of George III. by Chantry. The adjoining library and City Art Gallery contain besides a large and valuable collection of works of reference, &c., specimens of Roman antiquities found in London, and MSS., coins, medals, and pictures, interesting memorials connected with the City and its Corporation. The nucleus of the collection began with the interesting discoveries made in excavating for the foundations of the Royal Exchange. Thirty feet below the surface a deep pit was reached, and was found to be full of the remains of Roman London, comprising a number of coins of the Roman Empire, bushels of the red Samian pottery, sandals, tablets, bronze styles, and other curious articles.

In Cheapside, on the south side of the way, is the famous church of St. Mary-le-Bow, otherwise St. Mary de Arcubus, so-called from being built on arches, wherefrom was named the ecclesiastical Court of Arches, formerly held here. Bow Church is known to every student of English legendary lore for those bells which are supposed to have enticed Dick Whittington back to the City. That hero's poetic fancy led him to believe (so, at least, runs the story) that they sweetly chimed out the invitation, "Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London." So he made his way back from Highgate, and afterward rode in state as chief magistrate of the City through Cheapside no less than four times to the sound of these same bells. The Bishops-elect of the province of Canterbury take the oaths of supremacy at this church, &c., before their consecration.

In Bread Street, close at hand, England's greatest epic poet, John Milton, was born (December 9, 1608), being baptized in the church of Allhallows, which till the year 1877, when it was demolished, stood in this old thoroughfare. Here also anciently stood the "Mermaid," the tavern which Shakespeare most frequented, and where he held the longest and most famous sittings with his friends. Milton's house had the sign of the "Spread Eagle," after the arms of his family, which the poet also bore, and which surviving in a little alley named Spread Eagle Court, long indicated the spot where, before the fire of 1666, stood the house in which John Milton was born. The "Mermaid" was also destroyed in the same fire. Milk Street, nearly opposite, was the birth-place of Sir Thomas More. The greater part of the streets hereabouts, with the lanes adjoining, are occupied by the offices or warehouses of wholesale dealers in carpets, cloth, silk, hosiery, lace, &c., and are resorted to by London and country shopkeepers for supplies. Occasionally one may see some very beautiful "newest fashions" in these "lines" displayed in the somewhat dingy shop-widows hereabouts. The wayfarer, if he be in the mood, may perchance find an old church, churchyard, or court worth peeping into in these by-places off the main thoroughfares. At the east end of Cheapside is the Poultry, so designated, in centuries past, when the stalls of the dealers in poultry stood here. Their principal market now lies at the back of Leadenhall Street. The father of Tom Hood lived at No. 31, in the Poultry, and here (1798) the author of "the Song of the Shirt" himself was born. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the Old Jewry, which lies on the north side, was so named from the Hebrew merchants who once congregated here. The head office of the City Police is at 26, Old Jewry. Facing Cheapside is the building in which daily in "in all great States the fate of Europe is bought and sold." The Royal Exchange, originally erected by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1566, was burnt down in the Great Fire. It was rebuilt within three years, and extensively repaired between 1820 and 1826. Having been again destroyed by fire on the 10th of January, 1838, it was again rebuilt, from a design by Mr. Tite, and is now one of the colossal fabrics of the City. The building was opened in 1844. It is quadrangular, and has a colonnade and pediment fronting Cornhill. The court inside is surrounded by piazzas. The merchants and others frequenting the building long complained of not being sufficiently protected from the weather, a defect which is now remedied. In the quadrangle is a statue of her Majesty, by Lough, and it is further ornamented with statues of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Thomas Gresham, and Sir Hugh Myddelton. Lloyd's, and the Royal Exchange Assurance, have their offices in the building. The busiest time "on Change" is from 3.30 to 4.30 in the afternoon, during which hour may be seen there the representatives of the great banking and shipping firms of London. On the north side of the Royal Exchange stands the Bank of England, which occupies some three acres of ground. From its first incorporation in 1694 to 1734 it transacted its affairs at Grocers' Hall in the Poultry. The first stone of the present building was laid in 1732; forty years after the east and west wings were added; and in 1781 the church of St. Christopher was taken down to make room for further additions. Until 1825 this edifice exhibited a great variety of incongruous styles; but endeavours were subsequently made, and with some success, to secure uniformity. In shape the building is an irregular paralellogram, the longest side measuring 440 feet. Many of the rooms in the interior, such as the Bank parlour, pay-room, and dividend office are spacious and well-proportioned; the largest and loftiest of all is the rotunda, a circular hall 57 feet in diameter, and crowned by a handsome cupola and lantern. The chief transactions with the Funds take place in this apartment. The management of the Bank of England is vested in a board of twenty-four directors, a governor, and a deputy-governor. Nominally, the election of the directors is in the hands of the stockholders; virtually, they are self-elected. In theory, a certain portion retire annually; but if the board recommends it, they are re-elected. The elder members of the board, those who have passed the chair, constitute an important body, called the Committee of Treasury, which settles many vital questions affecting the money market. It may be mentioned that the qualification for governor is £4,000 worth of stock; deputy-governor, £3,000; and director, £2,000. The directors meet weekly, on Thursdays, at eleven. The Bank is the agent of the Government, on behalf of which it receives the taxes, pays the interest of the National Debt—about twenty-five millions in dividends to 284,000 holders of stock, and, in return for work done, the Bank receives a commission equivalent to about £120,000, with more than the same sum, usually, profit derived from the discounting of mercantile bills, with the floating balance of about four millions sterling of public money deposited it its cellars. It has notes in circulation to the value of eighteen millions, every note being cancelled on its being paid in. The Bullion Office is inaccessible to visitors except in company of a director; the other parts of the building, as the weighing office, the bank-note machinery room, are open to the public by a governor's order. The official hours are from ten to four. A subaltern's guard of one of the regiments doing duty in London takes possession of the Bank at night. Upwards of a thousand persons are employed by the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," the salaries and wages of whom amount to nearly £260,000 a year, in addition to pensions to superannuated officials amounting annually to £35,000. Close to the east side of the Bank of England, in Capel Court, is the Stock Exchange, whose origin may be traced to Jonathan's Coffee-house, which in the last century had its location in Change Alley. The Stock Exchange has about 2,000 members, who pay an entrance fee of £100 and an annual subscription of £21, unless the candidate for admission shall have previously stood as clerk to a member, in which case he pays an entrance fee of £60 and an annual subscription of twelve guineas. The members of the Stock Exchange will soon be in possession of vastly increased accommodation, by the opening of the new eastern extension to that building. This comprises a three-storey building on the north side of Throgmorton Street, externally of stone with polished granite dressings. The ground floor of this building will be the new reading-room for members. Upon the first floor, which will be approached by the principal staircase, will be the large committee-room, secretary's office, manager's office, and other offices; the second and third floors being devoted to the settlement department, these upper floors being approached by two other staircases. But the principal feature of the ground plan is a large octagonal hall of 68 feet span, covered with a circular glass and iron dome of 78 feet diameter, and of the total height from floor to top of cupola of 110 feet. This hall adjoins the old Exchange; at present they are distinct and apart, but it is intended by-and-by to pull down the east wall of the old "House," thereby making of it one vast hall some 16,000 superficial feet in extent. The ground floor plan also includes two transepts (22 feet wide), and two side aisles (15 feet wide), two semicircular apses, vestibule, members' washing rooms, post-office, and other offices, the whole of which is approached by the principal entrance in Throgmorton Street and two other entrances in Old Broad Street.

The Tower of London.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THROUGH THE CITY TO THE TOWER.

WE say "through the City," although we are already more more than half-way "through" its great centre thoroughfares in the direction of the Tower. But when one has arrived at the Bank, he has got to travel many a crowded street before he arrives at what we will suppose to be his destination. Few persons, on sight-seeing bent, go beyond the famous old fortress on Tower Hill; many, it is to be regretted, seldom get so far. The First Commissioner of Works, to whom is due the merit of restoring a portion of the old Tower wall, and pulling down the hideous warehouses that disfigured the river front, took a party of 500 gentlemen, members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, to view the improvements he had brought about. Of that number, according to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, not more than 100 had ever seen the interior of the Tower of London before. We shall venture to hope that our readers may be more curious about a building of such world-wide fame as the Tower than those 400 representative Englishmen; and we therefore propose in the present chapter to devote some space to pointing out its most interesting features.

Leaving the neighbourhood of the Bank by way of King William Street, and turning sharp round to the left, we enter upon Eastcheap, the Eastcheap of the famous "Boar's Head" tavern of Shakspeare's days. We shall see nothing of that ancient hostelry, though some relics of it, in the shape of a boar's head carved in wood, which some time served as its sign, and a parcel-gilt goblet, out of which Jack Falstaff drank (or is said to have drunk), are still, we believe, extant. The old tavern stood where the statue of William IV. now stands, facing London Bridge. On Fish Street Hill is the Monument, a fluted column of the Doric order, erected in 1671-7, by Sir Christopher Wren, to commemorate the Great Fire of London (1666), which commenced at the house of one Farryner, a baker, in Pudding Lane, close by. It is 202 feet high, and the diameter at the base is 15 feet; the cone at the top, with its blazing urn of gilt brass, measures 42 feet. On the west side of the pedestal is a bas-relief by C. G. Cibber. It is hollow, and contains 345 steps. Admittance from nine till dusk; charge, 3*d.* each person. At the north-west corner of London Bridge (to be seen from Eastcheap) is the hall of the ancient company of Fishmongers, whose banquets are of the most sumptuous character, sumptuous even beyond those of its more famous contemporaries of the City guilds. Continuing our walk down Eastcheap, right and left of which are many well-known commercial thoroughfares, the proper description of which would require more space than we can conveniently spare for the purpose, we come into Great Tower Street, and so upon Tower Hill, where stood the wooden scaffold on which so many eminent persons were beheaded in days past. Tradition points to the present garden of Trinity Square as the spot where it stood. It is best, before we proceed further, to give the regulations for admission to the Tower; these are as follows:—Open on week-days from 10 till 4; and on free days, from May 1 to September 30, from 10 till 6. Free on Mondays and Saturdays. On other days, 6*d.* to the Armoury and the White Tower, and 6*d.* to the Crown Jewels.

The Tower of London was begun by William the Conqueror in 1078. The original building, now called the White Tower, was completed in 1098. Additions were made by Henry III. in 1240, by Edward IV. in 1465, and the whole was substantially repaired in 1663, by Charles II. The Grand Storehouse, a large building north of the White Tower, begun by James II. and finished by William III., was destroyed by fire in 1841. On the site of this storehouse, barracks for the troops stationed here were built. The ditch, or moat, was drained in 1843. The Tower was a royal palace during more than five hundred years. It was long also, and still in fact is, a state prison; and several royal personages and some of the most illustrious of Englishmen have perished in this edifice, not a few by the hands of public executioners, and some by the dagger and bowl of the assassin. Next the river there is a broad quay; and on this side also there was a channel (now closed) by which boats formerly passed into the main body of the place. This water entrance is known by the name of Traitors' Gate, being that by which, in former days, state prisoners were brought in boats after their trial at Westminster. It is generally considered to be a work of much merit architecturally; and the spot is as sacred as any that marks the more notable events in English history. Through the grim old archway once passed Buckingham, "no man's enemy but his own," though the professed enemy of the ambitious Wolsey,—a man, we are told, "apparently too vain and incautious in disposition." Here Elizabeth stood, refusing to land until the lords who escorted her threatened to use force; placing her foot upon the stairs, and saying aloud, with the energy peculiar to her character: "Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God! I speak it, having none other friend than Thee." In January of 1640, Strafford came back to the Tower through this gateway, with the axe towards him: that Strafford who, with composed and undaunted air, from the scaffold told the furious populace that were ready to tear him in pieces, "He was come there to satisfy them with his head; but that he much feared the Reformation, which was begun in blood, would not prove so fortunate to the kingdom as they expected and he desired." Fisher, the cardinal, and Surrey the elegant poet and distinguished soldier, landed here prisoners; as did Sir Walter Raleigh and Lady Jane Grey, and, tradition says, Wallace and Bruce, and many others whose names are to be found in the earlier pages of English history—"names in which," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, "the splendour, poetry, and sentiment of England's national story are embalmed." There are three other entrances or postern-gates—Lion Gate, Iron Gate, and Water Gate—only two of which, however, are now used. The interior of the Tower is an irregular assemblage of short streets and courtyards, bounded by various structures. The White Tower, or Keep, is the oldest of these buildings; and the Chapel in it is a fine specimen of a small Norman church. Other towers are—the Lion Tower, near the principle entrance; the Middle Tower, the first seen on passing the ditch; the Bell Tower, adjacent to it; the Bloody Tower, nearly opposite Traitors' Gate; the Salt Tower, near the Iron Gate; the Brick Tower, the Bowyer Tower, and the Beauchamp Tower. In the upper chamber of the Bowyer Tower, after the total defeat of the Lancastrians at Tewkesbury, during the wars of the Roses in 1471, Henry VI. was murdered by the Duke of Gloucester, whose after deeds as Richard III. seemed to authorize the belief of his taking part in any act of blood and cruelty. In a room of the Bloody Tower were lodged Edward V., and his brother the Duke of York; and here, behind a stair, were said to have been found the bones of these ill-fated youths in the reign of the second Charles. Everyone knows the story of the murder of the infant princes.

In this same tower (named from being the residence of the King's Bowyer), the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., having been permitted to choose his mode of death, is said to have been drowned in a butt of Malmsey, 1474. The Devereux Tower was named after Devereux, Earl of Essex, who was imprisoned herein by Queen Elizabeth. In the Jewel or Martin Tower the crown jewels were formerly kept. In the Salt Tower is a curious device on the wall, of a sphere, the signs of the Zodiac, &c., said to have been drawn by Hugh Draper, of Bristol, 1561, imprisoned here on suspicion of sorcery. In the Bell Tower (the Governor's House, not now exhibited), were imprisoned Queen Elizabeth when Princess, Lady Lennox, grandmother of James I., Bishop Fisher, and Guy Faux and some of "the Gunpowder Plot" conspirators. The Beauchamp Tower—taking its name from the Earl of Warwick, imprisoned here in 1397—is a very interesting museum of inscriptions, devices, and coats-of-arms, sculptured by sad inmates (Anne Boleyn among the number) to beguile the hours of imprisonment, many long years ago. A sentence rudely carved on the wall bears the superscription—"Arundell, June 22, 1587. *Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro.*" There you have in few words, says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the "whole character of Philip Howard, Earl of Arundell, an austere man, the tenor of whose behaviour was not unbecoming the primitive ages of the Christian Church." And there is a name—IANE—carved on the wall of the Brick Tower, that tells whole chapters of love, of ambition. and suffering—carved by the hand of a foolish but affectionate husband. Lord Guilford Dudley dug the word out of the masonry before he passed from his prison to the scaffold. Lady Jane Grey herself was imprisoned at "Master Partridge's lodgings," probably the rooms of one of the officials of the Tower; Queen Anne Boleyn in "the palace," long since demolished. The most ancient part of the fortress, as we have said, is the White Tower, erected by William the Conqueror. It has three lofty stories, and vaults below, each storey having one large room and two smaller ones. The smallest apartment on the first floor, called Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, has a doorway communicating with a cell 10 feet long by 8 feet wide, but unlighted except by the door. Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have been imprisoned in these rooms, and to have here written his "History of thé World." There are inscriptions near the door of the little cell of Rudstone, Fane, and Culpepper, adherents of Sir Thomas Wyat in his rebellion, 1553. Above is St. John's Chapel, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in England, but long unused for religious purposes. Upon the next floor is the Council Room and Banqueting Hall, when the Kings of England held their Court at the Tower, but which is now used for storage of small arms, arranged in various ingeniously contrived groups and devices. The Horse Armoury, which is the chief "show-place" of the Tower, contains a number of equestrian and other figures in the armour of several reigns, from Henry VI., 1422, to James II., 1685. The Regalia, or Crown Jewels, to be seen in the Wakefield Tower, are said to be worth £3,000,000.

The little Chapel of St. Peter-ad-Vincula, on what was once Tower Green, stands at the north-west corner of the parade. It has been so often renovated that but little remains of the earlier structure. It was long used by the state prisoners in the Tower, and dates from 1305-6. The great historical interest which attaches to a spot where so many remarkable persons have been buried far exceeds that which the church itself possesses on the score of antiquity. "There is no sadder spot on earth," wrote Macaulay, "than this little cemetry. Hither have been carried through successive ages by the rude hands of gaolers, without one mourner following, the bleeding relics of men who had been the captains of armies, the leaders of parties, the oracles of senates, and the ornaments of courts." The memorial tablet at the entrance shows the names of thirty-four persons of historical note who were buried in this spot; among them Fisher, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, Queen Katharine Howard, the Lord Protector Somerset, Lady Jane Grey, etc. The warders, one of whom is told-off to conduct the visitor and his party through the Tower, are vulgarly called "beef-eaters." These battle-axe guards were first raised by Henry VII., in 1485. They still attend on the Sovereign on state occasions, standing guard in the corridors and on the stairways of the palace. The warders wear a curious costume which dates from Tudor times.

North-east of the Tower lies the Mint, the establishment in which the coinage of the realm is made. The rooms, the machinery, and processes for coining are full of interest, and may be viewed by "visitors who have previously obtained a written order from the Master of the Mint, 'Available but for one day,' marked thereon, and for a small number of persons not exceeding six, the number to be stated when the application is made." The Mint buildings and machinery have recently undergone alteration. Power has now been acquired of coining two metals at the same time, and the Mint has no difficulty in meeting the demands made upon it. The total number of pieces struck at the Mint, according to the Deputy Master's report for 1883, was 39,119,714, and their value, real or nominal, £2,775,461 16*s.* 2*d.* The amount of gold coined during twelve months consisted only of half-sovereigns of the value of £1,435,228. The amount of gold bullion sent in by the Bank of England for coinage during the year was 1,128,045 ounces or, £4,392,325; and of this amount £3,445,968 consisted of gold coin withdrawn from circulation under the provisions of the Coinage Act as below the least current weight prescribed by law. The silver coin struck during the year amounted to £1,272,025, which is the largest amount coined in any one year since the introduction of the present silver coinage in 1817. The bronze coin issued in 1883 consisted of £37,540 in pence, £9,350 in halfpence, and £2,830 in farthings. The financial results of the operations of the Mint during the year 1883 were highly satisfactory. On the work of the last twelve years there has been a net profit of £211,810, or an average profit of £17,650 a year. The building north of the Tower (on Tower Hill) is the Trinity House, built by Samuel Wyatt for a corporation (founded *temp.* Henry VIII.) having for its object the increase and encouragement of navigation, the regulation of lighthouses and sea-marks, &c., and incorporated as "The Masters, Wardens, and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity or Brotherhood of the most Glorious and Undividable Trinity." There are here some pictures and busts of celebrated persons, a large painting by Gainsborough of the "Elder Brethren of the Trinity House," and some interesting naval relics and curiosities. Applications for admission should be made to the secretary. Skirting the Tower to the east, the visitor will reach St. Katharine Docks, a part of London interesting only to travellers coastwise in the summer months, and to shippers. If he should be desirous of seeing the docks and shipping of the port, he can hardly do better than to take the river steamer from London Bridge (Old Swan Stairs, on the south-west side of the bridge), to Blackwall, or the train from Fenchurch Street Station to the same point.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CORNHILL AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CORNHILL is the principal street east of the Mansion House. It forms one side of a scalene triangle, of which Lombard Street may be said to form the other side, and Gracechurch Street the base. Skirting the Royal Exchange for a short distance, it terminates in Leadenhall Street, whence the wayfarer may reach Aldgate, Houndsditch (the Jews' quarter), and the populous district of Whitechapel. Between Cornhill and Lombard Street lie a number of courts, at one time well-known for their taverns and commercial-rooms. Change Alley is not the least famous of these places. Here was Garraway's Coffee-house, in its day one of the oldest in London—which existed, indeed, for more than two centuries. From the time of its establishment by Thomas Garraway, "tobacco-dealer and coffee-man," in the seventeenth century, to the date of its being closed in 1866, it was a place for auctions—at first of wine, then of tea, at last of mahogany and logwood. During the year of the South Sea scheme the waves of speculation and of swindling rose nowhere higher than in and around this little alley. In a poem on this subject, Swift says that Change Alley is a gulf deep as hell, in which thousands are wrecked; and "Garraway's" is the rock on which the wild race of wreckers lie in ambush to plunder those who are cast ashore. The great auction-room was on the first-floor. Here public sales took place "by the candle"—that is, at the beginning the auctioneer lighted a little bit of wax candle, usually an inch in length, and there decided in favour of him who when the light went out had made the highest bid "Jonathan's" Coffee-house, which was contemporary with "Garraway's," was a place for stock-jobbers as early as the time of "Mr. Spectator." "Lloyd's" Coffee-house survives in the present world-famous "Lloyd's" at the north-western corner of the Royal Exchange. The "Jerusalem" was another celebrated commercial coffee-house which, like the others, had its location between Lombard Street and Cornhill.

Lombard Street is the centre of the banking interest of England. It derives its name from the Longobards, a rich race of merchants and money-lenders who settled here in Edward II.'s reign, and whose badge, the three golden balls of the Medici family, still survives in the well-known sign of the English pawnbrokers. Pope, according to Dr. Warton, was born in this street. At the bottom of Cornhill, Bishopsgate Street branches out on the left, and Gracechurch Street on the right. In the first-named thoroughfare anciently stood one of the old City gates. Its principal places of historic interest now are the Church of Great St. Helen's, in which are some memorials of eminent personages who in time past used to reside in the neighbourhood; and the largely-restored Crosby Hall (a good example of fifteenth century architecture), now, unfortunately, used as a restaurant. The original edifice was built by Sir John Crosby, an alderman and M.P. for London, in 1461. For four centuries it played a part in national as well as civic history. It was used as prison and as palace, was the scene of royal gaieties and civic splendour, and finally of commercial occupation. Its rooms have resounded with the wit and wisdom of More and Sully, the strains solemn and airy of Byrde and Morley, and with old Puritan and modern eloquence. Within sight of this tavern Shakspeare fixed his abode at that period of his career when he was writing some of the choicest of his works. The poet's name appears (October 1, 1598) in the parish records of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, as payer of an assessment of £5 13*s.* 4*d.* Sir Thomas More (who himself once lodged at Crosby Hall) addressed to his "dearest friend," Antonio Bonvici, merchant of Lucca (who, by the way, first taught the English to spin with the distaff), then living there, his last sad letter from the Tower, written with a bit of charcoal, on the night before his execution.

Leadenhall Street, well known from its old associations with the East India House, which formerly stood here, and to which for many years Charles Lamb used daily to trudge to his uncongenial "scribbling" in the great leather-covered ledgers, is now the centre of the shipping trade. Its most interesting building to-day is the old "Ship and Turtle Tavern," where may be had the toothsomest meal of turtle to be found within the length and breath of a city famous for its turtle. It is right to add that the "Ship and Turtle" does not provide this succulent dish without demanding a handsome *quid pro quo.* The church of St. Catherine Cree (or Christ) Church is historically remarkable as having been consecrated (1631) by Laud, then Bishop of London, with such ceremonies as laid him open to the charges upon which he was subsequently tried. "At his approach to the west door," says Rushworth, "some that was prepared for it cried with a loud voice, 'Open, open, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may enter in.' And presently the doors were opened, and the bishop, with three doctors and many other principal men, went in, and immediately falling down upon his knees, with his eyes lifted up, and his arms spread abroad, uttered these words: 'This place is holy, this ground is holy. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' Then he took up some of the dust and threw it up into the air several times in his going up towards the church. When they approached near to the rail and communion-table the bishop bowed several times." Laud, to judge from Rushworth's description, afterwards went through the same ceremonial at the communion-table as anyone may now witness on most Sundays of the year at any of the so-called Ritualistic places of worship in London.

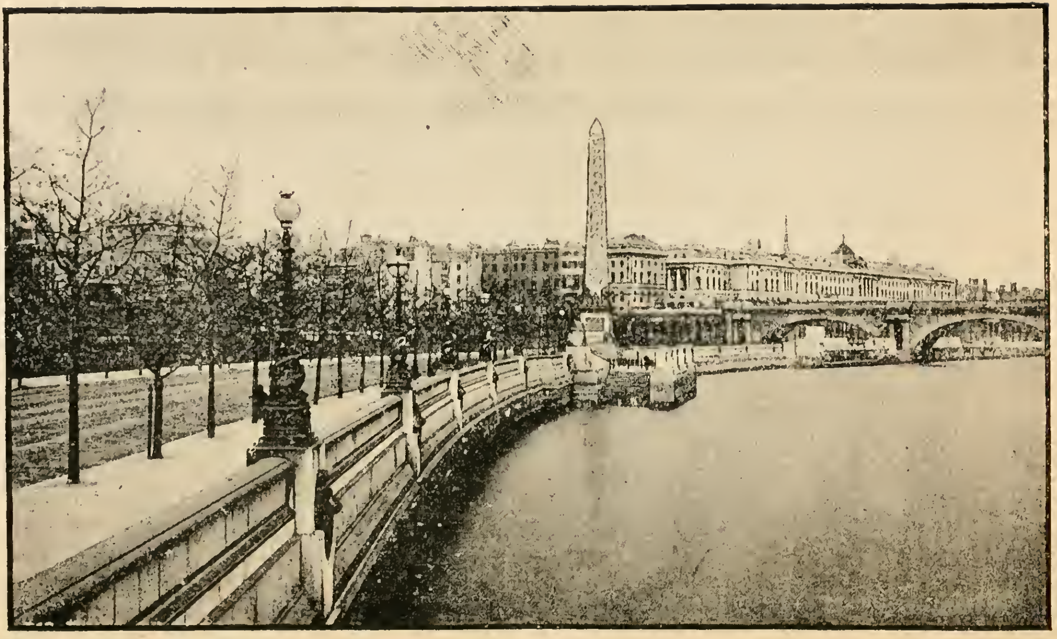
Fenchurch Street, beyond which, eastward, it is not our purpose to take the reader, is best known as being the locality of the great markets for corn and colonial produce—Mark and Mincing Lanes. Here is the station for Shadwell, the Docks, East and West India, etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

FROM THE TOWER TO WESTMINSTER, BY WAY OF THE EMBANKMENT.

THERE is a choice of ways of returning from the Tower district to "the West-end:" either by the more direct route of Great Tower Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street; or by Thames Street, up Fish Street Hill, and so into Cannon Street. Since by following the first we should be only traversing the same ground twice over, we will choose the second, though it is perhaps the most crowded and less desirable of the two.

Thames Street—that part of it below London Bridge is called Lower Thames Street, the above-bridge portion being known as Upper Thames Street—is now one of the oldest, busiest, and most crowded of London highways. Its narrow thoroughfare is hemmed-in on either hand by lofty warehouses, those on the left fronting on the river. From early morning till late afternoon the street is almost impassable, by reason of the heavy wagons loading and unloading goods for and from the great railroads, the docks, and the shipping in the river. If the reader were to search the City far and wide he would hardly find another so densely packed business quarter. Here, in the days when Edward III., that king who led the stalwart English bowmen against the French at Crecy, ruled England, lived Geoffrey Chaucer, at the house of his father, a vintner. Thames Street, dirty and gloomy and crowded as it now is, was then a peaceful and rural highway, connecting the king's fortress of the Tower, by way of the Black Friars' Monastery, the Strand, and the village of Charing, with the King's Palace at Westminster. Trees, fields, and such primitive gardens as were then in vogue skirted it, with houses of



THE EMBANKMENT.

the well-to-do citizens at irregular intervals; and here and there stood some of the more imposing dwellings of the nobility. The river, broad and clear, flowed near at hand, its waters lapping the shingly shore which now forms the foundations of the City wharves and warehouses. At the eastern end, toward the Tower, was the broad approach to London Bridge (then not long built), forming the only access across the Thames to Southwark, and so to the mainroad through Kent to its capital city of Canterbury. He whose chief interest in London lies in bringing to mind such reminiscences as these may in imagination follow Geoffrey Chaucer from his dwelling in Thames Street to The Tabard in Southwark, and thence follow the Pilgrims in their journey through Kent to the sacred shrine in Canterbury Cathedral. We can only regret that our business with the reader does not admit of our going with him farther in that direction.

In Lower Thames Street are two public buildings whose river-front is somewhat imposing—the Custom House and Billingsgate Fish Market. The latter, though old in name, is comparatively a new building, greater part of it dating from 1877, when considerable additions to the older market were completed. Some persons, we believe, are sufficiently venturesome to visit Billingsgate when at the high-tide of business, namely, at 5 o'clock in the morning; but we cannot advise this excursion. The noise, wrangling, and unsavoury smells, to say nothing of the great difficulty of pushing one's way through the market, are enough to deter any but a very spirited student of London life from making such a visit. The "river-borne" fish arrive in steamers, smacks, and boats from the coast or more distant seas, consigned to salesmen who, during the early market hours, deal with the retail fishmongers from every part of London. The inferior fish, such as haddock and plaice, are bought by costermongers or street-dealers. When particular fish are very scarce, the West-end dealers will pay handsomely for the rarity; hence a struggle between the boats to reach the market early. At times, so many boats come laden with the same kind of fish as to produce a glut; and instead of being sold at a high price, as is usually the case, the fish are then retailed for a mere trifle. Fish is also brought largely to London by rail, from ports on the east and south coasts. There are fish-markets also at Smithfield and South London (near the Elephant and Castle Railway Station), and at Bethnal Green. Notwithstanding the enormous quantities of fish daily brought into London, it is not only dear but difficult to be had in really good condition. There is little of interest to be found in the dingy but busy byways north of Thames Street except it be in recalling the time when they were inhabited by the most thriving London merchants. Old Swan Pier is a landing-stage from which the river steamboats start up and down the river.

Cannon Street is one of the great channels of communication between London "the City" and London "the West-end." It commences at King William Street and terminates in a north-westerly direction at St. Paul's Churchyard, being crossed about midway by Queen Victoria Street, which leads from the Mansion House to Blackfriars Bridge. A short distance up Cannon Street, on the left-hand side, is the Cannon Street Railway Station, the City terminus of the South Eastern Company, which provides communication by rail, every five minutes, with Waterloo Bridge Junction and Charing Cross. Opposite the station is the Church of St. Swithin, rebuilt by Wren and since modernized. Dryden was married here, in 1663, to Lady Elizabeth Howard. London Stone, one of the most interesting relics of ancient London, is to be seen fixed into the outer wall of this church. According to Stowe, it formerly stood on the south side of the street; but being regarded as an obstruction, it was removed in 1798. London Stone was the "Milliarium" or central milestone of Roman London, whence, as from a centre, the miles were reckoned throughout Britain, even as the Milliarium in the Forum was the centre from which all Roman roads radiated.

The Mansion House Station of the Underground Railroad lies a short distance west (coming from the City) of Cannon Street terminus. Watling Street, on the opposite side of the way, a lesser, but busy commercial thoroughfare leading from Queen Victoria Street to St. Paul's Churchyard, formed part of the great Roman highway which may still be traced from Dover, in the south, through London to Chester, in the north. Retracing our steps, and following the main route to Blackfriars Bridge on the north side of Queen Victoria Street, we notice an old building of red brick, with a forecourt and gateway. This is Heralds' College, a foundation of great antiquity "in which," writes Pennant, "the records are kept of all the old blood in the kingdom." But this, according to Leigh Hunt, is a mistake. "Heralds, indeed, are of great antiquity, in the sense of messengers of peace and war; but in the modern sense they are no older than the reign of Edward III., and were not incorporated before that of the usurper Richard. The house which they formerly occupied was a mansion of the Earls of Derby. It was burnt in the Great Fire, and succeeded by the present building. As to their keeping records of 'all the old blood in the kingdom,' they may keep them or not as they have the luck to find them; but the blood was old before they had anything to do with it. Men bore arms and crests when there were no officers to register them." At the head of the college is the Earl Marshal of England, a dignity which has been hereditary since 1672 in the family of Howard, dukes of Norfolk. The royal commands are directed to him, and under his care are prepared the programmes for public ceremonies. Under him are three kings-at-arms, styled Garter, Clarencieux, and Norroy. There subordinates are six heralds, called respectively Chester, Lancaster, Richmond, York, Windsor, and Somerset, and four pursuivants, Portcullis, Rouge-dragon, Blue-mantle, and Rouge-croix. The Bath King-at-Arms, attached to the order of the Bath, is not a member of the College of Heralds. In Scotland the principal heraldic official is the Lyon King-at-Arms, who holds the position by commission under the great seal. He has six subordinate heralds, styled Rothesay, Marchmont, Albany, Ross, Snowdon and Islay, and six pursuivants, Kintyre, Dingwall, Carrick, Ormond, Unicorn, and Bute. The chief officer for Ireland is the Ulster King-at-Arms, who is appointed by the Crown. He has two heralds, Cork and Dublin, and two pursuivants, Athlone and St. Patrick.

The next building of importance on our way westward is the "Times" office, to which we have already elsewhere briefly alluded. Passing under the railway bridge of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, and crossing the road, we find ourselves on the Victoria Embankment, a noble boulevard skirting the Thames in unbroken line from Blackfriars to Westminster. At that point the imposing new frontage of the Houses of Parliament intervenes; and at Pimlico, a short distance beyond this point, the Victoria Embankment is continued to Chelsea. On the southern side of the river, the Albert Embankment extends from Vauxhall Bridge to Westminster Bridge. The uniform line of the northern Embankment is broken at intervals by massive piers of granite, flanking recesses for pontoons, or landing-stages for steamboats, and at other places by stairs projecting into the river, and intended as landing-piers for small craft. The steamboat piers occur at Westminster, Charing Cross, and Waterloo Bridges; and those for boats midway between Westminster and Charing Cross, and between Charing Cross and Waterloo Bridge; and both are combined opposite Essex Street, at the Temple Pier. There are five regular approaches into the Strand, by way of the Savoy, Villiers, Norfolk, Surrey, and Arundel Streets; and there are four principal thoroughfares—those, namely, from Westminster, Whitehall, Blackfriars, and Charing Cross. The Metropolitan District Railway has open along this embankment four stations, called Westminster, Charing Cross, Temple, and Blackfriars. Returning whence we diverged, the handsome edifice next De Keyser's Royal Hotel at Blackfriars is the City of London School, a foundation of comparatively modern date (1834), which provides a first-class education for boys of the middle-classes at the moderate charge of £5 per annum. Next we pass the pleasant

Temple Gardens and the modern buildings which front upon them, forming one of the most delightful retreats in central London. A short distance beyond lies Somerset House and Waterloo Bridge, with a street leading through the Savoy to the Strand. Between this point and Charing Cross, facing the Adelphi Terrace, stands the famous Egyptian obelisk, named Cleopatra's Needle, which was brought from Alexandria to England in 1878. at the charge of Sir Erasmus Wilson, and by the skill of Mr. Dixon, C.E. It is of solid granite, seventy feet high by eight feet wide at the base, and weighs 200 tons. Here and there the wayfarer will have noticed the well laid-out Embankment Gardens, much resorted to by the residents of the Strand district in summer. Behind that nearest Charing Cross Bridge may be seen the famous water-gate of Inigo Jones, built for Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Pursuing our way westward, and crossing Northumberland Avenue, which leads to Charing Cross, we pass Whitehall Gardens, the Duke of Buccleuch's noble mansion, Richmond Terrace, the offices of the Civil Service Commission, and lastly, St. Stephen's Club, opposite the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WESTMINSTER: THE HALL, THE PALACE, AND THE ABBEY.

WE are now within the limits of the ancient city of Westminster, which, from the earliest period of England's history has, more than any other spot, been intimately connected with the government of the realm. Here stands that ancient landmark of London, the venerable and beautiful Abbey, or "minster of the west," from which the locality takes its name; and adjoining it are the stately Houses of Parliament, raised on the site of the older place of meeting of the Legislature, and that grand old building, founded in Norman times, known as Westminster Hall. William the Red, second son of the Conqueror, has the credit of being the founder of Westminster Hall; but only the western wall of the original building remains. In erecting it, he is said to have provoked the animosity of his subjects by imposing upon them unreasonable tasks and tributes to furnish the means; and when it was completed, he roughly complained that it was not half so large as it should have been, being but a bed-chamber in comparison with the hall he had intended to make. The original building lasted through his reign and the reign of many of his successors. The Westminster Hall that we now see, the main beauty of which is to be found in its superb interior roof, restored during the present century, is the building of Richard II's time, with the important exception of the front, which has been condemned as having an air of spuriousness. It measures 239 feet in length by 68 feet in breadth, and is 110 feet high. The original Norman wall of William Rufus has been disclosed by the removal of the Law Courts.

The Houses of Parliament.

Richard II., in whose time Westminster Hall was used for the sittings of Parliament, raised the walls by two feet, re-cased them, and inserted new windows in them. The present roof and a new northern porch were added, and the flying buttresses, which the removal of the Law Courts has revealed, were built. It seems also that "divers lodgings" on the west side were erected at the same time, and these were mostly contained by a wall erected parallel to the hall, and connecting together the new great buttresses. This has suggeested the leading feature of the design for the restoration of the building. The architect entrusted with this important work (Mr. Pearson) proposes again to connect these great buttresses by an outer wall. A cloister is to be constructed with a gallery over it extending nearly the whole length of the Hall. On the wall of Westminster Hall, as uncovered by recent demolitions, there are plainly visible the traces of wall arches erected by Richard II., between the older and flat buttresses of the Norman wall. These have suggested to Mr. Pearson the series of arches by which his cloister is to be formed, and the formation of which will be a protection to the original Norman wall of Rufus. This is, naturally, of great antiquarian interest, and its preservation should be of the first importance. Between the first flying buttress and the Palace Yard end of Westminster Hall is some spare space, upon which it is proposed to erect "a two-storied building, projecting westward, of the same height as the cloister, but with a high-pitched roof and gable towards St. Margaret's Church." Originally, it seems, there was an early English building here, supposed to have been erected in the time of Henry III. One plan of the old foundations shows a doorway leading from the early English building which at the date of the plan was the Court of Exchequer, into a small yard called "Hell." Elizabeth, according to tradition, used the Exchequer Court as her breakfast chamber and concert-room. The building consisted of three storeys, the basement, the hall used as the Court of Exchequer, in which was the music gallery, and attics over. These attics were said traditionally to have been the royal nursery as early as Henry VIII.'s time, and Edward VI. was nursed there. The restoration will be in accordance with the design of Richard II.'s building. In 1820, the year preceding the coronation of George IV., the interior roof was almost wholly renewed with oaken timbers, the remains of old men-of-war, broken up in the royal dockyards. The last of the coronation banquets held in Westminster Hall was that of George IV. Parliaments have often met in it, and it has been appropriated to important State trials; among which may be specified that of Charles I., and in later times, those of Warren Hastings and Lord Melville. Cromwell was here inaugurated Lord Protector, June 26th, 1657. The Courts of Law were held in Westminster Hall from the days of Henry III., who ruled England the first part of the thirteenth century, down to 1882, the forty-fifth year of Queen Victoria's reign, a period of more than six centuries. The Hall now forms the vestibule to the Houses of Parliament; and during the session, about the hour of four in the afternoon, many a personage of note may be seen strolling through it to his place in the House of Commons.

The Houses of Parliament stand upon a part of the ground formerly occupied by the Palace of Westminster, a distinctive title not unfrequently still given to them. The whole pile, which forms one of the largest and most imposing Gothic edifices in the world, covers eight acres. It has a river front 900 feet in length, and several towers; that at the south-west angle, over the royal entrance, in the perpendicular English style, being 340 feet high. The central tower is 60 feet in diameter and 300 in height. The Clock Tower, at the foot of Westminster Bridge, is 40 feet square, and 320 feet high, including the belfry spire; the clock, which has four dials, each about 30 feet in diameter, is an eight-day clock, and strikes the hours upon the largest of the four bells that chime the quarters. Here an electric light burns at night when the House of Commons is sitting. It may be seen for many miles around. The whole exterior of the structure is elaborately carved and sculptured with the effigies of kings, &c. The principal public entrance is, as we have said, through Westminster Hall, or St. Stephen's Porch, up a broad flight of steps to St. Stephen's Hall, on either side of which are ranged statues of some of England's greatest statesmen, including Hampden, Selden, Walpole, Mansfield, Fox, Chatham. and Clarendon. From this gallery access is obtained to the Central Octagon Hall, whence the passage on the right leads to the House of Lords, and on the left to the Commons. This branch of the Legislature used to sit in St. Stephen's Chapel, until the year 1834, when that building was destroyed by fire. St. Stephen's Hall now occupies the site of the old House of Commons. The original basement storey of the chapel still exists in the crypt of St. Stephen's, which has been superbly embellished, and restored for use as a chapel. The representatives of the people of the United Kingdom, in February, 1852, first assembled in their present chamber, which is not far from the north end of what was anciently the palace of the Sovereign.

The House of Commons is more simple in regard to its furniture and decoration than the Upper Chamber of the Legislature. The Speaker's chair is at the north end; right of it, on the front bench, sometimes called the Treasury Bench, sit the Ministers in office; on the low front bench sit the leaders of the Opposition; the supporters of each party being ranged behind their respective leaders. The "Gangway," so called, separates the more advanced section of each party from the principal body. The "Strangers' Gallery," and, below it, the "Speakers' Gallery," are opposite the Speaker's chair, and command a full view of the House. Behind the chair is a gallery appropriated to reporters. The side-galleries were intended to be strictly reserved for members; but during great debates peers are tacitly permitted to occupy the benches farthest removed from the Speaker. Persons obtain access to the Strangers' Gallery through written application to a member. Admission to the Speaker's and Ladies' Galleries is a more coveted privilege; and necessitates personal application on the part of some member of parliament to the Sergeant-at-Arms. These two galleries are opened as soon as the Speaker takes the chair. On Budget nights, and other interesting occasions, the candidates for admission to the Strangers' Gallery in St. Stephen's Hall are to be found waiting some hours before the doors are opened. The House used to adjourn to ten o'clock in the morning; but the practice now is that, a few minutes before four o'clock, the Speaker takes his seat at the table, and the Chaplain reads prayers. If, after four o'clock, forty members should not be present, after attention has been called to the fact, the House adjourns to the next day at the customary hour. The first half-hour is devoted to private business and petitions. At half-past four, public business begins, when leading members of the Government are expected to be in their places, to answer "questions" of which notice has been given. On Wednesdays the House meets at noon, and sits till six, if the "Orders of the Day" are not sooner disposed of. Towards the end of the session, the House not unfrequently holds "morning sittings," to expedite the business before it. On these occasions the Speaker takes the chair at two o'clock; at seven, the sitting is suspended until nine, when business is resumed; and the sitting is continued without fixed limit of duration. The House of Commons does not usually sit on Saturday. The evenings of Monday and Thursday are called Government nights. The parliamentary session ordinarily lasts from some date in February to about the middle of August.

The House of Lords is a gorgeous chamber, wealthy in gilding, stained glass, and brilliant colour. It is 97 feet long, 45 feet in height, and the same in width. The Strangers' Gallery, as in the Commons, is not opened till after prayers. Admission to it is to be obtained through a peer's order. Their lordships frequently sit during the day as a court of appeal; but do not assemble in their legislative capacity until four in the afternoon, unless upon the opening or closing of the session, ceremonies which generally take place at two o'clock; or when the royal assent is to be given to bills by commission, on which occasion their lordships meet earlier than the customary hour; but for this purpose no precise time has been established by usage. While sitting in their judicial capacity, the House, like other courts of justice, is open to the public. The principal apartments are the Queen's Robing Room, a magnificent apartment, decorated with fresco-paintings and carvings; the Royal Gallery—where are two great frescoes, "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after Waterloo," and "The Death of Nelson;" and the Princes' Chamber, where the Sovereign is received before entering the House of Lords. The twelve lofty windows are filled with stained glass, representing the Sovereigns of England. The principal objects of interest on the floor of the House are the Throne, the Canopy, and the State Chairs; opposite is the "Woolsack," where the Lord Chancellor sits. The Peers' Lobby, the chief approach to the House of Lords, is very grand. In the Peers' Robing Room is the interesting picture, "Moses descending from the Mount," and also "The Judgment of Daniel," both painted by J. R. Herbert, R.A. The walls of the Peers' corridor are filled with frescoes, as are those of the corridor leading to the House of Commons.

The Houses of Parliament are open free on Saturdays, from ten till four, by ticket, which may be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office in the Royal Court. The police are in attendance to direct visitors. Route: by rail from all stations of the Metropolitan or District Railway, or North London stations to Westminster Bridge Station, or by omnibus from all parts.

Visitors to the Houses of Parliament should not miss seeing St. Stephen's Crypt, a beautiful memorial of mediæval art. The original crypt was erected in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

"As might be expected *a priori*, the gem of English art was the chapel in the Royal Palace at Westminster. On this was lavished all that the metropolis could then produce most exquisite in the art of design, and this not in architecture only, but the best works of sculpture and the highest class of painting were put in requisition for its adornment. The dimensions were not large, being only 90 ft. by 33 ft. internally; and its roof was of wood, but so elaborate were its decorations that it must have cost more than many edifices three or four times its size.

"There can be no doubt that St. Stephen's Crypt was designed to surpass everything of the sort in England, and being erected wholly within the reigns of the three first Edwards, it embraced the very best period of English art, answering to the Sainte-Chapelle at Paris, which belongs to the great architectural age of St. Louis."—Fergusson's "Handbook of Architecture."

After suffering from conflagrations on many occasions, the crypt finally succumbed in the year 1834. It has now been restored, with almost all its pristine charm of decoration. This chapel is on the left side of the flight of steps leading from Westminster Hall to the House of Commons.

Westminster Abbey, the most famous ecclesiastical edifice in London, if not in Europe, dates from the thirteenth century, though portions of the edifice erected by Edward the Confessor may still form part of the building. Great additions were made to it by Henry VII., who built the splendid chapel that still bears his name; and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the two towers of the west front were added, from designs furnished, it is said, by Sir Christopher Wren. In 1803 a considerable part of the building was destroyed by fire, but it was subsequently completely repaired, and Henry VII's chapel renovated in its original style. It has undergone still further renovation in recent time. No other church in the world is so rich in historical associations. In the words of Dr. Stanley, the late eloquent and learned Dean of Westminster: "Here lies the body of the Confessor, himself like the now decayed seed from which the wonderful pile has grown. Around his shrine are clustered not only the names, but the early relics, of the principal actors in every scene of English history. Seventeen kings lie here, from Edward the Confessor to George II.; and ten queens lie buried with them, amid England's greatest statesmen, warriors, divines, poets, and scholars."

The number of statues and monuments in Westminster Abbey is very great; most of them are contained in side chapels, of which there are several, viz., St. Benedict's, St. Edmund's, St. Nicholas's, St. Paul's, St. Erasmus's, John the Baptist's, and Bishop Islip's; besides Henry VII.'s and Edward the Confessor's chapels. These chapels contain about ninety monuments and shrines, some of great beauty.

Of the Anglo-Saxon line of monarchs, Sebert, king of the East Angles, and his queen Ethelgonda, lie beneath a sarcophagus next the shrine of the last of the Saxon kings, Edward the Confessor. Nine of the early wielders of England's sceptre lie in Westminster Abbey, the warrior kings Edward I., Edward III., and Henry V., enshrined in marble altar-tombs; that of the last-named lacking the silver plates and silver head of the king's effigy, which were removed by some sacrilegious thieves in 1546. Weak Henry III., and that degenerate scion of a noble stock, Richard II., have no meaner tombs than better-deserving monarchs. A marble urn, erected by Charles II., suffices to record the interment of the supposed bones of Edward V. and his brother Richard of York. The shrewd founder of the Tudor line rests in one tomb with his consort, the Rose of York; his famous grand-daughter shares her canopied altar-tomb with her sister and predecessor; while not far from the grave of Elizabeth and Mary is that of the former's thorn in life, Mary of Scotland. One may stand by the tomb of one of the wives of Henry VIII., and of his son by Jane Seymour, Edward VI.; and out of seven queens consort, not counting Anne of Cleves, the aforesaid wife of the eighth Henry, Westminster Abbey shelters the remains of Eleanor of Castile, the queen of many crosses; Philippa of Hainault, of Nevill's Cross renown; Anne of Bohemia, and Elizabeth of York. Charles II. lies here, William III. and Queen Mary, Queen Anne, George II., and Queen Caroline. The choir, the transept, and the nave, also contain a large number of memorials—many specimens of sculpture in questionable taste, by the side of some of the first works of Flaxman, Chantrey, Nollckens, Bacon, Westmacott, Gibson, Behnes, and others. Poets' Corner, occupying about half of the south transept, is a famous place for the busts and monuments of eminent men—including Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden, Prior, Rowe, Gay, Addison, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, Mason, Sheridan, Southey, Campbell, Grote, Thirlwall, and Macaulay. William Makepeace Thackeray does not lie here, but at Kensal Green, though his bust is placed next to the statue of Joseph Addison. On the 14th June, 1870, Charles Dickens was interred here. His grave is situated at the foot of the coffin of Handel, and at the head of that of Sheridan. Close by lie Dr. Johnson and David Garrick, while near them lies Thomas Campbell. Shakespeare's monument is not far from the foot of Dickens's grave; Goldsmith's is on the left. A bust of the American poet Longfellow is close at hand. The most noticeable monuments in the nave are erected to great statesmen, to naval commanders, to former Deans of Westminster, and to England's great Indian heroes. The inscription on the memorials of the last-named are simple enough. That on the grave of Clyde briefly records his "fifty years of arduous service." On Outram's monument is a bas-relief of the memorable scene in which he met Havelock at Delhi, and resigning to him the command, nobly served as a volunteer under his military inferior. On Pollock's grave is the appropriate text, "O God, Thou strength of my health, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." Under the bust of Lawrence are carved the striking words, "He feared man so little because he feared God so much." In the north transept, against those of George Canning and Earl Canning, and not far from that of Lord Beaconsfield, has been placed a monument to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "for fifty years the honoured representative of his Sovereign in Turkey and other foreign countries." The tomb of Newton, one of the most beautiful in the Abbey, is well worth studying. The monument is by Rysbraeck. Over it is a celestial globe, on which is marked the course of the comet of 1680. Leaning on this is the figure of Astronomy, who has closed her book, as though, for the time, her labours were over. The very ingenious bas-relief below expresses in allegory the various spheres of Newton's labours. At the right three lovely little genii are minting money, to indicate Newton's services to the currency; near them, a boy looking through a prism symbolizes the discoveries of Newton respecting the laws of light; a fifth—who (like other geniuses) has at present unhappily lost his head—is weighing the sun on a steelyard against Mercury, Mars, Venus, the Earth, Jupiter, and Saturn, which very strikingly shadows forth the discovery of the laws of gravitation; at the extreme left, two other genii reverently tend an aloe, the emblem of immortal fame. Over the bas-relief reclines the fine statue of the great discoverer, whose elbow leans on four volumes of Divinity, Optics and Astronomy, and Mathematics.

There is one monument in the nave at which Americans will look with special interest. It is the tomb of the gallant and ill-fated André. Every American knows how he was arrested in disguise within the American lines in 1780, and for a moment lost his presence of mind and neglected to produce the safe conduct of the traitor Benedict Arnold. He was sentenced to be hung as a spy; and in spite of the deep sympathy which his fate excited, even among the Americans, Washington did not think himself justified in relaxing the sentence.

Over the western door, with his arm outstretched and his haughty head thrown back, as though, in loud and sonorous utterance, he were still pouring forth to the Parliament of England the language of indomitable courage and inflexible resolve, stands William Pitt. History is recording his words of eloquence; Anarchy sits, like a chained giant, at his feet. And within a few yards of this fine monument is the no less interesting memorial of Charles James Fox—of Fox, who opposed Pitt's public funeral; of Fox, whom he once charged with using the language of a man "mad with desperation and disappointment."

Archdeacon Farrar advises the visitor, "before beginning to study the Abbey in detail, to wander through the length and breadth of it without any attention to minor points, but with the single object of recognizing its exquisite beauty and magnificence. He will best understand its magnificence as a place of worship if he visit it on any Sunday afternoon, and see the choir and transepts crowded from end to end by perhaps three thousand people, among whom he will observe hundreds contented to stand through the whole of a long service and to listen with no sign of weariness to a sermon which perhaps occupies an hour in the delivery. Here the Puritan divines thundered against the errors of Rome; here the Romish preachers anathematized the apostasies of Luther. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he preached before the boy-king on whom he rested the hopes of the Reformation, and the voice of Feckenham as he preached before Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard South shooting the envenomed arrows of his wit against the Independents, and Baxter pleading the cause of toleration. They have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the mass in his mitre and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym. Here Romish bishop and Protestant dean, who cursed each other when living, lie side by side in death; and Queen Elizabeth, who burned Papists, and Queen Mary, who burned Protestants, share one quiet grave, as they once bore the same uneasy crown."

The Cloisters and the Chapter House are worth seeing. This last was, during three centuries of English history, the meeting-place of the House of Commons, and was built in 1250 by Henry III. When the House of Commons was first convened in the Parliament of 1265, called by Earl Simon de Montfort, after the battle of Lewes, summoning two knights from every shire, two citizens from every city, and two burgesses from every borough, these first sat in Westminster Hall, side by side with the earls and barons, the bishops and abbots, who constituted the House of Lords. But from and after 1282, with a view to separate acts of self-taxation, the different estates of the realm were assembled in places apart from each other. The Commons were then provided with temporary accommodation in Westminster Abbey, for the convenience of being near the other members of the king's parliament in Westminster Palace and Hall. They sometimes used to sit in the refectory of the ancient monastery, now destroyed; but at other times in the Chapter House, as might best suit the occasions of the abbot and his monks. Upon this tenure of good-will and custom, as it appears, did the representatives elect of the people continue nearly 300 years to occupy the quarters assigned to them, probably at the king's request, in the precincts of the Abbey. But, on the dissolution of the ancient monastery in 1540, the Chapter House passed into possession of the Crown. From that time the Dean and Chapter held their meetings in the Jerusalem Chamber, the Chapter House becoming a depository of public records. In 1865, after the removal of the records to the Rolls House, on the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Chapter and the six hundredth anniversary of the House of Commons, its restoration was undertaken by Sir Gilbert Scott, at the request of the Society of Antiquaries.

Among the interesting features of Westminster Abbey the Coronation Chair has always been popular. Many years ago an inscription in Latin was attached to it stating that the stone was the pillow on which Jacob rested his head at Bethel; and the legend went on to say that it was carried from Palestine to Egypt, and thence to Spain. From Spain it was said to have been conveyed to the Hill of Tara, in Ireland. In the year 1851, in order to meet the convenience of the visitors to the Great Exhibition held in London, the head guide of the Abbey wrote on a label a notice to the effect that the stone had been used at the coronation of the ancient kings of Scotland and Ireland; but he omitted all reference to the legend relating to Jacob's pillow, whilst retaining the closing part referring to Ireland. The label having become dusty and dirty, the guide, who has considerable antiquarian knowledge, wrote on the back simply the historical fact with regard to Scotland, and ignored the legend entirely. The present Dean of Westminster (Dr. Bradley) has stated that geologists have conclusively shown that the chair is of Scotch limestone, and that no stone of the kind is to be found in Palestine or Egypt. He has, however, altered the inscription, setting forth the curious legend of its travels in the Holy Land, as distinct from the authenticated history of the stone.

Westminster Abbey is a collegiate church (the famous Westminster School, the nursery of so many of England's foremost men, is an appendage of it), with a Dean and Chapter, who possess a considerable authority over the adjoining district, and a revenue of about £30,000 per annum. The Abbey may be considered as sub-divided into chapels; but in the present day divine service (at 7.45, 10, and 3) is performed only in a large enclosed space near the eastern extremity of the building—except on Sunday evenings during a portion of the year, when service is performed in the nave, in a similar way to the Sunday evening services under the dome of St. Paul's. This evening service, at seven o'clock, is very striking in effect. There are usually a considerable number of strangers present at the services, particularly at that on Sunday evenings. The entrance chiefly used is that at Poets' Corner, nearly opposite the royal entrance to the Houses of Parliament; but on Sunday evenings the great western entrance is used. There is admittance every week-day from nine to six free to the chief parts of the building (except during the winter months, when the Abbey is closed at four), and to other parts on payment of a fee of sixpence.

Westminster Hospital and the adjacent Sessions House stand upon the site of the ancient Sanctuary of Westminster, the only one of the old-time "sanctuaries" of London of which the name still exists. The right of sanctuary, or the protection of criminals and debtors from arrest, was retained by Westminster after the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1540; and the privilege (which was not abolished until James I., in 1623) caused the houses within the precinct to be let for high rents. The Church was removed in 1750, to give place to a Market House, which was pulled down fifty years later to make way for the present Sessions House—a mean looking building, out of character with the surrounding edifices. The parish church of St. Margaret, opposite, dates from the time of Edward I., but was rebuilt in Edward IV.'s reign. It has been for many years the church of the House of Commons, and in this connection many historical reminiscenccs belong to it.

Incidentally, we may remark that Lambeth Palace is not far from Westminster. Crossing the bridge, and taking the first turning to the right, it may be reached in ten minutes. Lambeth Palace has been a residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury for more than six centuries. The Chapel dates from 1244-70; the Lollards' Tower from 1434-5.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PARLIAMENT STREET TO PALL MALL.

TWO streets running in parallel lines lead from Westminster to Whitehall. One of these streets, King Street, is narrow, dark, and gloomy, and probably will soon cease to be. In it lived Edmund Spenser and Oliver Cromwell; and through it passed Elizabeth, Charles, and the Protector, whenever their presence was required in either House of Parliament. The street was large enough for the royal processions and parliament men of those days, but it became inconveniently narrow when the traffic of the metropolis extended to this point. So Parliament Street was built, which is now become one of the most crowded thoroughfares of western London. After passing through it in the direction of Charing Cross, you emerge into a broader way, which is named Whitehall, after the palace which formerly stood midway between Westminster and the Strand. "The whole district," writes the gossiping author of "The Town," "containing all that collection of streets and houses which extend from Scotland Yard to Parliament Street, and from the river-side to St. James's Park, and which is still known by the general appellation of Whitehall, was formerly occupied by a sumptuous palace and its appurtenances, the only relics of which, perhaps the noblest specimen, is the beautiful edifice built by Inigo Jones, and retaining its old name of the Banqueting House." A recent writer calls it a "singularly over-rated building;" but with its architectural merits we have no concern. Suffice it to say that, except for its interesting history, it would present fewer attractions to most persons than other public buildings in the vicinity.

On the west side of Whitehall, we first notice the principal

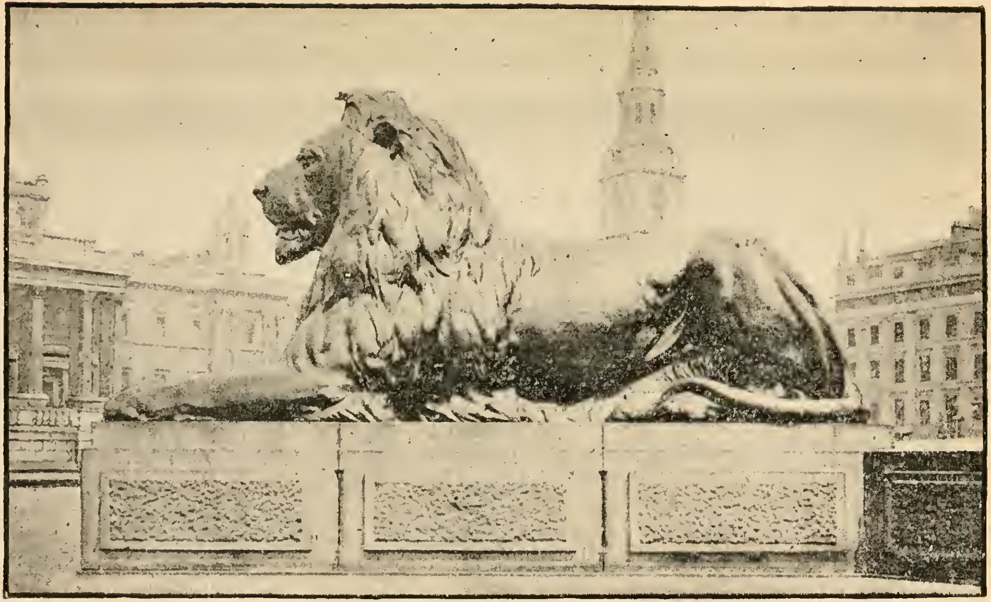
Government Offices, those nearest King Street forming one grand block, with a frontage to St. James's Park. In this handsome range of buildings are located the India, Colonial, and Foreign Offices. At the northern extremity lies Downing Street, an old-fashioned street, in which is the official residence of the Prime Minister for the time being, and the Privy Council Office. The Exchequer Office, Treasury, Education Department, and Home Office front on Parliament Street. The Foreign Office is, of all the public offices, the one most worth seeing. There meetings of the Cabinet are sometimes held, and such International Conferences in which Great Britain takes a part which may be appointed to be held in London. The principal apartments of the Foreign Office are very magnificent. The public are admitted to see them on application between two and five. On the east side of Whitehall, opposite these offices, is the mansion of the Duke of Buccleugh. In Whitehall Gardens, adjoining it, Lord Beaconsfield lived for a short time towards the latter part of his life. Dover House (formerly York House, when tenanted by the Duke of York), built in 1774, is the building, with low dome over the entrance-way, next the edifice called the Horse Guards. Here for upwards of a century the Commander-in-Chief directed the affairs of the army. The building is still utilized for military purposes, though the Commander-in-Chief and his staff are now located at the War Office in Pall Mall. Mounted sentries, belonging to one of the three regiments of the Household Cavalry are on duty at the principal gateway facing Whitehall, from ten till four. On the Horse Guards' Parade in the rear, military reviews occasionally take place in the presence of members of the royal family. There are some cannon here, trophies of the Peninsular campaign of the Duke of Wellington.

Next the Horse Guards is the Admiralty, where the principal affairs of the navy are conducted. The famous reprobate, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the second of that name, was born in Wallingford House, which occupied the site of the present Admiralty. "From the roof," says Pennant, "the pious

Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, then living here with the Countess of Peterborough, was prevailed on to take the sight of his beloved master, Charles I., when brought on the scaffold before Whitehall. He sank at the horror of the sight, and was carried in a swoon to his apartment." Wallingford House was often used by Cromwell and others in their consultations. The Admiralty Office is not a handsome structure: its western front is, on the whole, the most pleasing part of it, notwithstanding the screen on the Whitehall side, which has been praised as a good example of the work of one of the brothers Adam, of considerable reputation as architects in the early part of the century.

Whitehall Palace was the abode of a series of English sovereigns, beginning with Henry VIII., who took it from Wolsey, the cardinal, and terminating with James II., at whose downfall it was destroyed by fire. The present Banqueting House, converted into a chapel by George I., and restored in 1829 and 1837, alone remains of the once famous palace of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns.

The Chapel Royal is open for divine service every Sunday, and may be seen on week-days from ten to four. Rubens is said to have painted the ceiling. The chief historical events connected with the present structure are the marriage of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria; the death of Charles I., who passed to execution through a passage in the wall, and was beheaded beneath its windows; and the restoration of Charles II. The royal alms are distributed here annually to deserving poor and aged persons, recommended by the metropolitan clergy, on Thursday in Holy Week. This ceremony is one of the few remaining relics of the times when the sovereign was Roman Catholic, and derives its origin from the washing of the feet of the poor, in commemoration of the Saviour's act of grace and charity in washing his disciples' feet previous to his crucifixion. The last of the English sovereigns who performed the ceremony of "washing the feet" in person was James II. After his day the duty was for a time relegated to the king's lord high



Trafalgar Square.

almoner. At the accession of the first of the Hanoverian Sovereigns some changes were made in the ancient custom; and in George III.'s reign (or, possibly, in the reign before) it was abolished, an increase in the royal bounties being substituted for the more imposing but less rational act of charity aforetime publicly done by the king. Nowadays the sovereign's Easter bounties, designated the "Royal Maundy," are distributed at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, with appropriate services, to aged men and women, the number of each sex corresponding with the age of the reigning Sovereign.

The ceremony in the chapel is interesting. A procession, consisting of yeomen of the guard, in their picturesque Tudor dresses of scarlet, choristers of the Chapels Royal in frocks of the same edged with blue and gold, officials in court costume, and clergy in their robes, usher in one of the yeomen bearing aloft on a salver of gold the Queen's gifts. After this official (whose appearance takes one back to the days when Henry VIII. ruled England) comes her Majesty's Lord High Almoner, the Dean of Windsor. The procession passes up the centre aisle of the chapel to the steps of the altar, and the royal alms are deposited in front of the so-called royal closet, or pew, set apart for the members of the Queen's family. The appointed special service for the day is then begun; and in the intervals of singing the anthems, the distribution of gifts, consisting of money and clothing, is made by the officiating clergy. The "Maundy money," used eagerly to be bought by collectors of coins, some of the money being specially struck at the Mint for the purpose of this distribution.

The United Service Institution, a military and naval museum of great interest, open free to the public, lies in the rear of the chapel. Scotland Yard, a short distance northward, is the headquarters of the metropolitan police. Milton, when he was secretary to Cromwell, lodged here for a time. At the east end of Scotland Yard is the central office of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. The National Liberal Club stands at the eastern corner of Whitehall. Spring Gardens, opposite, was originally a place of public entertainment; it is now occupied principally by the Admiralty and other offices. The statue of Charles I. stands on the site of the ancient cross which once marked the centre of the village of Charing. The pedestal of the statue is the work of Grinling Gibbons. On this spot, before it was erected, the regicides, so-called, were executed in the most barbarous manner: and here for many years stood one of the pillories in which criminals and others used to suffer torture and the infamy of public exposure. On the north side of Trafalgar Square, which faces us, is the National Gallery. The priceless collection of pictures here brought together originated in 1824 (during the administration of the Earl of Liverpool) in the purchase of thirty-eight pictures from Mr. Angerstein with a parliamentary grant of money. In 1826 the collection was increased by a liberal donation of sixteen pictures by Sir George Beaumont; and in 1831 by a valuable bequest of thirty-five pictures from the Rev. W. H. Carr. Other gifts and bequests were made from time to time by William IV., Lord Farnborough, R. Simmons, Robert Vernon, Turner the painter, Lord Colborne, Wynn Ellis, and by the nation at large. Of the entire number of works, more than one-third have been purchased by parliamentary grants amounting in the aggregate to about £400,000. The National Gallery contains eighteen rooms, of which Nos. I., II., III., V., VII., and VIII. contain examples of the British School; IV. and VI. contain the Turner Collection; in IX. are works of the French School; X., XIII., XIV., and XVII. of the Italian School; XI. the Wynn Ellis gift; XII. the Dutch and Flemish; XV. a select cabinet collection; XVI. the Peel Collection; XVIII. the Spanish School. The names of the painters and of the subjects appear upon the frames of the pictures; and excellent catalogues may be purchased in the entrance-hall.

It is open to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays (except in the month of October)—from 10 till 5 in the winter months, from 10 till 6 in summer.

Cockspur Street unites Whitehall with Pall Mall on the south side of Trafalgar Square. It presents no very striking features except on its right side, which is occupied by the Union Club-house and the spacious premises of Halling, Pearce, and Stone, known as Waterloo House. An equestrian statue of George III. by M. C. Wyatt occupies the ground where Cockspur Street and Pall Mall East join. In Suffolk Street, a quiet thoroughfare leading to the Haymarket, lived Miss Vanhomrigh, who died for love of Swift. The famous Calves' Head Club (in ridicule, it is said, of the memory of Charles I.) was held at a tavern here. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the "street" of this and of the Swift period exists now only in name. At the corner is the house of the United University Club, one of the oldest of London clubs. A few yards westward the Haymarket leads to Regent Street and Piccadilly. On the east side of it is the Haymarket Theatre, which has a history going back more than a century. The present building, as regards its interior at least, was constructed by the Bancrofts (the present lessees) in 1880. This theatre has a well-earned reputation for comedy, to which, in general, it restricts itself. The acting has for several years been of a superior character, and the pieces are mounted with much care and elaboration. At the west corner of the Haymarket is Her Majesty's Theatre, an edifice of comparatively recent date, having been built, 1876-7, on the site of the older theatre destroyed by fire. Originally the only Italian Opera House in London, the King's, afterwards Her Majesty's, theatre was the most aristocratic play-house of the fashionable quarter. Of late years its doors have not been so frequently opened as formerly.

We are now come to Pall Mall, one of the most splendid streets in London, deriving its splendour from its club-houses. It is the resort of all the most representative Englishmen. Here are situated the most wealthy and influential political and social clubs in the world. Hansom cabs in numbers come and go during the season, dropping their occupants at the doors at one or other of the great club-houses; and about dinner-time quite a stream of quiet well-dressed men stroll down the street and are absorbed in these palatial buildings. Among them will be the greater part of those who represent the rank and wealth of the country. Every political celebrity belongs to one or other of these associations—either to the Carlton, the Reform, the Junior Carlton, or to the Beaconsfield. The Army and Navy and the United Service embrace all the men illustrious in arms; while the Church and learning are represented by the Athenæum and the Oxford and Cambridge. Fond as London is of Gothic architecture, that style has no representative in Pall Mall. Here everything is classical, although the degree to which the classical architecture is adhered to differs widely between the chaste Italian of the Reform and the florid display of its next-door neighbour, the Carlton. The one blot of the street is the property of the nation. The War Office is altogether out of keeping with the clubs upon the same side of the way. The building is already doomed, and some day another more worthy of its surroundings will rise in its place. At the south-east corner of Pall Mall and Carlton Place (the open space where stands the Duke of York's column) is the United Service Club, erected in 1826; members must not hold rank under that of major in the army, or commander in the navy. The Athenæum, at the opposite corner, was opened in 1830. Membership is limited to individuals known for their literary or scientific attainments, artists of eminence, or gentlemen distinguished as patrons of literature, science, and art. The Travellers' Club house, built in 1831, comes next the Athenæum. Foreign travel is a necessary qualification for membership. The Reform Club adjoins the preceding. It was erected in 1839. There is a large number of members, all of whom are supposed to be of Liberal politics. The Carlton, the most splendid of all the club-houses, is the headquarters of the Tory or Conservative party. It comes next the palatial mansion of the rival faction. The Oxford and Cambridge Club house, built in 1838, follows next in order (with the War Office intervening—in the courtyard of which there stands a statue of Sidney

Herbert, a former Secretary of War), with the Guards' and Beaconsfield Club houses occupying the principal part of the ground between it and the Prince of Wales's residence, Marlborough Club house, the membership of which is restricted to comparatively few persons of more or less social prominence. The Army and Navy Club house, built 1847-50, and reserved exclusively for the use of officers of the military and naval services, is at the corner of Pall Mall and George Street, St. James's Square, fronting the War Department. At the opposite corner is the Junior Carlton Club house, members of which are in alliance with the Conservative party. At No. 14, St. James's Square, near at hand, is the East India United Service Club house; at No. 11, the Windham; at No. 12, the London Library; and at No. 10, the Salisbury Club house. At No. 21 George III. was born. Returning to Pall Mall, in the direction of Waterloo Place, denoted by the memorial to the Guards who fell in the Crimean War, we have the Wanderers' Club house at the northeast corner.

There are in all more than eighty clubs frequented by persons of the higher class in the metropolis. A few of these establishments, such as White's, Brooks's, Boodle's, and Arthur's, in St. James's Street (White's can show a record of more than a century) are of ancient date; but their present arrangements and constitution are of modern origin. The accommodation they afford to gentlemen only occasionally visiting town, and to others desirous of enjoying the splendour of a large establishment at a moderate expense, and of meeting with a great variety of society, has made them popular among the upper classes. The principal club-houses, as we have already seen in our walk through Pall Mall, are edifices of a sumptuous character. Each club consists of a limited number of members, varying from 400 to 2,000; they are admitted by ballot, pay a certain sum at entrance, from five to forty guineas, and an annual subscription varying from five to twenty guineas. The club-houses generally are fitted up with some show of grandeur, have excellent libraries, take in the best periodical publications, and provide dinners, coffee, wines, &c., at reasonable prices. Some of the clubs are, as we have indicated, avowedly of a political character, and others are devoted exclusively to certain classes. Among the latter might be named the Garrick, a theatrical and literary club; the Guards'; the Savage, for persons connected with literature, the arts, drama, or science; the Royal Thames Yacht Club, for yacht owners and gentlemen: the Bachelors' Club, ostensibly for gentlemen in their bachelorhood who possess the advantage of a well-filled purse. In point of fact, a club is to be found somewhere in London suitable to all sorts and conditions of men, from working-men to peers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

REGENT STREET maintains its long-established supremacy as one of the great show-places of fashionable London. It is a street of comparatively modern date, being one of the many metropolitan improvements effected by Mr. Nash (the architect of several important works) in the second decade of the century. At that time it was looked upon as the most noteworthy feature of the west end of the town, and it is still its most imposing public thoroughfare, if not from an architectural point of view, from the attractiveness and splendour of its shops. It forms a continuation of Waterloo Place, crossing Piccadilly Circus and terminating at Langham Place. The object of the architect was to make one grand street affording communication between St. James's Park, in the south district, and Regent's Park, in the north. In part he succeeded, as the continuity of design which forms the chief feature of Regent Street plainly testifies. With the exception of St. James's Hall and Hanover Chapel, there are no public buildings in Regent Street. Its main attraction is its gaiety. During the season—and, indeed, at all seasons of the year (except, perhaps, in the early autumn, when many Londoners are out of town)—it is thronged with the "swells," and grand dames of London, shopping, or making pretence to shop. Its interest, beyond the common one of looking at and criticising the passers-by, lies in its shop-windows, which display the choicest, prettiest, and most fashionable things to be found in all London. Some of the shops in Regent Street are of world-known fame—take, for example, those of Lewis and Allenby, Farmer and Rogers, Liberty, each firm in its particular line unrivalled. If a lady does pay a little more for a dress or a piece of millinery in Regent Street than elsewhere, she may be sure that what she purchases represents the latest fashion from Paris, in that line of drapery or millinery. Of some of its shops we may have something to say later on. We have already referred to its restaurants in an earlier chapter.

Piccadilly is one of the pleasantest of London highways. That part of it which faces the Green Park is elegant, expensive, and aristocratic; the other portion, which extends to the Circus, assumes a business aspect, and belongs to trade. But even that part of Piccadilly (as, indeed, was the most of the site of the present Regent Street) which is now most fashionable was an ignoble thoroughfare but a hundred years ago. Thereabouts a great many taverns stood whose fame was none of the best. On review days, says a contemporary writer, the soldiers from the neighbouring barracks sat in front of the houses on wooden benches whilst their hair was being powdered and their pig-tails tied up. During this interesting operation they laughed and joked with the maid-servants who passed that way. As a consequence the quarter was avoided by the respectable classes. Devonshire House (the residence of the Duke of Devonshire, at the corner of St. James's Street), remained for some time, in the eighteenth century, the boundary of the buildings in Piccadilly, though further on, by Hyde Park Corner, there were a few habitations. In aristocratic Mayfair there stood a chapel where a certain Dr. Keith, of infamous notoriety, performed the marriage service for couples who sought a clandestine union; and while the rich availed themselves of this provision, persons in humbler life found a similar place open to them in the Fleet Prison. Parliament put down these enormities in 1753. Even so late as the closing years of the last century, the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) and his brother the Duke of York, when very young men, were stopped one night in a hackney coach and robbed on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, within view of the Duke of Devonshire's mansion.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

A short distance westward from Piccadilly Circus is the south entrance to St. James's Hall. Opposite is the Royal School of Mines and Museum of Practical Geology, the entrance of which is in Jermyn Street. On the same side of the street is St. James's Church, built by Wren in 1684; several prominent men have, in their day, been rectors of this church. Sackville Street leads to Savile Row, a quiet thoroughfare in which are one or two minor club-houses and the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. The "Row" is best known, perhaps, for the establishment of Poole, the fashionable tailor, which has turned out more coats and trousers for the *élite* of Europe—emperors, kings, princes, dukes, and lords—than any other tailor's establishment in the world. The Albany, a dingy-looking, secluded building, with a courtyard in front (between Nos. 46 and 47 Piccadilly), consists of suites of chambers which are rented by wealthy single gentlemen. Many famous men once occupied rooms here: Lord Byron, George Canning, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Macaulay, &c. Some part of the "History of England" was written by Macaulay here. On the south side of Piccadilly is the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, almost facing the headquarters of Art in England, Burlington House.

In this noble building, a few doors east of Bond Street, are the spacious galleries of the Royal Academy. These contain a valuable collection of paintings, many of which have been bequeathed, the remainder being diploma works of Academicians (presented on their election), which may be viewed gratis. Annual exhibitions of the works of living artists take place in May, June, and July, and of Old Masters in January, February, and March. Admission, from eight till dusk, 1*s.*; catalogues, 1*s.* Suites of apartments belonging to the six principal learned and scientific societies of Great Britain are also in this building—viz., the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Linnæan, the Geological, the Royal Astronomical, and the Chemical Societies.

The oldest of these learned bodies, having rooms on the eastern side of the quadrangle, is the Royal Society, which was incorporated by royal charter more than two hundred years ago, and had for its first patron Charles II. He appears to have found in the experiments of the philosophers an agreeable change from the frivolities and dissipation of his court. The society received from him as a gift the silver-gilt mace which still graces the table of the council-chamber at all meetings. This illustrious body numbers some 600 of the foremost scientific men of the day; and ever since its foundation it has been the adviser of the Government on matters of a scientific nature. The library comprises nearly 35,000 volumes, and is in all respects one of the most complete scientific libraries in existence.

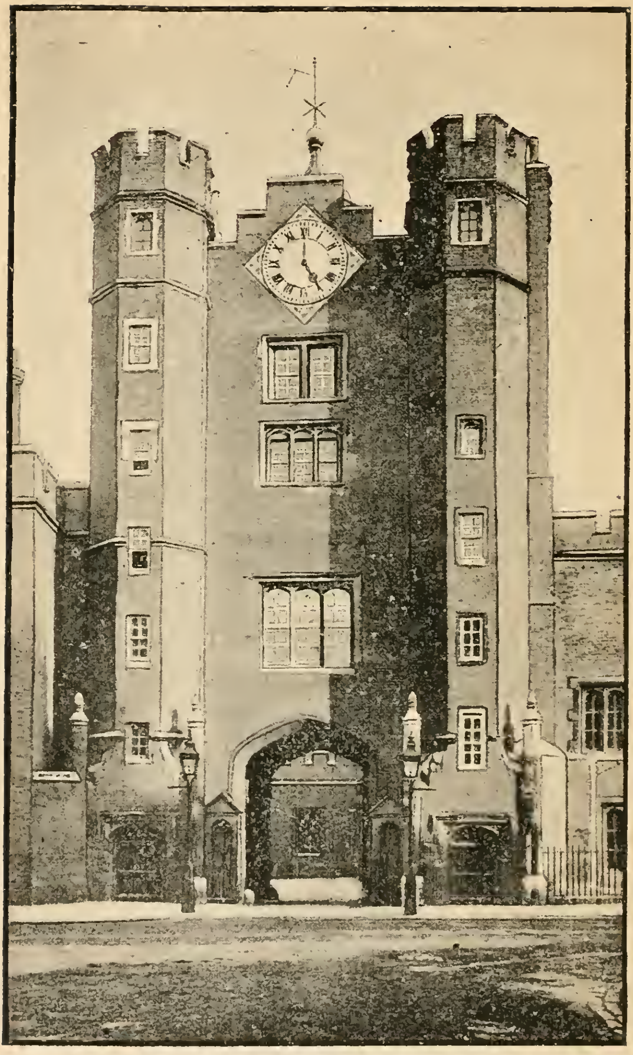
On the side of the quadrangle facing the Royal Society are the apartments belonging to the Antiquaries, the next to the Royal Society in point of age. It was, indeed, originally established in 1572; but it appears to have subsequently dissolved. It was not till 1751 that it was incorporated by charter; and about thirty years afterwards it was established in free quarters at Somerset House, in the Strand, where it remained till its removal to the present elegant suite of rooms in Burlington House.

The suite devoted to the Geological Society lies between the Royal Society and Piccadilly, thus forming the south-eastern corner of the block. Besides a library, meeting-room, &c., it comprises a small museum, fitted with cases suitable for the reception of objects of interest. The Geological Society was established in 1807. The Chemical Society is located in the front of the building, between the corner occupied by the geologists and the gateway. Belonging to the society is a well-selected chemical library: it is the youngest of the six, and was incorporated as recently as the year 1848, and numbers now 500 members.

The whole of the western front of the building is occupied by the Linnæan Society.—a body which took its rise as an offshoot of the Royal Society in 1788. It has a valuable library and collection of natural objects, for the latter of which a well-appointed herbarium has been provided. The rooms of the Royal Astronomical Society lie between the apartments of the Linnæan Society in front and the Antiquaries behind, on the western side of the quadrangle. The University of London occupies a handsome building in rear of the Royal Academy, fronting on Burlington Gardens. It was founded in 1836 as an examining body, and for the purpose of conferring degrees in Arts, Science, Law, Medicine, and Music. The university is supported by parliamentary votes, which are in great part repaid by fees received from candidates for its degrees. It is represented in the House of Commons by one member.

The Burlington Arcade, a fashionable lounging-place for the "swells" of the town and their admirers, is next Burlington House. The Egyptian Hall, on the opposite side of Piccadilly, is a popular place of exhibition and entertainment. Among the numerous exhibitions that have taken place here, that of General Tom Thumb in 1844 was, perhaps, the most famous of its day; of entertainments, Albert Smith's "Ascent of Mont Blanc," originating eight or nine years later. Crossing Bond Street, we have Albermarle Street on the sight, where is the Royal Institution, founded in 1799 to promote scientific and literary research, etc. Its lectures in the winter season are well-attended by the public. There are one or two clubs of some note in this street, as well as comfortable private hotels patronized by the "upper ten." In Arlington Street have lived some notable persons, including Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Sir Robert Walpole. Opposite is the White Horse Cellar, the namesake of a more famous landmark of London in the west. It was a point of some interest in the beginning of the century. Hither used to come the loungers of the clubs and others to watch the mail-coaches drive down Piccadilly *en route* to Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, and other towns in the west of England. On the King's birthday the scene was of exceptional interest. The horses were bedecked with gay rosettes and flowers, and coachmen and guards wore their brilliant new uniforms of scarlet laced with gold. The exterior of the old White Horse Cellar was dressed with tiny oil-lamps of many colours, arranged in tasty lines, a pretty form of illumination, which fifty years ago was common enough in London. In the spring and summer four-horse coaches run daily from the White Horse Cellar to places within easy reach of London, as Beckenham, Box Hill, Dorking, Guildford, High Wycombe, Hampton Court, Windsor, and not unfrequently Brighton. These coaches generally start about ten. In Dover Street are some excellent private hotels. From St. James's Street to Hyde Park Corner the houses are mostly residences of the nobility and wealthy gentry. We have already mentioned the Duke of Devonshire's town residence, Devonshire House, a large mansion with a screen in front, at the corner of St. James's Street. It has no particular architectural character, but successive wealthy owners have collected within it valuable pictures, books, gems, and treasures of various kinds. It was in the ball-room here, in presence of the Queen and Royal Family, that an amateur performance was given by Bulwer Lytton, Charles Dickens, and other leading literary men, on behalf of the "Guild of Literature," which subsequently languished and came to nought. At the corner of Stratton Street is the mansion of Baroness Burdett Coutts, and at No. 82 is Bath House, that of Lord Ashburton. The Duke of Cambridge lives at 136; Lord Rosebery at 138; Baroness Rothschild at 148; and the present Duke of Wellington at Apsley House, the mansion with gates in front, next Hyde Park. It is closely associated with the first Duke. The shell of the house, of brick, is old; but stone frontages, enlargements, and decorations, were afterwards made. The principal room facing Hyde Park, with seven windows, is that in which the Great Duke held the celebrated Waterloo Banquet, on the 18th of June in every year, from 1816 to 1852. The windows were blocked up with bullet-proof iron blinds from 1831 to the day of his death in 1852; a rabble had shattered them during the Reform excitement, an act which caused him intense chagrin, as he had hoped his great services to the country might have protected him from annoyance.

From Piccadilly towards the north, and along the whole breadth of Hyde Park, is Park Lane, with its charming houses built in the villa style, not unlike, in some respects, to those of Brighton, with their irregular fantastic balconies, rotundas, and verandahs. Here and there is a larger mansion: for example, Dorchester House, the splendid structure facing the south, belonging to Mr. Holford. Formerly this street was Tyburn Lane, leading to Tyburn Gate, the execution-ground of so many criminals in the last century. At the present day Park Lane, and all the streets adjacent to it, are the headquarters of wealth and aristocracy—Upper Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, Hertford Street, Curzon Street, Berkeley Square, etc. Lying to the south of Hyde Park are many squares and streets equally favoured by the fashionable world—Grosvenor Place, Belgrave Square, Eaton Square. Westward from Hyde Park lie Knightsbridge and Kensington, the parts of which nearest "the Park," covered with splendid houses, afford some idea of the luxury and wealth to be found in London. A short distance from the westernmost end of Hyde Park lies the South Kensington Museum, at the corner of the Brompton Road and Exhibition Road. It is most easily reached from the central districts of London by omnibuses, and from other parts of the town by the Metropolitan District Railway, which has a station at South Kensington. Admission—Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. (the galleries being lighted at night); Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday ("students' days"), 6*d*., from 10 a.m. till 4, 5, or 6 p.m., the hour of closing varying with the season of the year. This Museum, in which is collected the finest examples of art-workmanship to be found in England, is the most popular and interesting in London. The Art collections and Loan collections, the Oriental courts, the sculptures and frescoes, and other special exhibitions arranged within the building, constitute one of the most varied, entertaining, and instructive "sights" open to the public. Certainly no visitor should leave London without going to the South Kensington Museum. And being in its neighbourhood, he should not leave it without going through the National Portrait Gallery and the Natural History Museum, adjacent to the more important edifice.



St. James's Palace.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FROM ST. JAMES'S, BY WAY OF BOND STREET TO OXFORD STREET.

ST. JAMES'S STREET connects Piccadilly with Pall Mall. At its southern end is St. James's Palace, an old and irregular red-brick structure, the chief interest of which centres in its history. Architecturally, it is the meanest of all the royal palaces. It is less useful as a residence than the noble mansion of the Duke of Sutherland on the west side, or the less imposing house of the Prince of Wales next the entrance-gate in Pall Mall. Its most attractive exterior feature is the ancient gateway, a relic of Tudor times, facing St. James's Street. The palace stands on the site of a hospital for lepers, dedicated to St. James, which continued from a very early period down to the reign of Henry VIII. That monarch took possession of it, as he did of many similar institutions, and it was pulled down, and "a faire mansion," called the Manor House, said to have been planned by Holbein, was built in its place. In the year King Henry married poor Anne Boleyn (1532), according to Leigh Hunt, he "transferred into it his own bloated and corrupt body." The initials of the king and that ill-fated queen are still to be traced on the chimney-piece of what was once the presence-chamber of the palace. When Whitehall was burned down in William III.'s reign, St. James's became the real seat of royalty in London; and so it remained down to the reign of her present Majesty. Even now, it is customary to speak of foreign ambassadors and ministers as being accredited to "the Court of St. James's," though the Queen herself seldom sets foot within its gates. The Duchess of Cambridge, one of the Queen's relations, resides here in her apartments fronting the north; but the chief part of the palace is occupied by Court officials. The State apartments are on the first floor, with windows facing the park. The Levees of the Prince of Wales, acting on behalf of her Majesty, are held here during the months of March, April, and May. A "colour guard" of one of the regiments of the Brigade of Guards stationed in London mounts in the open quadrangle on the east side every day at a quarter to 11 a.m. when the regimental band plays for a quarter of an hour.

Among the royal personages historically connected with St. James's Palace, when it was the residence of the sovereign, may be mentioned Charles I., who spent here the last three days of his life. Queen Mary, of "bloody" memory, Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., and Caroline, wife of George II., these three died here. Charles II., James II.'s son, surnamed the Old Pretender, and George IV., were born here. Queen Anne made it her chief palace when she came to the throne, as did George I. and II. Queen Victoria was married in the little chapel—which is open to visitors, by ticket from the Lord Chamberlain, on Sundays, at the times of divine service. As the accommodation is very limited, only few persons are admitted.

In St. James's Street we are once more in the region of the clubs. The first to the left is the Thatched House Club (originally the Civil Service), taking its name from the Thatched House Tavern, in one of the rooms of which were hung the celebrated Kit-Kat pictures, portraits of members of the Kit-Kat Club. The Conservative Club house, opened in 1845, stands next it. Arthur's, an aristocratic club, so named from its founder, a keeper of White's Chocolate House, who died in 1761, has its locale on the same side of the street, at No. 69. In King Street, a thoroughfare opposite, leading to St. James's Square, is St. James's Theatre. Almost adjoining it are Willis's Rooms, a noted house for public dinners, balls, and meetings, originally known as Almack's, which in their day were the most fashionable and exclusive assembly-rooms in the metropolis. The town owed Almack's, like Lord's, to the enterprise of a Scotchman. McCall. For some reason satisfactory to himself, McCall, by a transposition of its syllables, altered his name to Almack when he took the rooms which now are known as Willis's. In February, 1775, Horace Walpole described the opening of the new rooms. They were "very magnificent, but empty," as "half the town was ill of colds." Advertising his project, Almack, who seems to have been a very singular person, declared that his room was "built with hot bricks and boiling water." In this curious edifice, of which the roof was dripping with water, probably not hot, the Duke of Cumberland, otherwise known as the hero of Culloden, was pleased to disport himself. The subscription to Almack's was ten guineas, for which sum you had a dance and a sufficient supper once every week for twelve weeks. Facing Willis's Rooms are the well-known auction-rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., where during the London season are disposed of daily the finest pictures and other works of art which thus change hands in the kingdom. At No. 3 in this street lived Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor of the French. Returning to St. James's Street, we may take note of several other club-houses: the chief of these are Brooks's, at No. 60, founded in 1764, and ever since then the headquarters of the Whig aristocracy; the New University, for members of the universities; Boodle's, at No. 28, of which Fox, Gibbon, and other eminent men were the earliest members; the Devonshire Club, an offshoot of the Reform, on the left-hand side; and lastly, White's, on the right-hand side (No. 36-7), one of the oldest and most famous of these institutions, established so far back as 1736. It was previously to that time a chocolate house, which had been opened in 1698. Horace Walpole and George Selwyn were members of White's. In 1814 the club entertained the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia at a banquet, and a few days later the Duke of Wellington, the great general. In Jermyn Street, close at hand, and in the streets leading therefrom, are some good private hotels and respectable lodging-houses, patronized by members of the clubs, officers in the army, and others. In Bury Street, one of those streets, lived Steele and Swift.

Crossing Piccadilly, and keeping a little to the right, we come to Bond Street, which, for considerably more than half a century, has been the most fashionable and attractive street in London. It would be difficult to say when and how it earned its reputation, for it is narrow and inconvenient, not to say commonplace, in comparison with Regent Street and Piccadilly; but the fact, nevertheless, remains that Bond Street is the most favoured of all London ways by the aristocratic and wealthy. At times, in the London season, it is blocked with carriages, and one can hardly find foothold on the pavement. It boasts several art galleries, open to the public, the chief of which are those of The Grosvenor, Goupil and Co., and the Fine Art Society; but its chief glory is its shops, which are rented by the princes of the trading world in jewellery, perfumery, millinery, haberdashery, and so on. It has some few historical landmarks. At Long's Hotel, for instance, which held its place among the fashionable West-end hotels as far back as the first years of the century, Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott once dined together. At No. 41 (now in the occupation of Messrs. Agnew), died Laurence Sterne (March 18, 1768), the year after he left York, and came to London to publish the "Sentimental Journey." At No. 4 Lord Brougham lived for a time, and at No. 141 Lord Nelson.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM THE MARBLE ARCH, THROUGH OXFORD STREET, TO HOLBORN.

HORACE WALPOLE incidentally remarks in one of his gossipping letters, " There will be one street from London to Brentford, ay, and from London to every village ten miles round." This prediction, made in 1791, has been fulfilled to the letter, if a street may be taken to mean a continuous main way flanked by houses. A person might start from Brentford, and passing along the southern main road by way of Hammersmith, Kensington, Knightsbridge, and Piccadilly, reach the centre of London without the continuity of houses being broken. Similarly he might start from Shepherd's Bush, and walking along the parallel main road by way of Notting Hill, Bayswater, the northern side of Hyde Park, and Oxford Street, get to the Royal Exchange without once stepping off the pavement. Oxford Street—about one mile and three-quarters in length—is the longest street of shops in London. It begins at the north end of Park Lane, near the Marble Arch, and, passing the north or upper end of Regent Street, and the south or lower end of Tottenham Court Road, there unites with New Oxford Street, which runs into Holborn, within the district of Bloomsbury. This is a sufficiently long walk, within sight of shops all the way; but if the wayfarer be in the humour to prolong it, he might do so for another four or five miles, until, in fact, he finds himself in the Mile End Road, within the district of Whitechapel. Probably few native Londoners have ever engaged in this exercise of measuring the continuity of London's principal lines of streets, but a stranger might be tempted to do so, with the view of beating the Londoner in his more intimate knowledge of the metropolis.

Oxford Street is long and broad enough to take in the population of a small town. It changes its character several times, according to the greater or less elegance of the quarter through which it runs. It is more pretentious westward of the Circus than when it gets beyond the region of Soho, though not so many years ago many most respectable middle-class families lived in that part. Farther east still, in Bloomsbury, in the beginning of the century the wealthiest people resided. Now the well-to-do middle classes have left the pleasant streets of their forefathers, which are a good deal better built and more handsome than most streets at the West-end, and have gone to live in that quarter of fashion. Oxford Street when it reaches Tottenham Court Road becomes dingy and ill-looking, and does not recover its better appearance before it reaches Holborn. It has not much of a history, and there is little to engage the wayfarer's interest westward of the Circus if we except some of the squares, such as Portman and Manchester, lying on the north side. In Manchester Square is Hertford House, the residence of Sir Richard Wallace, which contains a very valuable collection of paintings. There are two or three princely mansions in Cavendish Square, and some of a less imposing character in Hanover Square, on the south side of Oxford Street. An equestrian statue of William, Duke of Cumberland, "Butcher Cumberland," otherwise known as the hero of Culloden, stands in the centre of the former, and a bronze statue of Pitt, by Chantrey, in the centre of the latter. In George Street, within a few steps of Hanover Square, in a south direction, is the well-known church of St. George. To be married at St. George's, Hanover Square, by a bishop, with three or four clergymen "assisting," used to be the ambition of many a belle of the London season; but now the reputation of St. George's as a church for "swell" marriages has been eclipsed by St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and other aristocratic places of worship farther west. In George Street the famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu passed the last hours of her long life.

At the junction of Oxford Street and Regent Street is Oxford Circus, a point at which the road traffic is greater than almost any other in London. Pursuing our way eastward, on the left side, we pass the Princess's Theatre, in the days of Charles Kean famous for its Shakesperian revivals, and on the right the Pantheon, once a bazaar, but now a central depôt for the extensive business of an enterprising firm of wine merchants. Dean Street, near at hand, leads to the district of Soho, which is now largely occupied by small tradesmen and lodging-house keepers, whose patrons are chiefly foreigners. These in considerable numbers make Soho their headquarters. The word "Soho" is stated to have been the battle-cry of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth on the field of Sedgemoor; the "Square" was originally Monmouth Square, afterwards King's Square, and finally Soho Square. Retracing our steps, and proceeding on our way through Oxford Street, we come to Tottenham Court Road, a broad thoroughfare leading to Camden Town, Kentish Town and Hampstead, and the northern suburbs. A few paces from the Euston Road, at the upper end of Tottenham Court Road, is Whitefield's Tabernacle, one of the most famous Noncomformist places of worship. In the last part of the last century Whitefield here drew immense audiences to hear him; the chapel, however, can hardly be called the chapel of his day, having since been considerably enlarged and rebuilt. Great Russell Street, a short distance above the Horse Shoe Hotel, leads to the British Museum; or it may be reached more directly from Oxford Street a little farther eastward. This national institution, established in 1753, is an immense repository of books, MSS., statues, coins, and other antiquities, specimens of animals and minerals, etc., and is, in most respects, one of the richest in Europe. It is principally deposited in buildings raised on the site of Montague House, formerly the residence of the Duke of Montague, in Bloomsbury. The nucleus of the collection was purchased by the Government from Sir Hans Sloane's executors, for £20,000, and the Museum was first opened to the public in January, 1759. But Montague House, though spacious as a private residence, having been found inadequate to the proper accommodation of the vast and continually increasing collections that belong to the Museum, a new quadrangular building, on a very extensive plan, was designed by Sir R. Smirke, and dedicated to the public use.

The contents of the Museum at present include one of the finest libraries of printed books in the world; a most valuable collection of MSS., Oriental antiquities, British and mediæval antiquities, and ethnological specimens; Greek and Roman antiquities, the most complete series in existence; coins and medals, prints and drawings, maps and charts; and in the Print Room a magnificent collection of the finest engravings of all ages.

The departments of Printed Books and MSS. is immensely wealthy in rare and valuable works. In 1755 the Harleian MSS. were purchased, and the Cottonian library was removed from Dean's Yard, Westminster: in 1757 the Royal Library, founded by Henry VIII. out of the libraries of the suppressed monasteries, and enlarged by his different successors, was presented by George II. George III., in 1763, gave a valuable collection of pamphlets on the Civil War; and between 1806 and 1818 the Lansdowne, Hargrave, and Burney MSS. were purchased at an expense of £26,400. Various presents have been made from time to time; the most valuable additions of late years having been the library of George III., collected at an expense of £200,000, and presented to the Museum by his successor, and the sumptuous collection of Mr. George Grenville, valued at £60,000, and bequeathed by him to the nation. Modern English publications are added, free of expense, in consequence of a privilege which the British Museum enjoys, in common with the universities, of receiving gratis a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall. The curious in such things may find here the original editions of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, and copies of books that have been owned by Lord Bacon, Michael Angelo, Charles I., Katharine Parr, Ben Jonson, Martin Luther, John Milton, Isaac Newton, and others.

The Royal Library is rich in memorials of the Tudors and Stuarts. It contains a New Testament which belonged to Anne Boleyn; the Greek Grammar of Edward VI.; Queen Mary's copy of Bandello's novels, which are said to have supplied Shakspeare with the plots of many of his plays; old almanacks on which Charles I. scribbled his name when Prince of Wales; and a fine copy of the second edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which belonged to Charles II. The collection of Bibles includes the Mazarine Bible, so called because the copy which first attracted notice in modern times was discovered in the library of the Cardinal of that name; the Elector of Saxony's copy of Martin Luther's translation of the Bible; Myles Coverdale's Bible, dated 1530, the first printed in England; and Martin Luther's own copy of the German Bible.

Two documents that were important in their results to England are also among the treasures of the Library. One of them is the Papal Bull in which Innocent the Third accepts the Kingdom of England from King John, and the other is the famous Magna Charta. The latter is enclosed within a glass frame, and has a fragment of the seal hanging from it. Having once escaped destruction by fire in 1731, it was carefully extended upon coarse canvas; but the ink has become very pale, and the writing is nearly illegible. Another historical document in the collection is the Bull of Leo the Tenth, conferring the title of "Defender of the Faith" on Henry VIII.; and there is also a letter from Henry V. to the Bishop of Durham, dated Feb. 10, 1418.

The great ornament of the manuscript collection is an ancient Greek copy of the Scriptures, which is supposed to have been made by a lady of Alexandria in the fourth or sixth centuries, and which was presented to Charles I. by the Patriarch of Constantinople. It is one of the two most ancient copies of the Scriptures in existence. The number of printed books in the Library now considerably exceeds a million; the annual increase of books being not less than 20,000. Persons desiring to be admitted to the Reading Room for the purpose of literary research, must apply in writing to the Principal Librarian, specifying their profession or business, their place of abode, and the purpose for which they seek admission. Every such application must be made two days, at least, before admission is required, and must be accompanied by a written recommendation from a householder or a person of known position, mentioning in full his or her name and address, and stating that he or she possesses a personal knowledge of the applicant, and of his or her intention to make proper use of the Reading Room.

The Museum proper is abounding in interest; but we can only point out a few of its innumerable treasures.

In the Anglo-Roman Gallery, one of the twelve departments into which the Museum is divided, may be seen the Roman works which have been dug up from time to time beneath modern London—fragments of mosaic pavements, lamps, weapons, amulets, urns, coins, and beads, whose appearance and inscriptions indicate with certainty the presence of a settled Roman civilization on the banks of the Thames. In another gallery we pass to Greece and Rome, whose life is illustrated by military and domestic utensils; bejewelled, chased, and enamelled ornaments; bas-reliefs; coins and statuary. Thence we may enter Asia Minor and the Lycian cities, some most valuable ruins of which were removed to London by Sir Charles Fellowes between 1842 and 1846.

The Egyptian Gallery contains sarcophagi and monuments, tombs of the Ptolemies and Rameses, sculptured tablets and statues, funeral vases and pillars,—all crowded with hieroglyphics which still puzzle the archæologist. A number of glass-cases in this department contain mummies of various ages, some dried to black crusts, and others quite life-like; and along the walls are relics exhibiting the customs and usages of ancient Egypt,—ornaments, domestic utensils, official and priestly costumes, works of art, toilet articles, playthings, writing materials, and trade implements.

Between the British and Mediæval Room and the Ethnological

Department is a space filled with gold ornaments and gems,—cameos, intaglios, and other precious ornaments ; and here is the famous Portland vase, which is considered one of the great treasures of the Museum. The Elgin Room contains the most valuable collection in the world of specimens of Greek art at its best period, brought to England by the Earl of Elgin, and purchased by Parliament. They consist principally of sculptures from the Temple of the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Temple of the Wingless Victory, all on the Acropolis of Athens. The Parthenon was built about 440 B.C. All the sculptural decorations were by Phidias. The celebrated series of bas-reliefs and sculptures brought from Nineveh by Mr. Layard, and the Assyrian antiquities collected by Mr. Rassam, are also here. Considerations of space compel us, however, to refer the visitor to the various official guides which may be purchased in the entrance-hall, at prices varying from 1*d.* to 6*d.*, for a more particular account of the countless treasures in the British Museum. It remains to be said that the public are admitted to view the collections on every week-day from Monday till Friday, from ten o'clock, and on Saturday from twelve o'clock till the time of closing—as follows : closed at dusk ; except on the evenings of Monday and Saturday from May 8 to the middle of July, when the hour is eight ; and then till the end of August it closes at seven. The Greek and Roman Sculpture Galleries, and the Gallery of Antiquities, are now open on Wednesday and Friday. The Reading Room is closed, for cleaning, the first four week-days in March and October.

The east end of Great Russell Street opens into Bloomsbury Square, at the north-east corner of which stood Lord Mansfield's house, sacked and burned by the Lord George Gordon rioters in 1780. Bedford Place leads from Bloomsbury to Russell Square, not far from which, in Guilford Street, is the Foundling Hospital, founded in 1739 by a sea-captain, Thomas Coram, "for exposed and deserted children." This interesting institution is open for the inspection of visitors every Sunday after morning service, in the chapel (which begins at 11), and every Monday from 10 till 4. Returning to Bloomsbury, and going down Southampton Row into Holborn, on the opposite side lies Little Queen Street, which leads to Lincoln's Inn Fields. We stand here on classic ground. Sir Thomas More, Shaftesbury the statesman, Lord Mansfield and other not less eminent lawyers, studied in the precincts of Lincoln's Inn; and Oliver Cromwell passed two years of his eventful life in the same locality. The square has its sad reminiscences too. In its centre stood the scaffold on which died one of the noblest of English patriots, Lord William Russell. Drs. Donne, Ussher, and Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury) were preachers in the ancient chapel of Lincoln's Inn. The fine edifice on the south side of the square is the Royal College of Surgeons. The interior of the College is well adapted to its uses, and the spacious museum contains a splendid collection of anatomical preparations. Admission is obtained by order of a member of the College (any medical man in practice) between 12 and 5 from March to August, and 12 to 4 during the winter months, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. The museum is closed in September.

On the north side of the square (No. 13) is the Soane Museum, admission to which may be obtained on personal application from 10 till 4 on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays in April, May, and June, and on Wednesdays and Thursdays in February, March, July, and August inclusive. The collection comprises several important pictures—Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" and "Election" among the number, and a valuable collection of gems, coins, and sculptures.

Lincoln's Inn on the east side of the square is one of the four Inns of Court so-called, of which we have already made mention in the chapter on "Fleet Street." The gateway facing Chancery Lane is its oldest and most interesting feature, architecturally. "It was built," says Pennant, "by Sir Thomas Lovel, once a member of this Inn, and afterwards treasurer of the household to Henry VIII." The chapel was designed by Inigo Jones, and dates from 1631-3. The Hall and Library are worth seeing. On the east side of Lincoln's Inn is Chancery Lane, at the north end of which in Holborn is Gray's Inn, another of the Inns of Court. It was founded in 1357. Most of its buildings (except the Hall, with black oak roof), are of comparatively modern date. In Gray's Inn lived and died the great Lord Chancellor Bacon. A tree planted by him in the dreary old garden of the Inn may yet, we believe, be seen propped up by iron stays. Charles I., when Prince Charles, was an honorary member of this Inn, and Bradshaw, afterwards one of his judges, was a bencher at the same period in its history. Gray's Inn Road leads to King's Cross. Furnival's Inn, close at hand, is rendered interesting from the fact that Charles Dickens in the early part of his literary career had chambers here. From this point to Newgate Street the line of street is almost wholly modern. The church of St. Alban, which has earned an unenviable notoriety in connection with the Ritualistic practices of a certain section of the Church of England clergy, is in Brook Street, a short distance east of Furnival's Inn. Two other churches in the vicinity are of some historical interest: St. Andrew's, Holborn, one of Wren's edifices, and of which the famous Dr. Sacheverell was rector; and St. Sepulchre's, on the north side of Holborn Viaduct. On the west side of this church, not so many years ago, ran Field Lane and Saffron Hill, of which Dickens makes mention in the doings of Fagin and the adventures of Oliver Twist. These, like hundreds of other parts of old London, have been swept away within the past twenty years.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SOME NOTES OF INTERESTING EVENTS.

BANK and general holidays are—(1) the day following Christmas day; (2) Easter Monday; (3) Whit Monday; (4) the first Monday in August. The first is vulgarly known as "Boxing Day," from the ancient custom of giving gratuities or "Christmas-boxes" to persons who are supposed to have some claim (generally of the slenderest kind,) on the generosity of householders and others. This holiday is the great festival of the theatres. A "stall" at Drury Lane Theatre on "Boxing Night" will be likely to bring some amusement to a stranger, apart from the entertainment afforded by the first-night of the pantomime. Easter Monday is a holiday dear to the cockney heart. In ordinary years it serves to mark the middle of spring, when Londoners look for warm, sunshiny days, and bright, settled weather—when they don their newest fashion in coat and gown, and betake themselves to the places of popular recreation. Thousands spend it at the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, the Tower, the Museums, and other places of public resort. Whit Monday and the first Monday in August are the great out-door festivals. Excursionists fill the trains and the steamboats, and press into service every vehicle which can carry them away from town into the country—to Richmond, Kew, Epping Forest, and the like.

On Maundy Thursday an interesting ceremony takes place at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, in the distribution to the poor of the Queen's alms and bounties.

Season of Italian Opera at Covent Garden, Her Majesty's or Drury Lane Theatres, ordinarily begins the last week of April or the first week of May.

Exhibition at the Royal Academy opens first Monday in May; other important art exhibitions about the same time.

On the Queen's Birthday (24th of May), usually kept on some day before or after that date, a parade of the Guards takes in the rear of the Horse Guards, Whitehall.

Towards the end of May, the Annual Horse Show is held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

The Annual Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, at St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Annual May Meetings of the various religious societies take place at Exeter Hall.

Last week of May (or first week of June) the Derby Day.

On the 4th of June, procession of the college boats on the river at Eton.

Ascot Races about the first or second week of June.

The "Churching of the Judges" takes place at St. Paul's Cathedral on the Sunday following Trinity Sunday, at the afternoon service.

"Hospital Sunday" the middle Sunday of June.

The Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton and Harrow, cricket matches at Lord's; the first usually in June, the second towards the middle of July.

Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, generally held during the second week of June.

Crystal Palace fêtes, and grand displays of fireworks usually on Thursdays, beginning in June and ending in August.

National Rifle Association, camp meeting on Wimbledon Common second and third weeks of July.

National Artillery Association Meeting at Shoeburyness, first and second weeks of August.

Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace in August.

Procession of the Judges (second week in October) to open the session of the Law Courts at the Courts of Justice.

Lord Mayor's Day on November 9th.

The Agricultural Show of Fat Cattle at Islington (before Christmas), second week of December.

Chapter XXXVII.

MUSEUMS, EXHIBITIONS, PICTURE GALLERIES, ETC., OPEN FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

(Hereinbefore referred to under "Streets.")

ARCHITECTURAL Museum, 18, Tufton Street, Westminster. Open daily from 10 till 4.

Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street. Open daily, *except Saturdays*, by member's ticket, from 11 till 4.

Bank of England. By order obtainable of the Governor or one of the Directors.

Bethnal Green Museum. Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday.

British Museum, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Daily, 10 till dusk.

College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Daily.

Entomological Society's Museum, Chandos Street, Cavendish Square. Mondays, from 2 to 7, by member's order.

Geological Society's Museum, Burlington House, Piccadilly. By member's ticket.

Guildhall Museum, King Street, Cheapside. Daily, 10 till 5.

Houses of Parliament. Saturday, by order from the Lord Chamberlain's office, at the House of Lords.

India Museum, Exhibition Road, Kensington. 10 till 6.

Institute of Civil Engineers (Models, Plans, &c.), 25, Great George Street, Westminster. By member's order.

Kensington (South) Museum. Monday, Tuesday, Saturday, free (other days, 6*d.*). Open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

King's College Museum, 160, Strand. Must be introduced by member or student.

Lambeth Palace, to be reached most easily by boat from Westminster or Charing Cross piers to Lambeth.

Linnæan Society's Museum (Natural History), Burlington House, Piccadilly. Wednesday and Friday, from 10 till 4, by member's order.

Missionary Museum (Idols, &c.), Blomfield Street, Finsbury. Open daily from 10 till 4; Saturdays, 10 till 2.

Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn Street. Daily, 10 till 4.

National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, free (other days 6*d.*). 10 till 4.

National Portrait Gallery, Exhibition Road, Kensington. Daily, except Friday, 10 till 4 or 6.

Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, South Kensington. Daily 10 till dusk.

Parkes Museum of Hygiene, 74A, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, 10 till 2.

Pharmaceutical Society's Museum, 17, Bloomsbury Square. Daily, *except Saturdays*.

Royal Botanic Society, Inner Circle, Regent's Park. Open daily, May to July from 7 till dusk, other months from 9 till dusk, by fellow's order.

Royal Institution Museum, 21, Albemarle Street. Daily, from 10 till 4, by member's order.

Royal Society's Museum, Burlington House. By order of fellow.

Soane Museum, 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields. (Contains many of Hogarth's pictures and other works of art.) Open on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April till August; Tuesday and Thursday in February and March.

Society of Arts' Museum, John Street, Adelphi. Open daily, except Wednesday, from 10 till 3, by member's order.

Tower of London, Tower Hill. Armoury and Crown Jewels. Free on Mondays and Saturdays. Open from 10 till 4; 10 till 6, May to August.

Trinity House Museum (Lighthouses, &c.), Tower Hill. Daily, 10 till 4.

United Service Museum, Whitehall Yard. Daily, from 11 till 4 or 5 (except Friday), by member's ticket, or on application to the Secretary.

MILITARY BARRACKS AND STATIONS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

The troops quartered in London are, as a rule, certain regiments of the Brigade of Guards and the Household Brigade of Cavalry. A regiment of the Cavalry of the Line is also stationed at Hounslow. The principal barracks are as follows :—

Chelsea Barracks, Chelsea.—Infantry.

Wellington Barracks, St. James's Park.—Infantry.

The Tower of London.—Infantry.

Hyde Park Barracks.—Cavalry, one regiment.

Albany Street, Regent's Park. Cavalry, one regiment.

Kensington Barracks.—Infantry, and a troop of cavalry.

The principal military depôts in the vicinity of London are :—

Woolwich.—Artillery, Infantry of the Line, and Army Service Corps.

Windsor.—Infantry and Cavalry of the Guard.

Hounslow.—Cavalry, one regiment.

The great centre of the whole military system of the United Kingdom is at Aldershot, about two hours' journey on the London and South Western Railway from Waterloo Bridge Station. A division of the army is permanently stationed there. At Chatham, about an hour and a half from Victoria Station, Pimlico, on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, is the School of Military Engineering and Headquarters of the Royal Engineers. Woolwich is the Headquarters of the Royal Artillery.

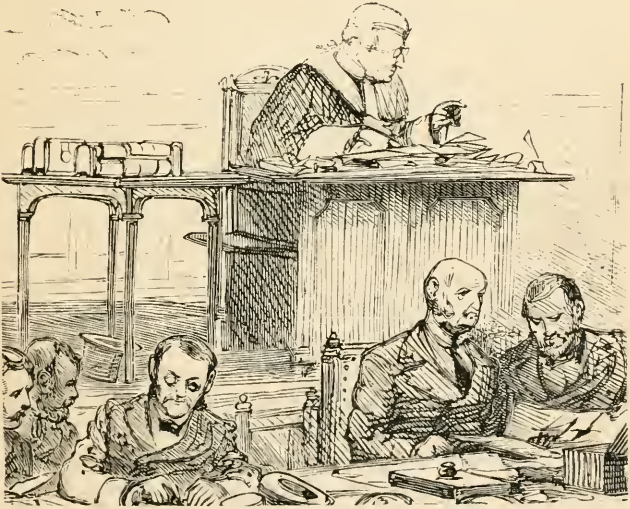
It may not seem out of place to add here that a Royal Naval College for Officers of the Royal Navy is now established at Greenwich Hospital.

THE PRISONS.

The prisons of London may be divided as follows : 1, Houses of Detention, as Newgate ; 2, Houses of Correction, as Holloway and Wandsworth prisons ; 3, the Government or Convict Prisons, as Pentonville, Millbank, and Wormwood Scrubs. Permission to view a prison is granted by order from the Secretary of State, Home Office, Whitehall, S.W. ; or of one of the visiting justices of the gaol to which admission is sought ; or through the Director of Convict Prisons.

Newgate, the chief criminal prison for the county and the City, in the Old Bailey, is used as a house of detention for prisoners under remand, and for prisoners awaiting execution. This prison deserves attention chiefly on account of its historic interest.

Criminal trials take place at the Old Bailey and the Middlesex Session House on Clerkenwell Green. Minor offences are disposed of daily (ten to four) at the various police-courts of the metropolis, the chief of which are at Bow Street, Covent Garden, the Mansion House and Guildhall in the City.



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIBRARIES AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

ART Library of South Kensington Museum. Open during the same hours as the Museum. It contains upwards of 30,000 volumes and pamphlets on all subjects bearing on art; a collection of many thousand drawings, designs, and illuminations: upwards of 20,000 engravings, chiefly of ornament, and 35,000 photographs of architectural objects of art, original drawings, &c. All its contents are rendered, as far as possible, available to students. This is emphatically a special library, the object of which is to aid in the acquisition and development of artistic knowledge and taste, and to furnish means of reference on questions connected with art. The books and periodicals in the Educational Reading Room relate chiefly to elementary instruction at home and abroad; but several standard works in history, science, and general literature are included in the collection. The number of volumes exceeds 20,000. On students' days (Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday) the Reading Room is open to all visitors; on free days admission is restricted to clergymen, teachers of schools for the poor, or holders of tickets.

British Museum Reading Room, Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. The use of the Reading Room is restricted to the purposes of study, reference, or research. No person under twenty-one years of age is admissible, except under a special order from the Trustees. Persons desiring to be admitted must apply in writing to the Principal Librarian, stating their profession or business, place of abode, and, if required, the purpose for which admission is sought. A letter of recommendation from a householder, or person of known position, such as a banker, clergyman, or magistrate, must accompany such application, which must be made two days at least before admission is required. The Reading Room is opened all the year round at 9 a.m., except on Sunday, Good Friday, Christmas Day, and the first four week-days of March and October. The hours are from 9 till 8, September to April; 9 till 7, May to August.

College of Surgeons, 40 to 42, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Admission daily on application, under the same regulations as to the Museum of the College.

Congregational Library, 18, South Street, Finsbury, E.C. Admission, daily, on previous application made by letter to the Secretary.

Free Library and Reading Room of the Commissioners of Patents, Southampton Buildings, W.C. Open every day from 10 to 10. Library of Patents, &c. A collection of scientific works, numbering some 50,000 volumes.

Guy's Hospital. Medical Library. St. Thomas's Street. Borough, S.E. Admission, daily, on previous application made by letter to the Secretary.

Heralds' College. Heraldic Library. Queen Victoria Street (not far from the "Times" Office), City.

Incorporated Law Society. Valuable Law Library. 103 to 111, Chancery Lane. Special permission necessary.

India Office. Library relating to the government of India. Whitehall. Admission daily on application.

Lambeth Palace. Library of valuable MSS. and archives connected with the See of London, &c. Admission on application at Lambeth Palace on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. 10 to 3.

Library of the Corporation of the City of London, Guildhall. Most valuable general library. Admission daily, except on holidays, 10 to 5. Contains nearly 50,000 volumes, a large collection of early printed plays and pageants, and other works connected with the City of London. Free.

Lincoln's Inn Library. Law library. Special permission from two Masters of the Bench. New Hall, Lincoln's Inn.

Linnean Society. Botanical Library. Burlington House, Piccadilly. Free, on application by letter to the Secretary.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, Moorfields. A library consisting of upwards of 60,000 volumes, particularly rich in topographical works. Apply to Secretary.

London Library, St. James's Square, W. This valuable institution, one of the most accessible and convenient in regard to its system of lending books of all the London libraries, is open to subscribers only.

Middle Temple. Law Library. Special permission from two Masters of the Bench; or apply to the Librarian, Middle Temple, Fleet Street.

Obstetrical Society's Library, 291, Regent Street, W. On application to Sub-Librarian.

Royal Academy of Arts. Valuable Art Library. Burlington House, Piccadilly. Special permission requisite. Apply to Librarian.

Royal Agricultural Society, 12, Hanover Square, W. On personal application.

Royal Asiatic Society, 22, Albemarle Street, W. On personal application.

Royal Astronomical Society, Burlington House, Piccadilly.

Royal College of Physicians. Valuable Medical Library. Application for permission to consult any of the works to be made to the Registrar, Pall Mall East.

Royal Institution, 21, Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, S.W. Application to Librarian.

Royal United Service Institution. Valuable Military Library. Application to Secretary of the Institution, Whitehall Yard, S.W.

Sion College Library, Thames Embankment, Blackfriars. Sixty or seventy thousand volumes, chiefly works of divinity, but many very rare and curious. Admission may be had on personal application.

HOSPITALS AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Among the familiar " sights " of London are the Hospitals and Charitable Institutions. Turn which way we may we are sure to be reminded of them, if not by actual view of the buildings themselves by some indication of their whereabouts. The most imposing edifice dedicated to the treatment of the sick poor, open to the eye of every one, stands on the southern Thames Embankment, opposite the Houses of Parliament. This is St. Thomas's Hospital, a large range of modern buildings on the separate plan. The original foundation dates from the days (if we mistake not) of Edward VI., and formed part of that youthful prince's comprehensive scheme for the relief of the London poor. St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West Smithfield, which has a service of 710 beds, is the oldest, and, on the whole, the most interesting hospital in London. It also belongs to Edward's scheme, though actually dating from long previous to his reign. The London Hospital, in the Whitechapel Road, has a service of 800 beds. Guy's Hospital, St. Thomas's Street, Borough, has accommodation for 695 in-patients. Other important hospitals are St. George's, Hyde Park Corner (353 beds); King's College, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields (200 beds); Middlesex (300 beds); St. Mary's, Paddington (200 beds); Charing Cross (180 beds); Westminster, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster (200 beds); University College; Great Northern; West London; Metropolitan Free, and the German Hospitals. Indeed, the hospitals, infirmaries, asylums, and charitable institutions of London are so numerous and various, that it is impossible to give more than a very brief account of the more important here. A most valuable guide to those who may be specially interested in this feature of metropolitan London will be found in the "Charities Register and Digest," published for the Charity Organization Society (15, Buckingham Street, Strand). In this exhaustive and carefully prepared work, the notices of institutions for the "Relief of Sickness" alone occupy nearly 200 pages of printed matter. The stranger interested in charitable works will find much to occupy his mind and to enlist his sympathies, if not practical benevolence, in any one of these institutions. But we venture to suggest the following as representative of the whole, if he or she find opportunity to visit either or each of them:—St. Bartholomew's Hospital, West Smithfield; St. Thomas's, Albert Embankment; Hospital for Consumption, Fulham Road; Infirmary for Women and Children, Waterloo Bridge Road; Home for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury; Bethlehem Hospital (for lunatics), Lambeth Road; the Cancer Hospital, Brompton; the German Hospital, Dalston; the Royal Hospital for Incurables, West Hill, Putney; Holloway Sanatorium for curable cases of mental disease, Virginia Water.

In addition to such places for the relief of sickness, the visitor would be amply compensated if time be found for going to any of the following:—The Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead: British Orphan Asylum, Slough, near Windsor; the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood, S.E.; Asylum for Idiots, Earlswood, Redhill, Surrey; Home for Little Boys, near Farningham, Kent; the Marine Society's training-ship "Warspite," off Woolwich; the Crèche Infant Infirmary and Infant Home, 12, 14, 16, Stepney Causeway, Commercial Road, E.; the Philanthropic Society's Farm School, Redhill, Surrey.

On "Hospital Sunday," in the middle of June, nearly a thousand congregations unite for the relief of physical suffering in London. There can be no difference of opinion as to the importance of this anniversary. A vast deal is done by the public (as the record edited by Mr. C. S. Loch, of the Charity Organization Society testifies) to alleviate the hard lot of those who have been overtaken by physical calamity, and have not the means to ward off its consequences; but much remains to be accomplished. Many sufferers in the immense and varied population of London are altogether unrelieved for want of funds; and others, from the same cause, do not receive the full attention which their maladies require. This is not as it might be. In no city in the world are there so many rich people as in London, visitors and residents. They owe it to the best and noblest instincts of our common nature to reach forth a helping hand to those whom fortune has not favoured so highly—above all, to those who have been stricken down in the battle of life, and must be tended by the generous care of others or succumb. "Hospital Sunday" affords the opportunity.

"*In a word, our comments on certain of the Shops are impartial. We have written them to help the stranger who needs our help. If he seeks it, at this part of our book he will find it. If he needs it not, we ask leave to exchange with him the courtesy of the hat, and pass on.*"—*See p.* 339.

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COSTUMES,
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DRAPERY,
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GLOVES,
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To face p. 334.

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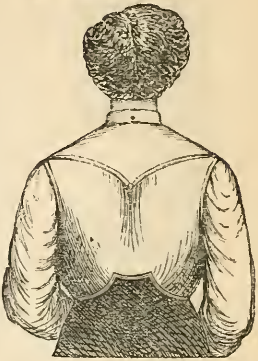

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Samples 5 *for* 1*s.* (14 *stamps*). *Cigars to suit the most delicate palates.*

THE SHOPS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SHOPS.

"THERE is nothing so foolish," wrote Mr. Tristram Shandy, "when you are at the expense of making an entertainment of this kind [Mr. Shandy here referred more particularly to the publication of his 'Life and Opinions'] as to order things so badly as to let your critics and gentry of refined taste run it down: nor is there anything so likely to make them do it as that of leaving them out of the party, or what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critic (by occupation) at table."

He guarded against both: for in the first place, with excellent judgment, he left half-a-dozen places purposely open for them;—and in the next, he paid them all due court. "Gentlemen, I kiss your hands," he declares, with unaffected urbanity. "I protest no company could give me half the pleasure: by my soul, I am glad to see you.—I beg you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony and fall on heartily."

Most honourable Sirs, we also have the privilege to salute you. Sir Critic, we have the honour to subscribe ourselves your most obedient and most devoted and most humble servant. We mark what your Worship prints from time to time in the journals, and take heed accordingly. We are here in open court, so to say, to answer for ourselves, and await your Worship's pleasure.

Our case stands thus. We have sought for precedents among authorities for this part of our book, and are compelled to admit we have found none absolutely trustworthy. Your Worship's pardon: a learned friend at our elbow reminds us of "Elia's Letters and Essays," and especially of Leigh Hunt on the "Sight of Shops," his collected essays from the "Indicator" (as your Worship will grant, a most excellent authority), 1819-1821, ed. Edmund Ollier, pp. 199-277; and we shall be inclined incidentally to name "The Tatler," ed. Isaac Bickerstaff, No. 142, Feb. 28, 1709; and, if your Worship thinks it necessary, we might find some justification of our present proceeding in the writings of the right honourable and distinguished Mr. Joseph Addison and his no less distinguished colleague, Sir Richard Steele.

The Court desires us to confine our observations entirely to matters of the present? So be it. We bow, of course, to your Worship's decision.

This book that we hold in our hand professes to discuss "London of To-day." We might venture to ask of what London of to-day consists? What are its component parts? How would you describe it? Like the Estates of the Realm, it has its divisions, and no one division is complete without the other. It cannot be described as built up solely of stone, bricks, and mortar. It has its area of inner and outer London, its population and municipal government, its police, and ———

You say that this is quite irrelevant and away from the point? Well, then, our case will lie on a pin's-head. The principal part of London of to-day is its SHOPS. The shops probably represent—what?—shall we say, at least one-half of the entire city. We have discussed in this publication the hotels, restaurants, places of amusement, festivals, literary localities, and the rest (representing but a very limited area), and are we wholly to ignore this most interesting, indeed *the* most interesting, part of living London? We would ask your Worship, whose knowledge of London is, we need hardly admit, far superior to our own, to consider how lamentably lacking in completeness would be this our book without taking note of the SHOPS! What would your Worship's daily life be without them (for we take it that your Worship is not ignorant of their attractions in your daily walk from the fashionable quarter towards Fleet Street?); nay, what would all our daily lives be? Without them we should be living, as it were, in a city of perpetual gloom: in a London where every day of the week is Bank-Holiday or Sunday, generally admitted to be, as your Worship knows, the dullest of all dull days to Londoners. A provincial votary of St. Lubbock[1] has been known plaintively to question even "the use of Bank-Holiday" with the shops of London shut. This depressed holiday-maker from Birmingham had never seen the shops of London open. He worked early and late in his native town; and when Bank-Holiday and a cheap railway excursion gave him the opportunity of coming to London, all London was holiday-making too, and the shops, alas! were closed. He saw nothing of London in its brightest mood, of its streets beautified and made interesting, of that vast bazaar, covering miles in length and miles in breadth, where all the fruits of man's genius and labour are collected, and which attracts to itself purchasers from all quarters of the world.

If we may be permitted, we would desire to go a step further in justification of our present undertaking, very respectfully submitted.

It is not everyone that is possessed of your Worship's accurate and intimate knowledge of London, its streets, shops, and shop-keepers. Your Worship, as a reader of human character and in divining the motives of men, stands, as the world knows, supreme in your profession. Your Worship can tell by a glance at a page what purpose an author has in writing it, and what object he hopes to attain in publishing it. Your Worship's eye but falls on the page, and it sees instantly, instantaneously it sees, just "what it all means;" and in nine cases out of ten, as your Worship has frequently declared, it means anything but what it does mean.

---

[1] To the efforts of Sir John Lubbock, M.P., is mainly due the institution of Bank-Holiday.

(We protest, we had not the smallest intention of sneering or of wounding your Worship's well-known sensitiveness).

In a word, our comments on certain of the Shops are impartial. We have written them to help the stranger who needs our help. If he seeks it, at this part of our book he will find it; if he needs it not, we ask leave to exchange with him the courtesy of the hat, and pass on. We simply comment on what we have seen and what we have found out of our own investigation. The results are placed at the service of those who purchase our book.

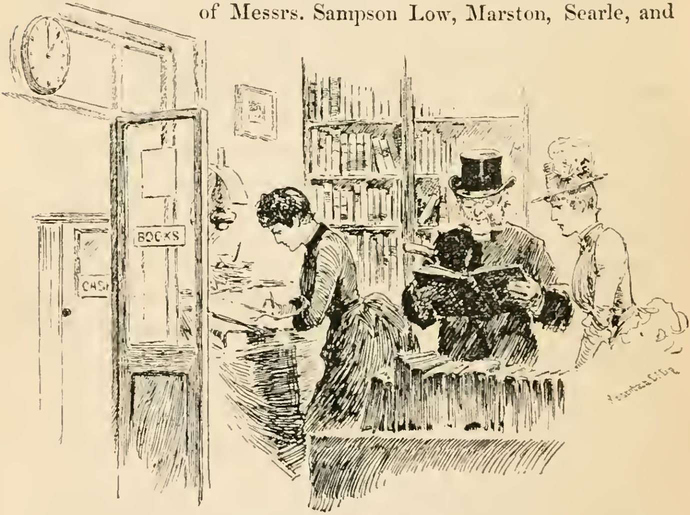
Your Worship knows how frequently our most honourable and best motives are misconstrued. (Even the motives of your Worship, which are invariably just and kindly—for your Worship has never willingly done an author harm; your Worship detests humbug: as do we—are often misjudged by those who invite your Worship's opinion upon their works.) We were saying that everyone knows how the best motives of the best of us are too often misconstrued. Our own motives may be misconstrued in respect of the compiling of this particular portion of our book now lying open for your Worship's decision. We can only declare upon our honour that no firm is named there that is unknown to us, and which we cannot honestly recommend. We only desire to make this single reservation, namely, that a lady of position and unquestionable taste and knowledge in such matters has been good enough to write for us the chapter on "Shops for Ladies," with which chapter we have in no way interfered.

With great respect we await your Worship's decision, which decision we shall take to include that of all "gentry of refined taste."

CHAPTER XL.

THE BOOKSELLERS AND BOOK-SHOPS.

A READER has button-holed us, so to say, already. He has stopped us on our way with a letter. It is one that reaches us by courtesy of the publishers. "My dear Sir,—I found your interesting book on London of much assistance during my stay there, and have got many a hint from the chapter on Shops. Cannot you revise and expand them a little, especially that on the Book-shops?" Dear Sir, were we to do so, where should we draw the line? The longest shelf in the great new book-store of Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and



THE BOOK-ROOM, 28, HAYMARKET.

Rivington would hardly contain the volumes that might be written on that interesting subject alone. The Book-shops of London! Where's the pen and where's the man that could do proper justice to the theme? His lifetime would be absorbed in the undertaking. If you doubt us, go to the book-room of Mr. Quaritch; or better, seek an invitation to the feasts of the "Odd Volumes," and contrive it so that you may be seated next Mr. Quaritch, and if he be in good humour (does Mr. Quaritch drink "old Port," we wonder?), ask him what he thinks of a chatty account of the London Booksellers and Book-shops (none of your histories *à la* Curwen—to whom we present our regards as to an old friend), and in how many volumes a worthy edition might be produced, and at what expense? No: we could not undertake the work, even were it offered for our acceptance. All our time is occupied with the present publication.

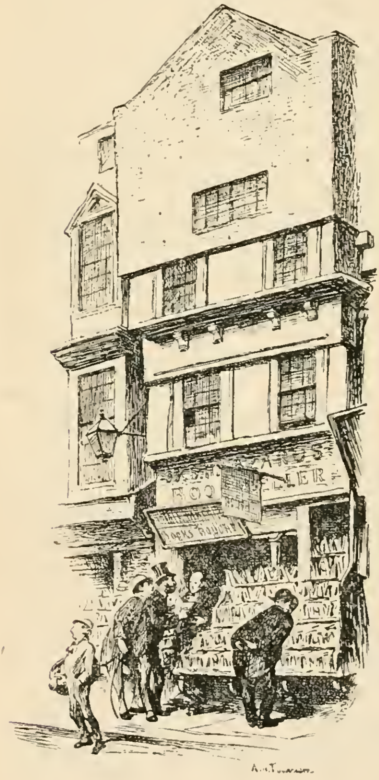
The London booksellers are now a good deal scattered. In olden time they were located for the most part in St. Paul's Churchyard. One representative firm, that of Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh (successors of old Newbery, of Oliver Goldsmith fame), still survives in that quarter, though no longer in the little bookshop once familiar to wayfarers to the City.

When most of the booksellers migrated from St. Paul's, Little Britain became the rendezvous of the trade, and so remained for many years. This curious little by-way of Old London, made familiar to us through the delightful sketch of Washington Irving, was at one time "a plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors." The shops were spacious—one can hardly credit this to look at them now—and the *literati* of the day gladly resorted thither, and seldom failed to find agreeable conversation; so, at least, remarks a contemporary writer. The literary glories of Little Britain have, however, long since departed, there being but one bookselling firm now associated with the locality, and that an American one, D. Appleton and Co., of New York, who transact no inconsiderable business in a rickety, tumble-down room, in which with difficulty one finds a seat. Previously to the year 1750 the booksellers, or a great many of them, had moved into Paternoster Row, where the representatives of the great trade still remain. "The Row" is the centre of the publishing business of London. Here are to be found the Longmans; the branch houses of Blackwood, and of Chambers, of Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Hamilton, Adams, and Co.—the two last-named firms more of agents than publishers; the Religious Tract Society's warehouse; Hodder and Stoughton, and others; and in Paternoster Square and Paternoster Buildings, close at hand, the firm of Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.; Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co.; the firm of Houlston and Son; and Fisher Unwin. Westward from St. Paul's, we have the Routledges, in Broadway, Ludgate; Cassell and Co., in La Belle Sauvage Yard; Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., in Crown Buildings, Fleet Street; Seeley and Co., in Essex Street, Strand; George Bell and Sons, in York Street, Covent Garden; Macmillan, in Bedford Street; Chapman and Hall, in Henrietta Street; Nimmo, in King William Street; Stanford, at Charing Cross; and, farther westward still, the Rivingtons and W. H. Allen and Co., in Waterloo Place; Chatto and Windus, in Piccadilly; Hatchards, in Piccadilly; Murray, in Albemarle Street; Bentley and Son, in New Burlington Street; and Hurst and Blackett, in Great Marlborough Street. The warehouse of the Clarendon and the Oxford University Press is at Amen Corner, Paternoster Row; that of Cambridge University at Ave Maria Lane, near by. The agency of the Paris house of Hachette et Cie. is at 18, King William Street, Charing Cross. Dulau's place is in Soho Square. The well-known book-store of Trübner is on the south side of Ludgate Hill. Nisbet and Co. are to be found in Berner's Street, Oxford Street; and Clarke and Co. at 13 and 14, Fleet Street.

Some of these houses have a reputation for a particular class of literature—as, for instance, George Bell and Sons, for standard works and books of an educational character; the Routledges, for cheap popular works; Chatto and Windus, Bentleys, and

Hurst and Blackett, for the better class of novels and works of biography; Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., for books of travel and description; the Seeleys, for finely illustrated books; the Rivingtons, for works of a religious character. Cassell and Co. have earned world-wide fame by their serial publications. Stanford's, at Charing Cross, is a book-store in much repute among travellers, the excellence of his guide-books being well known. The fame of W. H. Allen and Co. is best known, perhaps, to Anglo-Indian civilians. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. have gained some prestige in the department of poetry and *belles lettres*, and especially in scientific and educational works. Wells, Gardner, Darton, and Co., near at hand in Paternoster Buildings, are well-known publishers of books for the young. Mr. Fisher Unwin is reaching to a prominent place among London publishers. Nor should we omit to name the firm of Field and Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, in the City, whose taste in books is unusually excellent. Some of the publishing houses of London are retail booksellers as well; that is to say, they are as ready to sell to the general public as to "the trade." Macmillans, for example, have a room —we suppose we should say a shop—to which the ordinary book-buyer is cheerfully admitted; the Rivingtons and Longmans also. It is well, however, to bear in mind that the ordinary book-buyer reaps no advantage in buying direct of the publisher, except as a matter of convenience. In point of fact, he may sometimes buy at a disadvantage, for whereas at many of the retail London book-stores he may purchase a shilling book on the day of publication for ninepence, by the publishers of such book he would be charged the full shilling. This rule is a necessary one, as it helps to protect the retail bookseller, though we believe the system of conceding discount to the ordinary book-buyer a wrong one. But since custom now demands a shilling book for ninepence, we may as well say that the principal shops where such custom is generally recognized are (among other places) Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly, one of the oldest established houses in the trade, where a large selection of all the new books, as well as bibles, prayerbooks, &c., are on sale; the corner of Booksellers' Row, (or Holywell Street,) in the Strand; Sotheran and Co., the corner of Wellington Street and the Strand; Henry Glaisher, 95, Strand; John Bumpus, 350, Oxford Street; E. Bumpus, 5 and 6, Holborn Bars; John Dunn, 47, Ludgate Hill; Gilbert and Field, 67, Moorgate Street, and 18, Gracechurch Street.

The head of the second-hand bookselling trade of London—indeed, of England, if not of the world—is Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, a gentleman of world-known fame. His stock of books is the most valuable and various, not to say curious and interesting, of any in England. If a rare book is wanted, Mr. Quaritch is the person who can usually tell where it may be found, whether its age be five hundred years or five years, or its price £1,000 or five shillings. Of course he has competitors, among the best known of whom are Ellis, of Bond Street; Bain, of the Haymarket; Toovey, of Piccadilly; Sotheran and Co., of Piccadilly and the Strand, Robson and Kerslake, 23, Coventry Street, Hay-



market: John Wilson, 12, King William Street, Strand; Walford Brothers, and Reeves and Turner, of the Strand; Henry Stevens, of St. Martin's Lane, &c. The reader on the look-out for a favourite author will find at either of these places much to engage his interest and attention. Robson and Kerslake's, above-mentioned, is a pleasant store wherein to look for an old book. David Nutt, of the Strand, is a well-known retailer of foreign books. Sotheran and Co. are well-known second-hand booksellers of London. Nor should we fail to mention T. Baker, of No. 1, Soho Square, whose speciality, apart from literature in general, lies in theological works, both English and foreign; A. R. Smith, 36, Soho Square, who has a large collection of typographical and antiquarian works; Mr. C. S. Palmer, 100, Southampton Row, High Holborn, who has also a good collection of antiquarian works and scarce pamphlets; and the long-established and well-known firm of J. Rimell and Son, 91, Oxford Street. At E. W. Stibbs', 32, Museum Street, a collection of many thousand volumes may be seen in good library condition. This, we believe, is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, established second-hand book-store in London. It issues a long catalogue of works of interest to the bibliophilist. Not far away (114, New Oxford Street) is J. Westell's place. This gentleman's speciality lies in the department of theology—Anglican and Roman—though of course he sells works in other branches of literature. Higham, of No. 27a, Farringdon Street, is another well-known second-hand bookseller, chiefly in the class of ancient and modern theology. His speciality is the supply of sermons, in various states, "from the raw material to the manufactured article." A. Denny, of 304, Strand, should be named here. Charles Hutt, of Clement's Inn Gateway (a by-way of old London in the rear of the Law Courts), has early and other editions of modern authors, poets, essayists, and writers of fiction. Not far from him, at Lincoln's Inn Gate, in Carey Street, nearer Chancery Lane, there is another ancient book-store, that of Richard Amer, a specialist in books on law and jurisprudence. Those who have a taste for rare and curious works on legal and collateral subjects may easily gratify it here. Within the City, Gilbert and Field, of 18, Gracechurch Street, and 67, Moorgate Street, and Edward Jones, of 77, Queen Street, Cheapside, are well-known booksellers. Mr. Jones is noticeable for possessing, in addition to standard and popular books, many technological and out-of-the-way books not usually kept in stock, and a choice collection of Mr. Ruskin's works.

For works on Natural History, and in all branches of scientific literature, John Wheldon, of 58, Great Queen Street, W.C., is perhaps the best authority in the second-hand bookselling trade of London.

A very interesting book-room is that of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, in Northumberland Avenue. Hatchard's, in Piccadilly, already referred to, is a place worth visiting, if one wishes to purchase a few books of a religious character; nor should its near neighbour, the depôt of the Religious Tract Society, be omitted.

CHAPTER XLI.

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN.

"IF you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your clothes." This is the dictum of a philosopher. We need hardly quote our authority; but since we claim to be particular in everything we write, we may as well say we borrowed it from Sterne. But anyone might have uttered it—you, I, or yon lad at school. He knows perfectly well that the high position of Jones *major* as head-boy of Dr. Blimber's academy is seriously compromised by Jones's neglect of personal appearance. He has heard fellows in the dormitory deliver themselves of the peculiarities of "that cad Jones," albeit Jones *ma.*, whose thoughts dwell on the classics rather than on coats, is a most worthy fellow, and will presently bring fame to the doctor's school. And you, most indulgent Reader, who have sought our advice in this matter, and with whom it is our esteemed privilege to converse: you, most worthy Sir, also know that if a man come to your place in poor raiment, and there also enter a man in goodly apparel, your attention will first be bestowed on the stranger with the coat by Poole. Pshaw—you know it's so! Now don't let's quarrel about it, my dear Sir. Let's say that nine persons out of ten will prefer the man in the raiment from Savile Row, and you are the tenth that would not.

Why, only the other day it happened that his Grace the Duke of —— had a little matter in hand on a point of which he sought our poor opinion. He did us the honour, Sir, to come to our humble apartment. He knocked at the door and entered. Everyone knows—though we, who know most things, in this particular instance confess we were greatly at fault ;—everyone knows that if there be any one personage in this wide world of London who has a contempt for "dress," it is his Grace the Duke of ——. At the very moment his Grace entered our room (we are poor, and lie in a garret ; though, by the way, if we all had our strict rights, we should be on the first floor, now in occupation of the Hon. Mr. Deuceace), at that very moment our excellent friend Mr. Smith, of St. James's Street, called with an interesting item of information relating to his world-famous establishment. Mr. Smith is the best-dressed man in all London. He once assured us in a moment of confidence, over a deliciously fragrant cigar and the finest glass of claret we ever tasted, that he went to Poole for his coats, to Peal for his boots, to Lincoln and Bennett for his hats, and to Harborow for his cravats, the very princes of their craft, each with a style of his own unsurpassed. Mr. Smith is, in fact, a most elegant, accomplished, and worthy gentleman, a splendid illustration of "a well-dressed man," a distinction to which we hope to attain when we have succeeded in convincing all visitors to London that ours is "*the best handbook to London ever published.*" The words are not our own. Believe us, sir, they are not. They are clipped from a very elegantly written *critique* in an American journal, discussing our little volume.

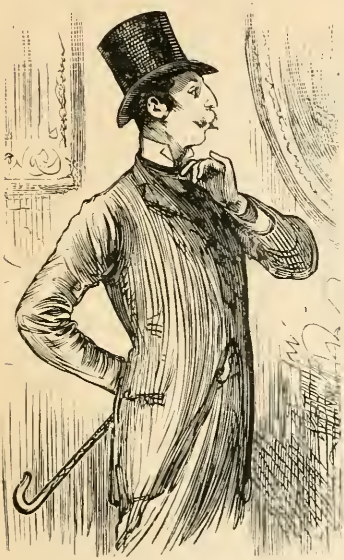
We naturally rushed forward to greet Mr. Smith. Meanwhile his Grace fumbled in his coat-pocket for his card-case. Mr. Smith said his say in his usual spirited manner, and took his leave. We turned to take the card held out to us. We then discovered, writ in beautiful, clear, round lettering, the exalted rank of our visitor. [Dear me, what *did* you do ?] What did we do, Sir ? Why, we—handed his Grace a chair, of course, and proceeded to discuss the matter in hand as if we also had sprung from regal ancestors (we have never been sufficiently curious as to our remote ancestry, except, perhaps, in consultation of Darwin), and our small apartment had been the *salon* of a Prince. [And did his Grace appear to ——?]

May it please you, Sir, we are travelling a long way from the point. Our proposition was this: "If you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret seven stories high, you must not betray it in your clothes." The converse holds equally good. If you occupy the grand suite at the Métropole and dine with Lucullus off peacock's brains, you are a fool (your pardon, Sir, for our abruptness; we merely speak figuratively) to go to Houndsditch for your clothes. The profoundest philosopher of modern times, the greatest thinker of his age, the astutest reader of human character of his day, the most brilliant writer and orator of our own—need we say the versatile and accomplished Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield—declared that all men should avoid the shabby-genteel. No man gets over it. You had better be in rags. You'll find, Sir, that profound reflection in "Endymion." Society judges men, to a great extent, by their dress. It troubles itself little how humble your fare may be when you don't invite it to eat with you. It allows you to live up any number of stairs if you don't ask it to climb them. But for dress, in cut and freshness, it expects all men courting it to be equal. A certain amount of attention on this matter every one owes both to himself and the world. Beyond that happy mean, solicitude on the subject becomes small and unmanly. "It is an assertion which admits of much proof," remarks the "Spectator," "that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received with those of quality above him than one of much better parts whose dress is regulated by his rigid notion of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of everyone that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few they can't at first be well intruded." Were we wise, we should remember these sagacious words.

Dress then being generally admitted to be a thing of consequence in the polite world (only persons of austere mind deem it frivolous), we make no apology in appending a few hints as to where the most finished examples of the tailoring art may be seen in the very centre of the polite world. Rotten Row is, to-day, as it was a hundred years ago, the chief outdoor exhibition of London Fashion. Lounging against the rails that fence the footpaths or seated on the chairs thereabout (the time best suited to the purpose, five to seven, afternoon, in the months of June and July), the most elegant specimens of the draped human figure may be studied. In one of the many hundred letters addressed by the Earl of Chesterfield to Mr. Stanhope, he is reminded that a man of sense dresses as well and in the same manner as people of sense and fashion in the place where he is. "If he dresses better, as he thinks (that is, more), than they, he is a fop; if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent." A gentleman may follow this ruling and steer clear of pitfalls by looking about him in Rotten Row. A mental note or two there taken as to fashion and fit may prove serviceable when he afterwards betakes himself (as of course he will) to Conduit Street, or the vicinity of St. James's, to be dressed by his tailor.

For men's attire, England without dispute lays down the law of fashion. In every epoch there has always been a typical personage whom all admire and imitate. At the time of the Renaissance, it was the Italian signor; at a later period the Spanish cavalier; nearer our own time in the last, and first part of the present, century, the French gentleman was the admired ideal. Now it is the turn of the English gentleman. He at present rules the mode. If any reader of this chapter should be curious to learn in what fashion the English gentleman of London of to-day dresses, let him betake himself to Mr. Whitaker of Conduit Street: to be precise, Mr. Whitaker, of 43, Conduit Street. He is a very genial gentleman, known personally to us, and an admirable artist. Like the famous M. Aretz, of the Rue Richelieu (readers of Thackeray will remember the "Paris

Sketch-Book"), Mr. Whitaker occupies the ground floor: his "clothes and fit are excellent," his charges "moderate and just." The best-dressed men in London patronize him, and of our own knowledge some of the best-dressed men of Boston and New York. His taste, indeed, has received becoming recognition from royalty itself, which, seeing that royalty in general bestows a great deal of attention on dress, bespeaks the fame of Mr. Whitaker. There is no reason, excepting, perhaps, that of expense, why a man should not be fellow with the best king in point of dress. That standard of excellence is not far from attainment once the eye of Mr. Whitaker's assistant has taken a customer's breadth and height. A gentleman, then, up from the country, or over from America, or recently from the Colonies, wishing to be well received (as Addison puts it) "with those of quality above him," can hardly do better than call on Whitaker and Co., of 43, Conduit Street.



Mr. T. W. Doré (whose place is almost opposite Mr. Whitaker's) was good enough to invite our attention to his establishment. Following the practice in similar matters of so many noteworthy London publications (for ladies and gentlemen both), journals political, journals social, journals theatrical, gossipy, and the rest, we at once accepted Mr. Doré's polite invitation. For it is precisely our province to accept such invitations, and to judge for ourselves, to tell the reader what we see, and afterwards to leave him to judge for himself. We have no hesitation in recommending Mr. Doré's establishment in Conduit Street. His prices are far below the prices of most West-end houses, while his clothes and cut are equal to anything in that way shown in London. Mr. Doré corrects us thus far, in that he reminds us that Poole's coats, in respect of "cut," are not to be equalled. Of that we have no means of judging, never having had the honour of being coated and breeched by Poole. (Why Poole, when for years it has not been Poole, but Bingley?) But we can safely say that £4 10*s.* for an excellent frock-coat, £4 4*s.* for a suit of tweeds, or £4 10*s.* for a stout winter overcoat, are prices not to be reduced without detriment to the quality of the cloth of which they are made. These are prices taken from Mr. Doré's own list; but they may be further reduced, we note, by payment on ordering, or at the time of delivery—10 per cent. in one case, 5 per cent. in the other. Good cloth, good cut, and a fair price, what more does a man want when he goes to his tailor for a coat? Mr. Doré's place is at 25, Conduit Street.

Of other fashionable tailors of the West-end of London known to us only by fame, the following may be considered a fairly representative list: Henry Poole and Co., 36-39, Savile Row; Hill Brothers, 3, 4, Old Bond Street; Simpson and London, 103, Regent Street; Wm. Buckmaster and Co., 3, New Burlington Street; Cutler and Reed, 24, 25, St. James's Street; Smalpage and Son, 41-43, Maddox Street; Scott, Son, and Claxton, 55, New Bond Street. At either of these places the visitor may be sure of being turned out "one of the best-dressed men in London," if that should be an object of his ambition. As for prices, a ten-pound note will carry a man a long way in securing a suit of clothes made in the latest fashion.

Those journeying citywards, or having avocations in the city, will find Mr. Woodman, of London Wall (No. 43)—a noticeable building on the right side, three or four doors east of Moorgate Street—a tailor deserving their custom. He has a numerous and influential *clientèle* among stockbrokers and merchants of the city, and we need hardly tell the reader that such gentlemen do not undervalue the advantage of being well-dressed before the world. Mr. Woodman's advertisement is to be found elsewhere; but we may say, of our personal knowledge, that his business is very fairly carried on. He gives his customers the full advantage their ready-money merits. They choose their cloth, they see its price marked in plain figures, they give their order, and, on its completion, they get ten per cent. discount on payment of their account. And what is more, the cloths, cut, and make of Mr. Woodman are very good indeed.

We have also heard Messrs. Wray and Roby, of 78, Queen Street, Cheapside, favourably spoken of as tailors whose charges are moderate, and make of clothes to be commended. Their advertisement can be consulted by the reader who desires further knowledge of their *spécialité*.

In a debate in the House of Commons in 1886, on the ever interesting topics of Free Trade, Fair Trade and Protection, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Childers) incidentally remarked that though wages were higher in the United States than in the United Kingdom, this was because the cost of living in America was so high; and it had been made higher by Protection. *An eminent American had told him that if a man came from America to England and bought three suits of clothes he would save his passage money and the cost of living in this country as well.* If that be true, how grateful Americans will be to us for the pains we have been at to inquire, among other things, into this important matter of tailoring! Our book should save them untold dollars and a world of trouble in running round London.

They might work out a little Debtor and Creditor Statement of their indebtedness as follows :—

Dr.		Cr.	
To prepaid passage to England and back . .	$175·00	By profit in purchasing of London tailor five suits of clothes at $25 per suit, cost in New York being $60 per suit . .	$175·00
To cost of living in London (one month, say at $5 per day)	150·00	By large saving and increased comfort in adopting the advice so freely tendered in "London of To-day," insufficiently estimated at	500·00
To balance (expended in buying 400 copies of "London of to-day," at 3*s.* 6*d.* per copy, for gratis distribution, marked "A token of gratitude from an American")	350·00		
	$675.00		$675·00

"When a man of rank makes his *entrée* into a circle distinguished for taste and elegance," remarks the author of a little book at our elbow,[1] "and the usual compliments have passed on both sides, he will perceive that his coat will attract only a slight degree of attention, but that the most critical and scrutinizing examination will be made of his cravat." This opinion was not formed hastily, to judge from the many pages the author devotes to the investigation of his subject, which, truth to say, was one of importance in the days when a gentleman spoiled half-a-dozen cravats in attempting to tie one according to the fashion. "Stocks" and "cravats" then occupied a good deal of the time and attention of the "bucks" of the period: the cravat has passed out of memory except among a few old-fashioned country gentlemen, and the "stock" is only to be seen occasionally strangling the neck of a City magnate. Nowadays, there is not much opportunity for the exercise of one's taste and discretion in the arrangement of the "neck-tie," except perhaps with the "white choker," or the plain unmade satin scarf. Convenience has usurped the place of elegance, and most gentlemen are now content with the made-up scarves of all sizes, colours, and materials, which such firms as Welch, Margetson, and Co. manufacture in thousands. Still, there are one or two houses in London which yet maintain the old-time prestige of the neckerchief and scarf, and where one may study the choicest and most finished examples of these always fascinating parts of a well-dressed gentleman's costume. Chief among such houses we should rank Harborow, of 15, Cockspur Street, "established upwards of a century." For a greater part of that period we have known Harborow's; what Londoner, indeed, does not know their place, who has passed westward to his club in Pall Mall? The firm stand supreme in the art of fashioning collars, shirts, scarves, and neckerchiefs for gentlemen. It has lately added the manufacture of British wool underclothing (the most sensible fashion of the day, to be commended to all sensible men) to its business; but we know Harborow and Co. principally as exhibitors of the best selection of articles of dress, as above enumerated, for gentlemen in London. Look at their window and judge for yourself. You may buy cheaper things than those shown by that firm, but you will nowhere buy better. It never loses a customer for want of pains to please him. Like most old established London firms, it takes a pride in maintaining a well-earned prestige; and what you buy at their place you may depend upon as being thoroughly good. Its principal competitors are Beale and Inman, 131 and 132 New Bond Street; Capper and Waters, 26, Regent Street, Waterloo Place; Lodge and Oliver, 156, Regent Street; Henry Ludlam, 174, Piccadilly; Sampson and Co., 268 and 270, Oxford Street (who for many years have held an excellent reputation as shirt makers); Sandland and Crane, 55, Regent Street; J. E. Killick and Co., 137, Strand; Lewis, 13, Cheapside; and Wheeler, of the Poultry.

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[1] "The Art of Tying the Cravat." London: 1829.

An article of dress (the most conspicuous of any) to which the majority of men pay less attention, as regards comfort and "style," than to any other they wear, is a Hat. As a matter of fact, the shape and fit of a hat have more to do with a gentleman's comfort and appearance than even his coat or his boots. Fashion permits considerable latitude in the choice of these, as any one must admit who has given more than a casual glance at either in the neighbourhood of the clubs, or, let us say in the lobby of the House of Peers. The very "roomy" or the very tight are equally permissible, according as the wearer hankers after the stubble and the heather or prefers the more even, if less invigorating, ways of Pall Mall. A boot with a thick, broad sole, extending half an inch beyond the upper, or a coat with pockets big enough to hold a brace of birds or a hare, may be seen, during the very height of the Season, in the most fashionable and decorous quarters of the town, in the hall of the Carlton Club, and even on the very steps of the throne itself, in the gorgeous upper chamber of the Legislature. But with respect to a hat, the decrees of fashion are absolute. The Tall-hat, Silk-hat, or "Chimney-pot," variously so-called, is the symbol of the highest civilization and culture.

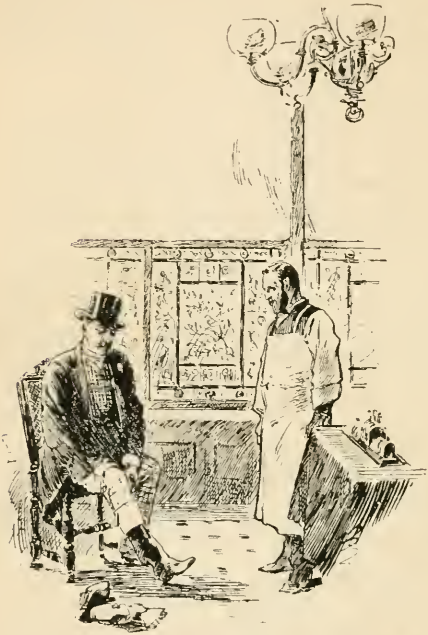
Mr. Junius Henri Browne, an American writer of well-known position, discussing this interesting theme, remarks :—"In England, a silk hat is regarded as a badge of respectability—that momentous and mysterious something which every true Briton is fearful he may not attain. . . . London is the one city in the world where one consults his interest and convenience by wearing a silk hat. They who have spent any time there, must remember how much annoyance and bickering has been saved them by the adoption of the approved cylinder. Servants, porters, cab-drivers, shop-keepers, are convinced that any man without such surmounting is a cad or an underling, and that they are privileged, therefore, to snub, insult, or swindle him." Mr. Browne exaggerates a little (a common failing of his countrymen), but it is beyond question that a gentleman to appear as a gentleman in London, must invariably wear the tall hat. If he value his comfort no less than his appearance, we cannot offer him better advice than that he should at once place himself in the hands of Lincoln, Bennett and Co., of Sackville Street and Piccadilly, who may be considered the arbiters of mode in this matter.

A learned writer, dating from "the Oxford and Cambridge Club, May 8, 1886," addressed the following interesting communication to the Editor of the "Daily News," touching the Silk Hat. We make no apology for transcribing it here.

"Sir,—The reason why 'chimney-pots' (as you call them) are worn is, I take leave to say, because as people now dress in them they look like gentlemen. Some of us object to look like brigands, plough-boys, Cavaliers or Roundheads, Turks, planters of South Carolina, or High Church curates, not to mention Quakers, coal-heavers, and policemen. I have yet to learn that a high hat is more uncomfortable than a low one. Fancy such men as the Duke of Wellington, Sir James Graham, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Eversley, and many more of the same stamp in pot hats and ulsters! Your obedient servant,

* * * *."

"I can always tell a gentleman by his boots," once remarked a very attractive young lady in our hearing. Ever since then we have devoted unusual attention to this essential part of man's dress. Once or twice we have taken leave to consult the celebrated Messrs. Peal, of 487, Oxford Street, in this matter. Their place (below stairs) is a veritable museum. The critical visitor may there study at his leisure many hundred models illustrating the shape and elegance of the human foot, whether of Nature's own perfect make, or rendered knobly and tortuous by the afflictions of gout or ill-fitting boots. Truly, when we come to study them, a peer's foot is no prettier than a peasant's, and a lady of fashion's than a milkmaid's, to judge at least from the variety of lasts which guide Messrs. Peal in the forming of boots for their customers. Boots they exhibit of all sizes, shapes, and fashions, from fragrant Russia leather cavalry boots for campaigns in hot climates, to the dainty kid boot worn by a great lady in "the Park." It is one, and not the least important, part of



Messrs Peal's business (and herein they show more than the ordinary tact) to study every whim and crotchet of their numerous customers. If a gentleman wants pointed toes to his boots, whatever the present fashion happen to be, he gets pointed toes; if broad toes, he is certain of having broad toes; if he desire flat and broad heels, iron-shod, he gets flat and broad heels iron-shod; if broad soles of uncommon stoutness and heavily-nailed, he is sure of having them broad, stout, and heavily-nailed. Not a bunion or chalky joint is left unfitted in the forming of the "uppers;" and the exact breadth and length of a small and daintily-arched foot is never over-estimated. Peal's is the place for boots, whether a gentlemen need them for wear in the hunting-field, "the Park," the barrack, or the ball-room. The principal competitors of Peal are Thomas and Son, of St. James's Street; Hoby and Co., of Pall Mall; Lobb, of St. James's and Regent Streets; Fagg, of the Haymarket.

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Thus much on the essential parts of a Gentleman's dress, and the Shops known to us in London where he may be sure of being dealt with fairly and honestly if he takes his custom their way.

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In respect of other matters on which we have been from time to time consulted during the past three years, we venture our opinion with perhaps more diffidence. Still, if the Reader ask us for it, what can we do but give him the best within our capacity?

For cigars, Fribourg and Treyer, of the Haymarket, Benson and Co., of 61, St. Paul's Churchyard (whose advertisement stands in the forefront of this most important section of our book), Benson and Hedges, of Old Bond Street, Carlin, of Regent Street, Grunebaum, of Old Bond Street, are the best-known retailers. He who is rich enough to indulge in "selections" from the incomparable growths of Vuelta-Abajo, together with the foppery of "gilded ends," may at any of these tobacconists' give any price for his box, from a shilling to half-a-crown a cigar. But those who are wiser, more economical, and able to trust their own judgment, have, since the duty was some years ago reduced from 9*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.*, been, generally, able to get a fairly good Havannah in London for sixpence, or even less, though we have heard Americans say that this sum does not always succeed in buying even a moderately good cigar in this city of luxuries. Consult Mr. Benson, of St. Paul's Churchyard.

On what other point do you desire to be informed? Wines! Well, this is our experience in regard to these, albeit our purchases are small, and we lay no claim to superior judgment (as some do) in the matter of vintages and age: we confess to a partiality for a good, sound glass of claret; and there our interest in wines ceases. The best wines at the most reasonable price within our knowledge are those to be had from the cellars of the C. S. Cooperative Society, 28, Haymarket. This is our experience, *quantum valeat.* Perhaps Messrs. Hedges and Butler will say they could supply you just as well: so, perhaps, might

Messrs. Gilbey and Co. We have tried all round, and now go to the Haymarket Store aforesaid for our wine.

If you want to purchase anything in the carriage line, it is hardly necessary to advise you to look through Long Acre.

For trunks, portmanteaus, and the rest, the firm of John Pound and Co., of the Strand and Leadenhall Street, we have heard very favourably spoken of. (Sir—respecting ourselves we have never entered Messrs. Pound's shop; and they do not pay us a farthing for this splendid advertisement, as you term it.)

For Fishing-tackle, fishing-rods, and so on, there is the little shop in the Strand facing the Courts of Justice.—What is the name of the firm?—Bowness.

For Guns, there are the well-known firms of Purdey and Son, of South Audley Street; Westley Richards, of Bond Street; Grant, of St. James's Street; Bland, of the Strand (corner of King William Street); and J. and W. Tolley, of Conduit Street. We believe Purdey has the first reputation in England.

For Cricket bats, Tennis bats, balls, gloves, shoes, belts, bags, and all and sundry the equipments of the tennis-player and cricketer, try Feltham's, Little Britain, City.

If you have it in contemplation to make a present, and are at your wits' end for a choice, try any of these places:—

(Jewellery)	Henry Lewis, 172, New Bond Street.
(Bric-à-brac, &c.)	Liberty and Co., East India House, Regent Street.
,, ,,	Thornhill's, in New Bond Street.
(China and Glass)	Goode and Co., South Audley Street.
(Prints and Engravings)	Dowdeswell, 133, New Bond Street.
(Silver ware)	Lambert, Coventry Street.
(Books)	Sotheran, of the Strand.
(Old English furniture)	Johnstone Norman and Co., of 67, New Bond Street.

But here we must lay down our pen for a while.

SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS

TO THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.

TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES

TO THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA. AND THE CROWN PRINCESS.

TO THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

TO THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

LEWIS & ALLENBY,

Celebrated for upwards of 70 years for

LADIES' DRESS REQUISITES

COMBINING—

Excellence of Quality, Style, Taste and Variety, and Moderate Prices.

A Large Collection always in Stock of

SILKS, VELVETS, MIXED FABRICS, WOOLLENS.
COTTONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES,
LACE, PARASOLS, FANS AND FANCY ARTICLES,
IN GREAT VARIETY.

INDIAN, JAPANESE, CHINESE, AND OTHER ORIENTAL GOODS. INDIAN SHAWLS.

MANTLES, FURS, TRAVELLING CLOAKS.

SPECIALITY FOR
TAILOR-MADE SUITS AND JACKETS.

DRESSMAKING

OF THE HIGHEST CLASS AND FASHION.

COURT, BALL, RECEPTION, DINNER AND FÊTE DRESSES.

GARDEN, TENNIS, YACHTING, AND BOATING COSTUMES.

A SPECIAL STUDY MADE OF
INEXPENSIVE DRESSES FOR YOUNG LADIES.

BRIDAL AND BRIDESMAIDS' DRESSES. TROUSSEAUX.

OUTFITTING, LAYETTES and MILLINERY, INDIAN and COLONIAL OUTFITS.

193, 195, 197, Regent St.; 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, Conduit St.,
LONDON.

To Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise.

G. SYKES,

286, REGENT STREET, AND 32, GREAT CASTLE STREET, W.
(Six doors from Oxford Circus.)

TAILOR GOWNS.
JACKETS AND ULSTERS.
COLONIAL OUTFITS.
COURT TRAINS.
VISITING AND EVENING GOWNS.
TROUSSEAUX.

Celebrated for perfect fit and distinctive style at moderate prices.

HAMILTON & CO., LIMITED,

Artistic and French Dressmakers,

326, REGENT STREET, NEAR THE LANGHAM HOTEL.

Smocked and Embroidered Dresses of all kinds.

Ball and Dinner Dresses, Tea-gowns, Walking Dresses, Dressing Gowns, Smocks for Girls and Boys in any material.

Particular attention paid to perfect fit and graceful draperies. Good colouring in materials carefully studied. Any artistic design intelligently followed.

Under Royal Patronage.

MADAME

JULIE SWAEBÉ,

COURT DRESSMAKER, MILLINER, ETC.,

9, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, W.

A large and choice selection of the latest Novelties in Ball, Dinner, and Visiting Dresses, Walking Dresses, Mantles, Tea Gowns, Dressing Gowns, Millinery, Underlinen, &c., always on show.

Indian, Australian, and American Outfits on the Shortest Notice.

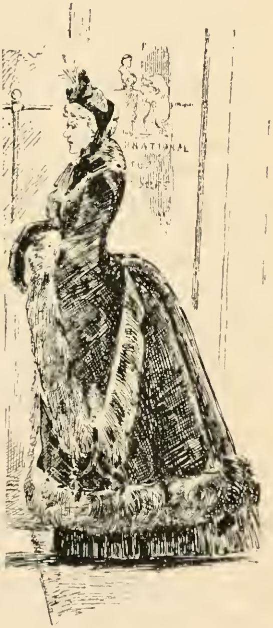
Special departments for Tailor-made Dresses, Jackets, Riding Habits, &c.

An Inspection invited.

CHAPTER XLII.

SHOPS FOR LADIES: NOTES ON THE FASHIONABLE FIRMS AND THEIR SPECIALITIES:

(CONTRIBUTED BY ARDERN HOLT.)



"DRESS is the principal accomplishment of men and women:" so wrote Fielding. If there be a tinge of sarcasm in this remark, it is none the less true that nine-tenths of mankind (necessarily including women) give more thought to Dress than any other human accomplishment. From the days of *toga* and *stola* to those of "Ulsters" and "the divided skirt," Dress has carried it pretty much its own way. Women, it is needless to say, are the most ardent students of this accomplishment. The Goddess of Fashion, whoever she may be (we shrewdly suspect she lies somewhere concealed in the inner offices of the ladies' journals), rules them with a rod of iron. They in turn court her with a devotion that reminds one of that shown by the heroine of Oliver Twist for the villain of the drama. From top to toe, from coiled coiffures to high-heeled shoes, the Goddess dictates the mode. Her worshippers suffer and submit; yet ever returning to her shrine with a devotion which diminishes only as the lamp of Life itself grows dim.

In educating herself in the principal accomplishment of her kind, a woman knows that half the task is done in learning exactly what to buy and where to buy. It used to be said among men of fashion that a coat by Poole might be "spotted" out of any number of coats on the backs of gentlemen in the Row. Similarly, we make no doubt that a dress made by Worth might be told out of a dozen equally captivating gowns sweeping the floors of a London ball-room. If not, why deal with Worth at all? Why, indeed? Why Englishwomen do go to Worth is a mystery, seeing that all fashionable Englishwomen (of course we only write for these) are Primrose Leaguers, and naturally (we may be pardoned the pun) Fair-traders!

Let us go to good old English firms for our frocks and gowns —there's Debenham and Freebody, for example, one of the best— and do not let us admit that foreign firms can outdo us in matters of taste and elegance. We'll venture to assert without fear of contradiction that Messrs. Debenham and Freebody can turn out as beautiful gowns as ever came from the most famous maker in Paris. This custom of going to Paris for the fashions is mere prejudice. What firm, we should like to know, can turn out a better-made dress for walking purposes than Redfern of Conduit Street (26)? Tailor-made dresses for women is a fashion which originated in England. Such garments are perfect in neatness and finish, and admirably suited to healthy out-door exercise. Redfern has a reputation in this line, and is, in a certain sense, unrivalled. The firm is, by special appointment, ladies' tailor to most of the "Royalties" of Europe. It borrows its inspiration from all sources, adapting the cloak of an Irish peasant to the requirements of a Princess, draping the Union Jack of old England in the fashion of a tunic to the serge gown of a Duchess, or bending a coal-heaver's hat into such a shape that it positively seems to enhance the loveliness of the ladies who affect this kind of head-dress. The freaks of fashion in all ages have been the subject of ridicule, though its dictates, as we have pointed out, are always followed with slavish humility. The riding-dress of women is subject to frequent changes; but there is always a prevalence of some particular style only compassed by the best London houses. Whitaker, of Conduit Street (43), Creed, Wolmerhausen, Ford, and Smith of South Molton Street, have established a reputation for ladies' habits. These are also well made by Nicoll, the merchant clothier of Regent Street (114-120), who has patented an apron to protect them in bad weather; also by Samuel Brothers, of Ludgate Hill, who are moderate as regards price and give good style and material, maintaining the old tradition that prices lessen, as we get within the confines of the City—at least in respect of clothing.

There are many other makers of men's clothes who are proud to cater for the fair sex: Busvine, Smith, and Smalpage, of Maddox Street; Macdougall, of Sackville Street (42); Hulbert Beach, of Sloane Street; Kennedy, of Regent Street; and J. W. Doré, of George Street, Hanover Square, who in catering for the ladies appeals to their thrifty tendencies by offering them not only five per cent. on delivery, but ten per cent. for payment when giving the order. Inexpensive, but excellent, dresses and travelling coats he has made specialities, and has been honoured by many orders from the Princesses of our royal family, and many leading families in America, for both. Lastly, there is Benjamin. He made his reputation with "ulsters," and continues to provide for the exigencies of any sport in which ladies assist. Many an Englishwoman walks through the turnips after partridges with her husband, and lands her salmon with the deftness and vigour of an old fisherman. All these firms have rooms specially set apart for ladies, and fitted up many of them with artistic taste, such as appeals to the feminine mind.

A well-dressed woman will need, however, other than tailor-made garments, though costumes of this kind are now more generally worn both in-doors and out-of-doors than would have been thought quite correct a few years ago. To know what is the right kind of dress to wear at the right time, is useful knowledge, for the apparel as oft proclaims the woman as the man.

The costume points in a manner to the position the wearer holds in society. This, indeed, should be so; but oftener than not the most attractive and lady-like dresses are to be found among those to middle fortune born, and a lady's maid will frequently show far better taste than her mistress. But these reflections are nothing to the point. The true philosophy of Dress may be summed up in the words of the famous French actress who, being asked by her equally famous French dressmaker what was her choice in regard to material, colour, and make, replied—"Anything you please, so long as it suits me."

"It is a fact," writes a "Sufferer" to a leading London daily, "that at the present day it is almost impossible to find dressmakers who charge a moderate price, and who can fit. The most elementary knowledge of the art seems to be disregarded. Seams are crooked and wrinkle, sleeves twist, the chest is tight, and the waist is wide, &c. &c. The arrival of a new dress brings with it agonies, and happy is she who has not to sit down on the spot, and, with gnashing of teeth, commence to unpick the bodice." This is a terrible arraignment; and we doubt if we can sit down and pen an answer to it which shall be at once soothing and satisfactory. Experience teaches that those who are imbued with what is said to be the supreme feminine passion, thrift, must not have recourse to the leading dressmakers. Each of these has some well-recognized distinctive merit; but the style of their establishments, their expensive models, and the number of their employés, put cheapness out of the question; except in so far, that the best articles are the cheapest in the long run. If a court dress is needed, or a dinner, or day-gown 'out of the common,' as ladies say, perfectly finished, and of the newest materials, the purchaser should not hesitate but go to the best houses; presupposing, however, that she is prepared to pay for the fit, style, and finish she may rely upon securing.

Mrs. Stratton in Piccadilly has one of the most "exclusive" businesses among English ladies of the highest rank; her style is considered perfect in its simplicity. Mrs. Mason, of New

Burlington Street, and Miss Viney, of Holles Street, are much of a rank with Kate Reilly, of Dover Street, who is allowed to have a more decided style of her own. Madame White, and Madame Elise, of Regent Street, Nicole, Madame Oliver Holmes, and Worth, of Bond Street, do not disdain to display their wares in a shop window. Their goods are attractive. They bring into the market the very latest novelties; and introduce to customers dazzling combinations of colour and material, though always in good taste. The productions of these firms are easily recognizable at Ascot, Sandown, and Goodwood, and other gay gatherings of the fashionable world.

Madame Swaebe, of New Burlington Street (9), has extensive show rooms. In the course of the season every novelty in Court, Wedding, Evening, and Morning Gowns are to be seen there, prepared not only for dwellers in England, but for Americans and sojourners in India and our many colonial possessions, where she has established an unrivalled reputation.

Madame Susanne Weatherley, of Baker Street, does a large business in trousseaux, having the happy knack of selecting what really shows off her customers to the best advantage.

It is to Hamilton and Co., of Regent Street, that ladies go for those triumphs of needlework, smocked frocks, and smocked tea-gowns. But it is by no means only in so-called artistic dresses that the firm excel. A French dressmaker ensures good fit, and some of the most beautiful materials with which Morris's name and those of leading French firms are associated, have been made up here into gowns, and have won golden opinions from connoisseurs in dress.

Madame Kenvin, in William Street, Miss Dust, in Brook Street, Miss Durrant, in Bond Street, Madame Festa, in Charles Street, Madame Cecile, in Duke Street, Madame Boubong, in Conduit Street, Madame Durand, Orchard Street, Madame Stephanie Roper, of Somerset Street, Miss Ellis, of Queen Ann Street, Amelia Hague, 24, Holles Street, and Miss Kates, of Hinde Street, come under the classification of leading Chamber

Dressmakers. These all have customers among women in the best society. The Princess of Wales and the other ladies of the Royal Family do not appear to patronize any one firm in particular, but divide their favours among many, buying one thing at one house, and another elsewhere. When a Royal trousseau is ordered by the Queen, however, the principal gowns, including the bridal robe and the bridesmaids' costumes, come from Mrs. Stratton. Ladies giving orders to firms of this class may feel sure they will have their individuality well studied, and will not see similar gowns to their own worn by other people ; and, further, that the best and newest materials, not only in England, but in the principal manufactories of Europe, have been secured at any cost of energy and enterprise for their benefit. In the above establishments women are the ruling powers, ostensibly at all events ; but this is not always so. The presiding genius of Rouy and Felix, St. George Place, Hyde Park Corner, is a man well-known in fashionable life, and by means of admirable taste and quick perception as to the requirements of his own class, he has secured the patronage, not only of English artistic and fashionable leaders, but of such women as the Princess de Sagan and Countess de Gallifet. G. Sykes, 286, Regent Street, and Whittingham and Humphrey, in Cromwell Place, are among the many firms where men devote their energies to the fashioning of women's dress.

Whether "gentlewomen" may betake themselves without any sacrifice of self-respect to Dressmaking as a means of livelihood is not, perhaps, as yet definitely settled. Women of position have tried it, and have veiled their identity under names that are, in fact, no concealment. Why, indeed, should there be any effort at concealment ? In the department of Millinery, likewise, women of rank have not disdained to add to its glory by the lustre of a title. Lierre, in Park Street, is the name in which a well-known woman of fashion has opened a millinery establishment without any effort to conceal her own. She has hitherto managed to secure the latest novelties as quickly if not quicker than those long established in the trade; and her customers have the advantage of knowing that she not only possesses the taste of a highly-cultivated lady, but from her social rank must be cognisant of what is worn by those, who, if they do not make the fashions, decide in their own persons what is "good form." Five o'clock tea is here dispensed to customers, and buying a bonnet can thus be combined with a pleasant tea-party.

Madame Lili, in Oxford Street, another star in the fashionable world, pursues the same calling with equal success; and there are other ladies also occupying themselves with it. What would our grandmothers say to all this? Madame Isabel, of Bond Street, started in the same business, after the somewhat superfluous training, one would think, of Girton College, and hospitably caters for her customers also in the same style. Her bonnets are original and fashionable, and arranged with a special eye to the features and form of the individual. Most fashionable dressmakers send home bonnets with the dresses, as bonnets are generally worn to match the costume. Mrs. Edwards's, of Hobart Place, is one of many private millinery businesses patronized by well-dressed people. Among the leading shops where bonnets and hats are sold are Brown's, in Bond Street. They have a style all their own, and thoroughly English; their hats find peculiar favour with the smartest people of the day. Brandon, whose inspirations hail principally from Paris, has an establishment in Oxford Street which is worth the attention of all ladies who desire to appear in the mode. Mrs. Smyth, of Regent and Bond Streets; Madame Gautier; Asser, of the Burlington Arcade; and Madame Melanie, of Knightsbridge, are to be named as noteworthy among such shops.

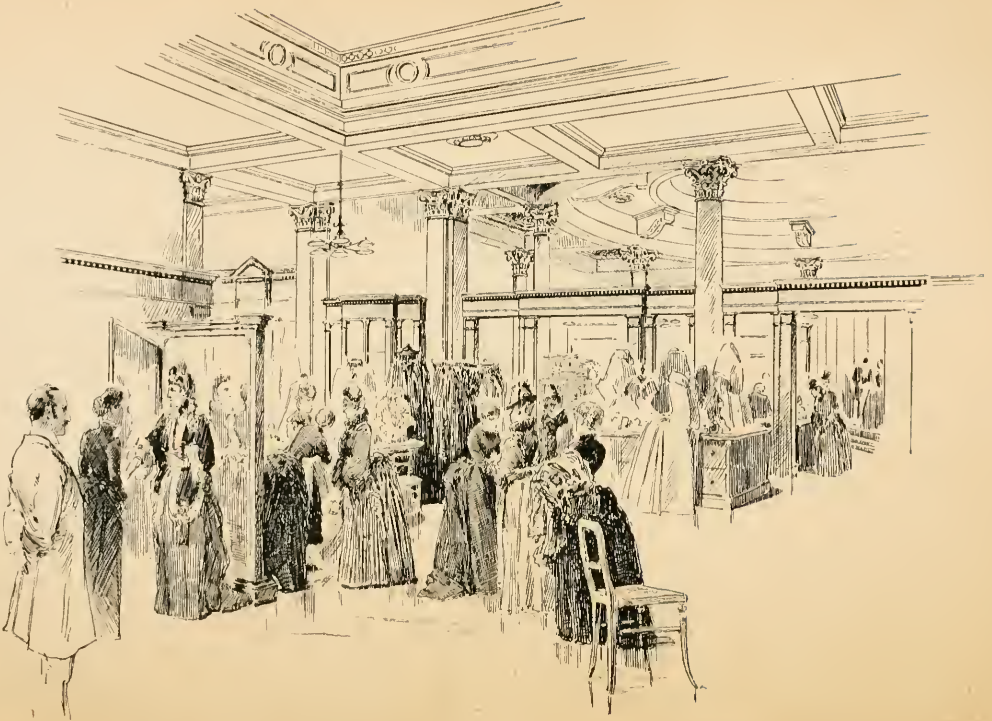
For Furs, we know of no better place in London than the "International Fur Store," 163, Regent Street. Ladies will find here the newest muffs, hats, gloves, trimmings, cloaks, jackets, and the rest, and withal much courtesy in attending to their wants. There is no higher authority on furs than Mr. T. S. Jay of this establishment. He is largely patronized by American ladies, who make the buying of furs no unimportant part of their object in shopping in London.

No woman who dresses well will ignore the importance of being *bien gantée*; but a really good glove is somewhat difficult to obtain. Bide, in North Audley Street, makes gloves to fit any hand, and allows them to be tried on before buying. The London Glove Company, in Cheapside, has perhaps the largest stock of any house in the trade. Its gloves are good, and prices moderate. A lady requiring a stock for abroad could hardly do better than try here.

To know where to buy good and neat boots and shoes is another important point. Dowie and Marshall, of West Strand, are among the many hygienic bootmakers who adapt their handicraft to the natural shape of the foot. Messrs. Phipps and Barker, of Sloane Street, have a *specialité* for the dainty embroidered shoes now so much worn, as well as for ladies' hunting, walking, and dress boots. Winter, in Sussex Place, and Sparkes Hall are famous for ladies' boots and shoes; Peal, in Oxford Street, likewise; while Rabbit's establishments all over the town provide for the wants of the million with machine-made coverings for the feet.

England is unrivalled in producing the best umbrellas. Sangster, in Regent Street, sells little else but these and parasols, and has quite a reputation for such things. But all drapers sell parasols and umbrellas. The purchaser in London is occasionally rewarded for her outlay on the former by a week or two of summer sunshine. Boots and shoes, bonnets, umbrellas, parasols, fans, and pretty knicknacks of all kinds, are to be had in the Burlington Arcade. Among other firms of whom fans are to be bought in London is Duvelleroy, of Regent Street, who sells all kinds, the large feather ones, and the finest painted gauze, with more or less expensive mountings; Rimmel, of the Strand, and Nathalie, of Sloane Street, may also be mentioned.

Lace, the most delicate and elaborate of textile fabrics, has always been a luxury coveted among women. A most impor-



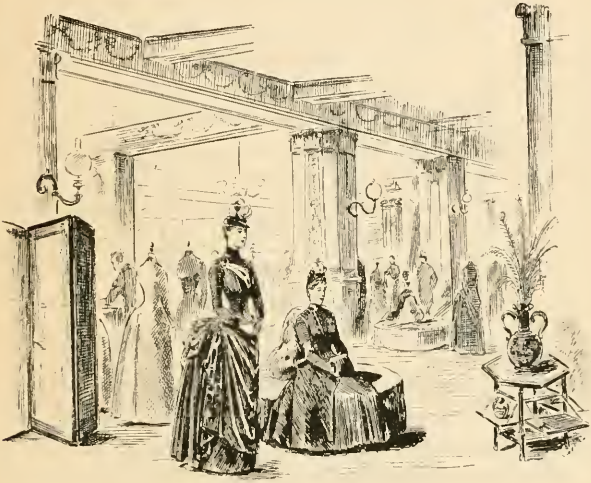
"Lewis and Allenby's is another old London house." P. 370.

tant branch of civilized industry, machine-made lace, has now reached so great a perfection that many are content with this in place of the expensive old kinds, which used to be a necessary part of a lady's wardrobe. Those who still desire to possess the triumphs of old design and taste, may obtain fine old lace of every kind from Blackborne, of South Audley Street, and old and modern lace made up and in the piece, including every kind of Irish lace, from Hayward, of Oxford Street. Ireland is rich in productive industries, and those who desire to possess embroideries, friezes, and a variety of materials and productions unique of their kind and of special merit, should pay a visit to the Irish Industrial Depôt, 43, Wigmore Street.

The more important linendrapers of the metropolis are Marshall and Snelgrove, Debenham and Freebody, Lewis and Allenby, Howell and James, Redmayne, Russell and Allen, Peter Robinson, Allison and Co., and Harvey and Nichols. The first would seem to have two distinct classes of customers: those that enter by the Oxford Street door, and pay over the counter, and those who patronize the Vere Street side, and are on the books of the firm. This side, on an afternoon in the Season, is a place where fashionable ladies meet half their fashionable acquaintance. The jubilee of the firm is identical with that of the Queen's reign, for it was in 1837 that it commenced business. As at other houses of the same rank, whatever you buy at Marshall and Snelgrove's is thoroughly to be depended on, and no pains are spared to meet every want and class of customers. Each week their buyers go to and from Paris, Lyons, Nottingham, and elsewhere, to the head factories of the various manufacturers. The caterers of fashion know well how much depends on a name, and have no easy task in providing for public wants. The glib shopkeeper, who lays his goods with such apparent confidence before his customers, is tremblingly anxious to assure himself that the articles he has had to order months beforehand—parasols when snow was on the ground, and furs in the height of summer—really meet the general want. When in spring the windows are filled with the season's novelties, few realize what anxious thought and pre-arrangement, outlay of capital, and industry have been brought to bear in the production of them.

Lewis and Allenby's (Regent Street and Conduit Street) is another old London house of the first rank. It was in 1813 that John Nash designed Regent Street and named it after his patron, the Prince Regent. Up to that time, the shops mostly frequented by fashionable people lay round about Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Many years previously Maiden Lane had been the millinery centre of London. More than half a century ago Lewis and Allenby migrated from the Covent Garden quarter to the new street, and their's was one of the first shops opened on the west side of Regent Street. In those days this was considered a very hazardous step to take, for novelty was not so powerful an attraction then as it is now, and the world was not given to alter its ways and habits much. But the Beau Monde recognised the merits of the establishment then, as it appreciates them now. It prospered greatly, and enlarged its borders from time to time, bringing to bear on its business transactions many years of experience. Its patrons have learnt to distinguish between the term "cheap," as applied to shoddy, and cheap, meaning full value for money, obtaining articles at prices with the cachet of good style. Messrs. Lewis and Allenby have established a reputation for court, evening, and day gowns of a superior style and fit at moderate charges, and at few houses do young ladies whose purses are not over full find themselves so well catered for; trimmings, flowers, and ribbons are to be had in every variety; they have one of the finest stocks of silk in England, and many manufacturers exclusively supply them with the more expensive products of the loom, often copies of old models which date from a period when time was not as precious as it is now, and dress was a fine art. The business premises cover a large area, and you may wander through a series of departments devoted to a brilliant display of mantles, gowns, bonnets, and all the etceteras of dress, as well as a magnificent display of artistic adjuncts for the home, imported from Paris, Vienna, and most of the capitals of Europe. The firm hold special appointments to most of the crowned heads of Europe.

Another of the old wholesale and retail business-houses of London is that of Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, whose reputation has also existed for half a century. The reader will bear in mind that these particular firms, of which we are writing, if they have competitors, are not excelled by any in their own line in London. Purchasers may feel secure that dealing with them they obtain what is thoroughly good of its class, and an honest exchange for what is paid. The craze for cheapness is honeycombing every trade in London, and leading people astray. The Marshall and Snelgroves, the Lewis and Allenbys, the Debenham and Freebodys, stand in the van to resist the depreciation in the value of dress and fancy goods.



ROOM AT DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S.

Debenham and Freebody, who have a large connection with

America, are particularly happy in the more expensive made-up dresses: Worth, Laferriere, Pingat, and others supplying the models. Thousands of these dresses go to the United States.

Jay's, in Regent Street, may be considered the Mourning warehouse of London; everything to do with this branch of trade is very thoroughly provided for. Messrs. Russell and Allen, in Bond Street, have a *spécialité* for ball-gowns and bridesmaids' costumes. They import from Paris the latest novelties in embroideries, bead-work, and flowers. Redmayne, of Bond Street, also has a reputation for bridesmaids' gowns, first-class silks, lingerie, and much besides.

An old-established and popular firm is that of Peter Robinson and Co., of 216-226, Oxford Street. Their shop is the great attraction of the north side of that thoroughfare nearest Regent Circus. They combine mourning with gowns for all occasions, and the several adjuncts which produce good dressing. The firm meets the wants of the upper ten thousand and the lower ten million. Their shop-windows are a constant attraction to the passing crowd.

Of late years the practice has become almost universal among great London firms of holding periodical clearance sales. Such sales are not common to a particular class of trade alone. One may see them advertised by houses in widely different lines of business; and sales not of old and well-worn goods, but of the newest and latest products of the best markets. In articles of a lady's dress, for example, fashion decrees that certain things shall be worn at certain seasons, and those which were most fashionable at one time become less fashionable at another. Similarly, gowns, jackets, and bonnets for autumn and winter wear are not so useful in, or adapted to the spring and summer months, as those specially designed for the colder part of the year. So it happens that the great drapery firms, in order to clear their places of the season's goods left unsold—will advertise a sale of so many days to take place in January and July. On such occasions a very substantial reduction is made in the ordinary prices.

We may content ourselves with saying that Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, Peter Robinson and Co., of Oxford Street, Harvey, Nichols, and Co., of Knightsbridge, Gorringe, of Buckingham Palace Road, Wallis and Co., of Holborn Circus, Hitchcock and Williams, of St. Paul's Churchyard, Tarn, in Newington Causeway, Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, Goode and Gainsford, of High Street, Borough, are leading drapery firms in localities widely apart, which offer very tempting inducements to buyers at the end of each season.

Many shops, where everything is sold from boots to pins, are to be found all over London, the prices supposed to be low: Whiteley; Barker, of Kensington; Gorringe, of Pimlico; are after this model. Shoolbred is an old and highly respectable firm which caters in the same way, and Tarn of Newington Causeway. Dickens and Jones are to be thoroughly depended on for household linen, for which they have been famous for a generation or two, importing from the best makers in Ireland. Among the best houses for buying beaded galons, appliqués, fringes, and fronts for dress skirts more or less elaborate are Hill's in Oxford Street, and Catt and Head in Sloane Street.

What rational dress may happen to be remains a moot question. Who shall decide when opinions differ so much? The supporters of what is known as the Rational Dress Society, with Lady Harberton as president, counts among its patrons Lady Archibald Campbell and Mrs. Isabella Bird, whose name is associated with journeys to the Rocky Mountains. Articles of dress made on hygienic principles are to be obtained of Mrs. Franks in Mortimer Street, W.; boneless stays, woollen under-garments, and dresses cut to prevent any undue pressure in any part of the frame, or any weight from the shoulders.

No portion of the human body has been so much subject to the passing freaks of fashion as the hair, at one time built up painfully with pads and puffs, at another plastered closely to the head. Of late years hairdressers have done a good business. False tresses have been imported by cart-loads, the black from

Brittany, the light from Germany; and postiches and other mysteries of the toilette have been brought to that perfection to which competition so greatly conduces. For all the false tresses and necessary additions to the coiffure, Lichtenfeld of Great Castle Street, Bond of Oxford Street, and Sobocinski of Sidney Place, Leicester Square, may be consulted. If the hair is needed to be dressed, singed, shampooed in addition, there are Truefitt, Douglas, Unwin, and Albert, and others. For perfumes the leading firms are Rimmel, Atkinson, and Piesse and Lubin.

In Regent Street and Bond Street and other thoroughfares, the innumerable *articles de luxe*, of which London has such a plethora, may be seen and bought. Let no visitor pass over the establishments of Liberty and Co., of Regent Street, a treasure house of Oriental wares. For new stationery and the dainty accessories of the writing table the newest notions are to be found at Macmichael's in South Audley Street, together with the portraits of recognized beauties and celebrities of the day. At Christmas time they despatch an immense selection of novelties to Marlborough House, from which the Prince and Princess of Wales make a choice of presents for friends. Houghton and Gunn in Bond Street is another house which displays the best of stationery, and articles for the writing-table.

For jewellery, Messrs. Hancock and Messrs. Hunt and Roskell are of world-wide reputation. Mr. Henry Lewis, of 172, New Bond Street, is also one of the best known of the fashionable west-end jewellers. He shows the latest novelties in brooches, rings, bracelets, and other fascinating devices with which ladies love to decorate themselves.

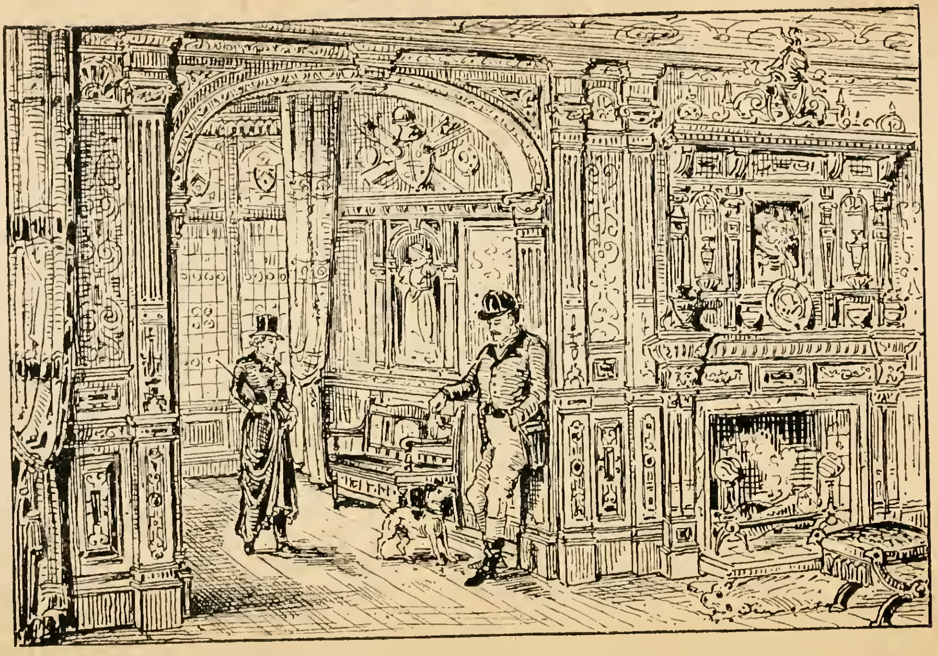
Ecclesiastical needlework is still a leading feature in women's industry. At Helbronner's, in Oxford Street, there is always a liberal display, not only of completed work, but also of the necessary materials, whether it be the foundation stuff or the silks and threads employed to adorn it. Grosé, from Bruges, has many magnificent pieces of ecclesiastical work to show in Baker Street. It was in the year 1873 that the foundation of the Royal School of Art Needlework gave an impetus to the revival of art work, a marked feature in our day; and there is always to be seen a varied show of beautiful work, more particularly applied to articles for the decoration of home; screens, cushions, quilts, chairs, &c., many of them faithful reproductions of the best products of bygone days. The crewels dyed to any special tone can be had from Appleton, of Hart Street. Barnard, in the Edgware Road, has most of the new ideas for the employment of nimble fingers. Women busy themselves with many novel arts; Crystoleum, for example, which converts a photograph into a coloured miniature; the materials for this are to be had at the Schools of Crystoleum in Oxford and Regent Street. Mrs. Elliot, in Langham Street, has a Studio where all the requisites for lustra painting can be obtained. Many kindred arts are introduced from time to time.

There is in Regent Street, a shop which is calculated to drive the children of lesser growth wild with admiration, delight, and longings for possession, and which, notwithstanding our maturer years, has, we confess, for us many attractions. This is Mr. Cremer's (No. 210), the great toy and doll warehouse of London. He is the gentleman who supplies the Queen, and Princess of Wales, and other exalted personages, with those admirable examples of the toyman's craft —whole garrisons of miniature soldiers, artillery, cavalry, and infantry; dolls in the most elegant and captivating costumes; real locomotives and railway carriages; horses and waggons of prodigious strength; splendid military trappings, with rifle, bayonet, and sword; all these beautiful toys, in fact, which seem specially designed for the nurseries of little princes and princesses. We remember to have seen many years ago a little prince, now a very big prince, overlooking a guard mounting at St. James Palace, dressed in the uniform of a Prussian soldier. Doubtless his accoutrements came from the military stores of Mr. Cremer. His is a toy shop, crowded with all sorts of interesting playthings, and notably, a battle-ground whereon an army of British soldiers are heroically repelling the assault of a body of half-naked Arabs. But the most bewitching portion of the show is the dolls—elegant and stylish ladies in the prettiest of toilets, and the most elaborate of coiffures—dissipated dolls, too, for some of them are entertaining other dolls. There are dolls' houses, almost large enough, one would say, to provide a home for the Midgets. Somehow or other the dolls of to-day do not seem quite the same sort of dolls that enlisted our affection in the past. Then a scanty supply of under-garments, with one calico gown of no particular shape, sufficed for the wooden lady, if indeed she were not garbed in any flimsy pink tarlatan over stiff muslin, the whole costume being sewed on tight and fast, and resolving itself on removal into useless scraps. Now, Mademoiselle la Poupée counts her under-clothes by the dozens, and marvellously pretty do the dainty little garments, all laced and frilled and embroidered, look, tied up in neat little packets with pink and blue ribbons. She must have her walking-dress, and her ball-dress, and her morning-costume, and her riding-habit; she needs bonnets and gloves, and fans and parasols, and jewellery and furs; her *escritoire*, with paper stamped with her monogram, and her work-box, with its fairy scissors and thimble, and miniature spools of silk and thread. Mr. Cremer's counters are crowded with all sorts of beautiful things for children,—musical as well as mechanical toys, boats, yachts, steamships, coaches and four, broughams, waggons, miniature cannon, soldiers of every nation in Europe, dolls of every rank in society, and houses furnished to receive them; the thousand-and-one things, in fact, which children love, and still more love to have given them.

In another and widely different though no less interesting line of business Messrs. Buszard's (197, Oxford Street) is a shop in special favour with ladies. Messrs. Buszard are the famous London manufacturers of wedding-cakes. In this delightful branch of trade they have no equal. Some years ago, at No. 51, Pall Mall, was the shop of Mr. Snowball Walker, who was the wedding-cake maker of his day, " sole artist " (so wrote Leigh Hunt) " who confined himself to that denomination." He generally exhibited one sole cake in his window, knowing well enough (we quote the genial essayist) what sweet worlds of association crowded around it. His otherwise contradictory Christian name, " Snowball," typified, of course, nothing but the sugar on top of the cake and the white innocence of the purchasers. The " sole cake " of Walker was afterwards for a long time exhibited in the window of his successor, who moved to Piccadilly. Buszard's establishment is literally an emporium of wedding-cakes and of the delectable meats of which they are composed. One's eye here rests upon rows of these precious emblems of affection, ranging from the wedding-cake designed for a princess to the less expensive cake manufactured to meet the tastes of one to middle fortune born. There is no other shop in London, as far as we are aware, devoted so exclusively to one speciality. The wedding-cakes of Messrs. Buszard are sent to all parts of the world. It is no uncommon thing for an order to come from Paris, the city of all others where one might suppose the confectioner's art had attained the highest state of perfection. " Buszard's " is a favourite resort of ladies during the season. They go there to eat ices, the while, no doubt, they ponder the (let us hope) pleasant recollections which crowd around wedding-cakes already eaten, and anticipate with joy a wedding-cake or two yet to be cut. In days gone by there was but one great London confectioner, and he was Gunter: to speak by the book, " Mr. Gunter, cook, confectioner, and fruiterer," for so he is designated in the " Epicure's Almanack," published by Longmans in 1815. His place of business was (and is) in the vicinity of Berkeley Square, in which is the mansion of many an aristocratic personage, with an offshoot in Motcomb Street, Belgravia. For many years he had the honour of supplying the Royal Family with articles of confectionery; and when George III. was king enjoyed the distinction of being patronized personally by the "royal dukes" (which of them, we wonder?), "who condescended to give him a call occasionally to taste his pineapples." The "royal dukes" did this, we are told, "in gratitude for the many sweet repasts furnished them by Mr. Gunter in their juvenile days." Possibly the royal dukes were not so badly treated, after all, and their boyhood was not very different from the boyhood of nine-tenths of mankind. Waud, of Bond Street (Doyle gives an illustration of this place in his recently published journal), ran Mr. Gunter pretty close for the patronage of the royal brothers; both the Prince Regent and the Duke of York figuring bravely in Mr. Waud's books for confectionery and bon-bons.

Charbonnel and Walker's (173, New Bond Street) ranks high among the places where ladies go to eat creams, cakes, and ices, and sip coffee, chocolate, and liqueurs. Indeed, theirs would seem to take the place of "Gunter's" of bygone times. The *salon* of Messrs. Charbonnel and Walker is a favourite resort of ladies of the fashionable world who find that time hangs a little heavily on their hands, or who fancy that they need something in the nature of light refreshment between the luncheon and dinner hours.

The shops where natural flowers are sold are of peculiar interest to ladies who spend a great deal of money both on the interior and exterior floral decoration of London houses. Gerard et Cie and Francoise, both in Regent Street, are foreigners who have won golden opinions here by means of the magnificent floral devices—cushions, anchors, hearts, &c.—to be seen in their shop windows. But the most noted depôt for bouquets and table and ball decorations among the leaders of fashion is Mrs. Green's, in Crawford Street, W. On the morning of a drawing-room some hundreds of posy bouquets are despatched thence; and throughout the season something worth seeing is being prepared most hours of the day. Mrs. Green has a true artist's eye for colour and a real love of flowers, every spray and leaf is shown to advantage, and her shop is a perfect bower of blooms all the year through.



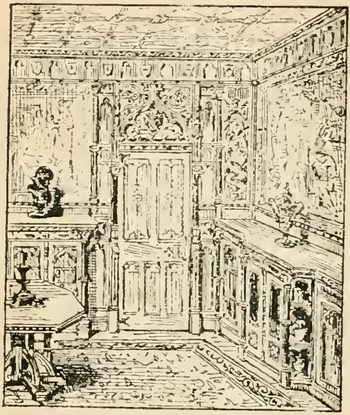
INTERIOR DESIGNED BY JOHNSTONE NORMAN AND CO., 67, NEW BOND ST. P. 381.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SOME MORE SHOPS OF NOTE.

IT would be an interesting, albeit an impossible task to find the average incomes of the aristocracy and wealthier middle-classes of London, and to compare it with the average of, say, twenty years ago. Doubtless, this would be found to be considerably higher than in 1887, or those classes since 1867 must have become less expensive, or more thrifty. The "stores," no doubt, have helped to lower prices at retail at the West-End of the town; but the success of these large establishments will hardly account for the craze for cheapness that besets the business of buying and selling to-day. It is permeating every manufacture: excepting, perhaps, that of champagne (is any of this made in England?) which rules firm at former quotations, though not one whit less free from adulteration than formerly. Scarce one manufacturer, we are told, escapes. The reign of cheapness not only flourishes in the suburbs, where it was implanted by enterprising proprietors of Bon Marchés and similar universal providers, but is gaining a firm hold in the very centre of fashionable London itself. Business houses that wish to retain their old supremacy throw over their old traditions, and go with the times. After a tough and plucky fight, one of the oldest and best known of the retail houses of the West-End gave up the struggle, and left no inconsiderable share of good custom to be swallowed up by the more aggressive shops of competing traders. Possibly the snobbery of fashion is not without its effect on the business of the good old houses—or rather, the snobbery of imitation. People will have what's in the fashion. What neighbour A. has, neighbour B. must have, if not in the original, in the copy. The furniture and decoration of the

Mayfair boudoir is sooner or later cheaply imitated in the £40 a year terrace villa (who will rid us of this shabby abomination?) of the London suburb.

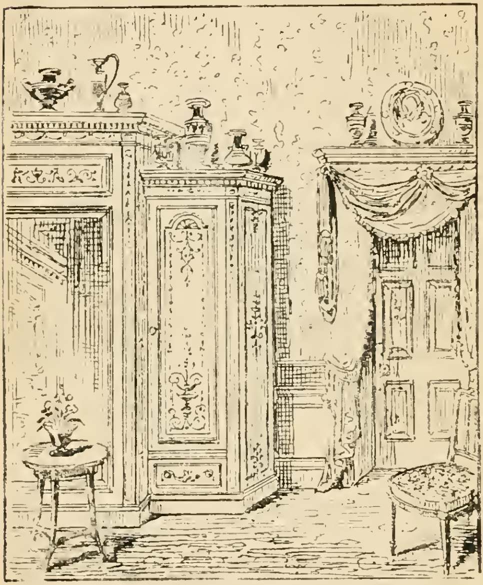


LIBRARY: JOHNSTONE, NORMAN, AND CO.

We were taken to task the other day by a gentleman of Regent Street, for having, in the last edition of this book, stated that that famous thoroughfare displayed "the dearest wares in all London." "It is not the fact," he said. "In my own line of trade, what you would probably call cheap, I should call dear. An article may be expensive, though not dear. The things that we sell here, silks, satins, shawls, and the rest, are the best of their kind to be had. A person with no knowledge of such things might call them 'dear,' but a lady who really appreciates their quality, in comparison of the trash often offered for sale, would call them, if not cheap, at all events not dear." He is right and we are wrong; or rather, we have reconsidered the matter, and admit our error. A member of a Bond Street house helped us more than anyone else to a better knowledge of the question of comparative values—to a correcter appreciation of the difference betwixt the cheap, the dear, and the expensive—by showing us a piano his firm has lately been engaged in manufacturing for a wealthy American gentleman, Mr. Marquand, of New York. We make note of this piece of work, because we are given to understand it will probably be on view in March for a few days at Messrs. Johnstone and Norman's (67, New Bond Street), previously to its being shipped to its owner. We advise all who have the opportunity to see it.

Most persons can estimate the value of things by their cost. A cheque for a good round sum in pounds sterling would hardly, we should think, repay making this piano. Alma Tadema, R.A., designed it; Poynter, R.A.. contributed to its decoration; and the well-known firm of Steinway and Co. made the instrumental portion. It is of "grand" size, of ebony, inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and box and cedar woods. More beautiful, delicate, and intricate workmanship than that displayed in the marquetry of the top, the borders, and the sides of the case, has rarely been exhibited. In the ornamentation of the last mentioned admirable skill has been shown. In respect of this special part of the work (which, indeed, merits particular examination), an expert alone could appreciate its difficulties. Various woods appear to have been inlaid with extreme nicety in the groundwork in various thicknesses; and each portion of inlay has been afterward carved down to the groundwork. So skilfully has this been executed that in places it is with some difficulty the relief can be detected with the tip of the finger. The outside of the top of the case is ornamented with names of the Muses in ivory and mother-of-pearl encircled in wreaths of various coloured woods. The supports, necessarily substantial, are of old English oak, broadly carved with intervening spaces inlaid to correspond with the sides of the case. The underside of the fall discloses a charming piece of decorative work by E. J. Poynter, R.A. The whole of the carving and inlaid work of the case has been done by English workmen in Messrs. Johnstone, Norman and Co.'s employ. We confess that it is with no little gratification we record the fact here, and the more especially as this work of art, together with some other articles of equally beautiful furniture, is destined for an American gentleman's mansion. Mr. Marquand must have winced when he paid the New York Customs' import duty upon some of them, and perchance gave a passing thought to the pernicious effects of "Protection" on American art. We trust he occasionally gives more than a passing thought to the incalculable injury done to the literature of his country for the lack of a copyright treaty between England and the United States! But this by the way.

Unquestionably this suite of furniture is expensive, but it can hardly be called "dear," considering that two R.A.'s have shown their art in it and skilled workmen have been continuously employed upon it for upwards of two years. We have said nothing of the exquisite embroideries of the curtains and coverings. But certainly nothing of the kind has been more admirably done in London of recent years. The misfortune is, that while we can appreciate such works of art we have apparently less money to spend upon them than Americans have. Messrs. Johnstone, Norman and Co., may be congratulated on finding customers of judgment, taste, and ample means abroad. Their's is one of the old-established London firms which have hitherto successfully withstood the craze for cheapness. Its patrons happily live in palaces and mansions and don't depend altogether on the payment of Irish



BEDROOM: JOHNSTONE, NORMAN, AND CO.

rents; though, by the way, their work is known in many less palatial places than Windsor Castle and Marlborough House.

The visitor will often find some good examples of English furniture and decorative work at Gillow's in Oxford Street (No. 406); at Hampton and Sons of Pall Mall East (Nos. 8—10); at Gregory and Co. of Regent Street (Nos. 212—216); at Morris and Co., Queen Square, Bloomsbury.

The most extensive furnishing business in London is done by Maple and Co., of Tottenham Court Road, a locality of London which seems specially given over to this branch of trade, since it includes several representative firms within its confines, not the least considerable of which are those of Shoolbred, and Oetzmann and Co. The tendency of late years in London has been to concentrate retail trade—that is to say, general dealing with the public—in a few great establishments on the plan of A. T. Stewart's, of New York, the Bon Marché of Paris, and the great co-operative societies of the civil and military services. A number of these huge entrepôts of trade have sprung up about London. Maple's is one of them. The success of the Civil Service co-operative stores stimulated this revolution in the retail trade of London It has been well said that "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good;" and in place of being restricted to two or three co-operative stores, thrifty people have now the advantage of dealing at a dozen places where they are served on the same terms as at the Bedford Street, Queen Victoria Street, or Haymarket Stores. Maple's show-rooms are, we believe, the largest of the kind in the world. The firm has produced some excellent work as manufacturers, an example of which is open to the eye of anyone who cares to see it in the decoration, furnishing, and upholstering of the rooms at the Hôtel Métropole in Northumberland Avenue.

In the far west of London, Westbourne Grove, Bayswater, is another of the great retail depôts of London—William Whiteley's, though he, as is well known, does not confine himself to articles of furniture exclusively.

Wardour Street had once a reputation for old furniture; but we cannot say much for that reputation now. Some good bits of old furniture may be occasionally picked up at Litchfield's, in Hanway Street, with other interesting matters of ornament. At Proctor and Co.'s, of Oxford Street (No. 428), north side, may be seen an interesting collection of Indian carved furniture, inlaid metal-work, carpets, rugs, and decorative pottery, &c. Their galleries exhibit some very interesting examples of such work. But Liberty and Co.'s, of Regent Street, takes the lead as a show-place for articles of Eastern manufacture. Their rooms are fitted up with charming taste, and filled with a delightful collection of antique draperies, art fabrics, furniture, and curios of every kind from Turkey, India, China, Japan—carved Indian black-wood chairs, circular tables, and flower-stands, Benares brass-work; Japanese embroidered satins, and lacquer and enamel cabinets, bronze vases and ornaments and porcelain jars; Chinese carved work, porcelain, and enamels; Arabian carpets, rugs, lamps; Turkish embroideries, jewellery, and so forth. This place is well worth visiting. It is, indeed, unique among the shops of London.

The shop of a dealer in *bric-à-brac* and art-ware, of curiosities, and things of a like kind, shows as a beacon to the person wandering through the wilderness of London shops. It generally displays such a tempting variety of pretty things that one is very sure to make for it, and to pause in his way to admire and covet, if not to buy, some one of its treasures. There are one or two shops in Bond Street, which reserve the best they have to offer for the inspection of those only who will take the trouble to enter. Little is displayed in the window; a vase or two of Sèvres, maybe a plate of Dresden, with possibly a pictorial gem in the background; but the greater assortment of art-ware, the fruits of many years of patient and discriminating buying, lies within. Of such places, Mr. Edward Joseph's (158), and Mr. Wertheimer's (154), New Bond Street, well deserve the attention of the collector who is endowed with sufficient means.

There are other places in London whose treasures are more open to the notice of the wayfarer. There is (or was), on the north side of Piccadilly, a few doors westward of the Burlington Arcade, a silversmith's shop, which always attracts a little knot of admirers. In the window was always a goodly show of old English silver-ware, coins, medals, teapots, spoons, cups, rings, seals, cameos, and the like. Every Londoner knows Mr. Lambert, of Coventry Street, the great silversmith, who has a fine collection of antique ware. The amateur of Church Plate, for example, will find much to interest him here. He may see some admirable examples of ancient designs, no less than of modern workmanship. Lambert's is one of the few London silversmiths whose shop-window is sure to arrest the attention of the passer-by. And we doubt not that Mr. Lambert (whose geniality and courtesy are well known), would welcome him within, if he be curious in such matters as Corporation maces and plate, loving-cups (have not Americans introduced this fashion at their feasts?) patens, cruets, chalices, silver christening basins, and so on. Then there are the curiosity-shops which have stood for many years on either side of the passage leading from Castle Street to St. Martin's Lane, and at the corner of Green Street, Leicester Square. There is also one of a like kind in that curious little thoroughfare, leading out of Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road, named Hanway Street. A shop on the north side of the Strand, near Exeter Street, has been famous for years as a collector's resort.

Messrs. H. W. Lea and Co., of 167, Fenchurch Street, City, have on view a large and interesting collection of curios and modern art productions of Japan; and connoisseurs would be well repaid by a visit to this establishment, which is not a great distance from that principal attraction of all visitors to the City—the Tower of London.

As exhibitors of modern *bric-à-brac* and objects of art, the well-known firm of Leuchars and Son, of Piccadilly, has a reputation, and is much patronized by the "swells." Thornhill's, of New Bond Street, and Jenner and Knewstubs', of St. James's Street, are other institutions of fashionable London—places where one may satisfy his (or her) taste, fancy, or craving in the matter of *bric-à-brac* to the full, if one had but the money. Cremer, in Regent Street (210), sells very pretty things in terra-cotta, glass, and china, work-baskets, purses, cigar-cases—in fact, he keeps a general assortment of knick-knacks suitable for presents.

The china and glass galleries are among the attractive show-places of London. The great English china factories of to-day are—Minton's, which has familiarized us with gigantic decorative pieces for halls, and, in the way of tiles for staircases, for walls and floorings, and such perfect imitations of some of the master-pieces of bygone ages, that it requires the eye of a very well-trained connoisseur to distinguish them from the original; the factory at Worcester, producing the most fashionable class of china just now; Copeland's (the successor of Spode), famous for its statuary in porcelain, or rather Parian, ironstone, and earthenware; the Wedgwood factory, recalling old associations with the name; and the Doulton, turning out, perhaps, the most original and distinctly English ware of any, and notable for its colouring. The factory at Lambeth well deserves a visit. It employs a number of lady artists, and there is a museum and library attached to the fine buildings, which are of a very ornamental character. Among the best-known dealers in glass and china in London are Mortlock, in Orchard and Oxford Streets; Daniell, in Wigmore Street—whose shop-window is an artistic study, with its huge shell for flowers, and the most delicate vases and china figures; Thomas Goode and Co., of South Audley Street, a very palace of pottery; Osler and Co., of Oxford Street, and D. Salviati and Co., of Regent Street, celebrated all the world over for their glass; Pellatt and Co.; Phillips and Pearce, of New Bond Street, and Philips, of Oxford Street (east of Regent Circus), and Toogood. At either of these places the visitor to London will have an opportunity of seeing the latest fashions in modern glass and china, and some of older date, perhaps.

The Picture shops and galleries afford a pleasant retreat from the bustle and confusion, and sometimes, truth compels us to add, the dreariness, of London streets. Be the day never so gloomy and cheerless out of doors, one may always find brightness and entertainment within in looking over their treasures. The "Spectator"[1] touches on this in describing the pleasure it gave him, when the weather hindered from taking his diversions without doors, "to make a little party with two or three select friends" to see the pictures. "When I have found," says he, "the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery. . . . By this means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all Nature wears a lowring countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of Art, where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons." To be sure, we are not certain of finding "gilded triumphs" outside the walls of the National Gallery or of the mansions of the wealthy; but one may fairly revel in "shining landscapes" and feast upon "beautiful faces" in Bond Street alone. One has but to call a cab, and in a few minutes, despite the pitiless downpour outdoors, he may enjoy within the sunny atmosphere of summer days. He may watch the rippling of the sea upon the pebbles of the beach, or gaze upon the golden-hued hills of Kent or Surrey; he may join the merry throngs of fashionably-dressed ladies on the shining sands of Blankenburg or Trouville, or make one of a party of gay revellers on the boulevards of Paris.

Assuredly, there is no lack of choice. The galleries of Messrs. Boussod-Valadon and Co. (Nos. 116, 117), New Bond Street, will transport the visitor to Continental cities and scenes; at those of Messrs. Dowdeswell (No. 133) he will find himself for the most part occupied with glimpses of English scenery and

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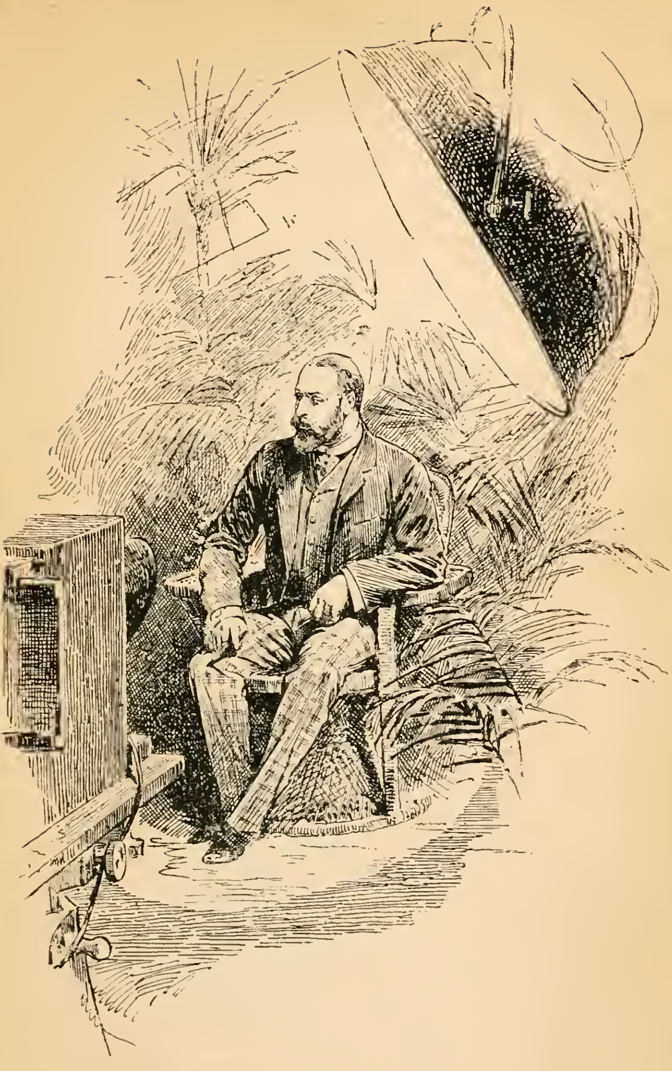
[1] No. 83, June 5, 1711.

English life. The same may be said of the galleries of the Fine Art Society (148), New Bond Street, where exhibitions are periodically held, mostly of the works of modern painters. There is Mr. Agnew not far away, who usually has on exhibition during the season one or two pictures of exceptional merit; and the Continental Gallery (157, New Bond Street), with some noteworthy examples by Norwegian, German, and French painters, and specimens of porcelain. At the French Gallery (120), Pall Mall, of the Messrs. Wallis, an interesting assemblage of works by Continental painters is to be seen during the season. Mr. McLean, in the Haymarket (No. 7), is a well-known collector of the works of modern English artists. Mr. Tooth, his near neighbour, is also well known in the picture trade.

But of all the shops a printseller's pleased Leigh Hunt most—so, at least, he wrote. "We would rather pay a shilling to Mr. Colnaghi, of Cockspur Street, ... to look at his windows on one of their best-furnished days, than we would for many an exhibition." The successors of "Mr. Colnaghi, of Cockspur Street," are, if we mistake not, the present eminent firm of P. and D. Colnaghi, of Pall Mall East. It requires an educated eye and cultivated taste to appreciate some of the examples of the graver's skill shown in their windows; but, doubtless, there are not a few persons who would be at the expense of a shilling for the privilege of a nearer view of them. Messrs. Colnaghi seem to devote most space to examples from designs of the old masters, which require some critical ability rightly to judge of their points of excellence. Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall (6), sells the best examples of the modern school. Mr. Lefèvre (1A), King Street, St. James's Square, another well-known London printseller, also shows favour to the work of living artists. We should judge that there is no more competent authority on the subject of engravings, old or new, than Mrs. Noseda of the Strand (No. 109). One never passes her place without seeing in the window two or more that deserve a frame of durable oak or lustrous ebony, and a place of honour in the library of the collector. There are other places in London where the amateur may pick up a good example; at Dowdeswells', Bond Street (No. 133), for instance, or at the Fine Art Society's rooms in the same street; or at Boussod-Valadon's; or at McLean's or Tooth's, in the Haymarket; Rees, at the corner of the Savoy; Gladwell's, of Gracechurch Street (20-21). A firm of excellent judgment and respectability as printsellers and fine art dealers is that of Buck and Reed, in New Bond Street, a little shop almost fronting Burlington Gardens.

There is one attraction of the London streets which we should not fail to notice. In many of the shop-windows—those of the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company in Regent Street and Cheapside most familiar of all—are to be seen photographic views of various places and scenes, and portraits of the more distinguished persons of the day. These free art exhibitions as surely bring together little groups of wayfarers as the once familiar chalk drawings of the street artists used to attract the posse of idlers that stood around them. There are places in London where one may see in the shop-windows, and otherwise exposed to view, the most interesting examples in almost every range of photographic art: landscapes and seascapes; Alpine valleys and English woodland; yachts in full sail; waves breaking on a rocky shore; moonlight effects and storm gatherings; studies of animal life in tropical places; exterior and interior views of famous buildings; the busy traffic of the London streets; and, perhaps, most interesting of all, portraits of beautiful women and charming children, and of men distinguished in every rank of life—princes, statesmen, and senators; representatives of the church, the bench, the bar; of literature, science, and art; of the military, naval, and medical professions; and those favourites of the hour, whom every one wishes to catch a glimpse of outside of their own special sphere, the leaders of the dramatic profession. Visitors to London who may wish to judge for themselves of the perfection to which the photographer's art has now reached, should visit the studios of Mr. Van der Weyde (the pioneer of electric light photography), of Regent Street (No. 182); and of Mr. Robert Faulkner, of Baker Street (No. 21), in the vicinity of Portman Square. Each of these gentlemen has, to our thinking, no superior in his special branch of work: Mr. Faulkner for portraits of children, Mr. Van der Weyde for portraits of persons of mature age. An admirable draughtsman and portrait painter, he stands alone in the artistic posing and lighting of his photographs. The principal competitors of these gentlemen are Mr. Thomas Fall, of 9 and 10, Baker Street (whose portraits of children are admirable) Messrs. Downey, of Ebury Street; Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn (an artist of much ability), of 27, Cathcart Road, S. Kensington; Messrs. Bassano, of Old Bond Street; and Messrs. Elliot and Fry, of Baker Street.



“An admirable draughtsman and portrait painter, he stands
alone in the artistic posing and lighting of
his photographs.” P. 90.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MEANS OF TRANSIT AND POST.

TRAINS: METROPOLITAN (OR UNDERGROUND) AND DISTRICT RAILWAYS OF LONDON.

THE Metropolitan (or Underground) and the District systems of Railroad provide for rapid transit between stations in the City and stations in the suburbs of London. A stranger may experience some little difficulty at first in mastering the details of the time-tables; but if he will only bear in mind that the trains run every five and ten minutes, from early morning until midnight, there need be little or no anxiety about catching a particular train.

The Metropolitan (or Underground) and District railroads roughly describe a circle, marked out by the *Mansion House*, *Cannon Street*, *Eastcheap*, *Tower*, *Aldgate*, *Moorgate Street*, *King's Cross*, *Baker Street*, *Edgware Road*, *South*

Kensington, *Charing Cross*, and *Blackfriars* stations, as the principal halting places. The system embraces *Aldersgate Street Farringdon Street*, *Gower Street*, *Portland Road*, *Edgware Road*, *Paddington*, &c., on the northern half-circle ; and *Blackfriars*, the *Temple*, *Charing Cross*, *Westminster Bridge*, *St. James's Park*, *Victoria Station*, *Sloane Street*, on the southern half. It should be known, however, that the lines extend far beyond those places, to *Kew*, *Richmond*, &c. The Metropolitan Railway in its day of twenty-one hours runs 1,121 trains, and the District Railway 570 —a total of 1,691 trains per diem. Eight hundred trains pass through Cannon Street station daily : 90,000,000 of passengers are carried by the Metropolitan line annually. Truly there is no such thing elsewhere in the world.

CABS AND CABMEN.

There are nearly 10,000 cabs licensed for hire in London—6,500 hansoms (two-wheeled), and 3,500 clarences (four-wheeled). In the eyes of not a few persons this means a grand army of cabmen always bent on demanding more than their legal fare, and ready with a volley of abuse in default of getting it. During an experience of London now extending over more years than we care to tell, we have never had one serious "row" with a cabman. Our practice has been, if in doubt, to yield the sixpence rather than expend any superfluous energy we may have in a wrangle; if certain as to the fare to be paid, to yield nothing, but simply to pay and walk away. "Hard words break no bones," and in skirmishing with cabmen, discretion is the better part of valour.

It should be generally understood, however, that the safest plan when in doubt about a fare at a railroad station, hotel, theatre, or other public place, is to ask the hall-porter, attendant, or policeman on duty, to inform you of the proper fare. Tables of fares are posted conspicuously outside all railroad stations, and in hotels and the entrance-way of theatres; and there is really not the slightest necessity for a stranger submitting to any extortion from a cabman, if the suggestion here made be adopted.

OMNIBUSES.

The most convenient and the cheapest form of travelling from one London street to another, or from point to point, in the suburbs,—except where both rest on a direct line of Metropolitan or Underground railroad,—is by omnibus (*Anglice*, "bus"). These useful vehicles traverse the streets, north and south, east and west, central and otherwise, from eight in the morning until twelve at night.

TRAMWAYS

Are to be found in various parts of London connecting the city with the suburbs, as, for example, Blackfriars (south side) with Brixton; Westminster (south side) with Clapham; Westminster (south side) with Greenwich; Vauxhall with Camberwell, &c., &c.—an inexpensive, easy, and speedy way of reaching such places.

STEAMBOATS ON THE RIVER.

The accommodation provided in the number of river steamboats is no doubt sufficient for the wants of the public; but the steamboats themselves are of the shabbiest description, considering the wealth and population of London. Londoners have been waiting long and patiently for some enterprising company to give them river steamboats such as New York, Boston, and other American cities provide. The river is as handy for Westminster, the Strand, the Temple, Fleet Street and the City, as road or rail, while there is a vast riverside population for whom it is far handier than any other means of communication. It only wants a little enterprise to make the now purified Thames what it once was—the chief thoroughfare of London.

Steamboats run between London Bridge and Chelsea on week-days every ten minutes, from 8.30 till dusk ; and on Sundays every fifteen minutes, from 9 till dusk. Fares all the way 2*d.*, intermediate piers 1*d.* The piers are London Bridge, St. Paul's, Blackfriars, Temple, Waterloo, Charing Cross, Westminster, Lambeth, Vauxhall Bridge Road, Nine Elms, Pimlico, Battersea Railway Pier, Battersea Park, Chelsea.

During the summer months steamboats run to Kew, Richmond, and Hampton Court, from Chelsea Pier, starting at 11 a.m. Fares to Kew, 6*d.* ; to Richmond, 1*s.* ; to Hampton Court, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Winter and summer, steamboats leave Westminster for Greenwich and Woolwich half-hourly, from 8.10 a.m. in summer and 8.40 in winter. Fares all the way from Westminster to Woolwich, 6*d.*

LONDON POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

Letters and Newspapers.

The rates of postage for prepaid letters to any part of the United Kingdom are as follows :—

For a letter not above 1 oz.					1*d.*
,,	above	1 oz.	but not above	2 oz.	1½*d.*
,,	,,	2 oz.	,,	4 oz.	2*d.*
,,	,,	4 oz.	,,	6 oz.	2½*d.*
,,	,,	6 oz.	,,	8 oz.	3*d.*
,,	,,	8 oz.	,,	10 oz.	3½*d.*
,,	,,	10 oz.	,,	12 oz.	4*d.*

Letters to any country in the Postal Union (nearly every country in Europe, also the United States) are charged 2½*d.* each, under ½ oz.

Newspapers registered for postal transmission are charged, whether one or more, $\frac{1}{2}d.$ for every 2 oz. (prepaid) within the United Kingdom, or double to any country in the Postal Union.

Post-cards for the United Kingdom are sold at $\frac{3}{4}d.$ each, or at the rate of 7*d.* or 8*d.* per doz., according to thickness; for places within the Foreign Postal Union they cost 1*d.* or $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ each. Reply post-cards are double these rates.

Books packed open at the ends, so as to be readily examined, not exceeding 5 lb. in weight, or the size stated above for largest letters, are charged at the rate of 2 oz. for $\frac{1}{2}d.$

Letters for most European Mails are despatched morning and evening; for the United States, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings; for India, every Thursday morning at 6*d.* per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz., on Friday evening at 8*d.* per $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. A late-letter box for the Continent is provided at Charing Cross Station and the Cannon Street Station of the South-Eastern Railway, in which letters bearing a 6*d.* extra stamp can be posted up to the moment of the departure of the mail train.

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Postal Orders, for certain fixed sums from 1*s.* up to £1, and Post Office Orders up to £10, are issued at all Post Offices at which Money Order business is transacted.

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Parcels not exceeding 11 lbs. in weight are received at any Post Office for transmission between places in the United Kingdom. In order that a packet may go by Parcels Post, it must be tendered for transmission as a parcel, and should bear the words "Parcel Post,"—which should be clearly written in the left-hand top corner. Every Post Office is open to the public for Parcel Post business on week-days during the same hours as for general postal business. No Parcel Post business is, as a rule, transacted on Sundays, Christmas Days, or Good Fridays.

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Not exceeding 1 lb. in weight					3*d.*
Exceeding	1 lb.	and not exceeding		2 lb. .	4½*d.*
,,	3 lb.	,,	,,	4 lb. .	7½*d.*
,,	5 lb.	,,	,,	6 lb. .	10½*d.*

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		3 miles.		7 miles.		Over 7 miles.	
		s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Not exceeding	1 lb. . .	0	4	0	4	0	4
,,	7 ,, . .	0	4	0	6	0	6
,,	14 ,, . .	0	6	0	8	0	8
,,	28 ,, . .	0	8	0	9	0	10
,,	56 ,, . .	0	9	0	10	1	0
,,	84 ,, . .	0	10	1	0	1	3
,,	112 ,, . .	1	0	1	3	1	6

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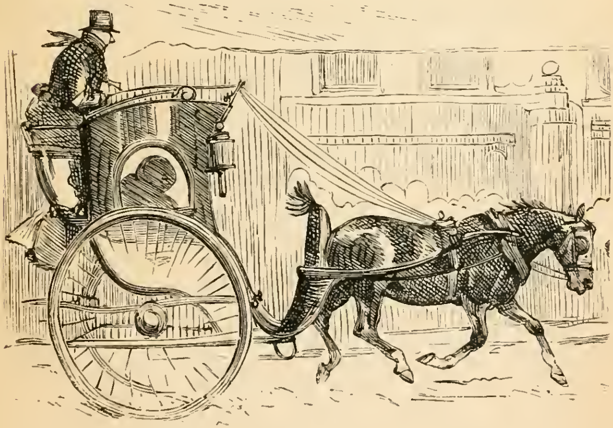

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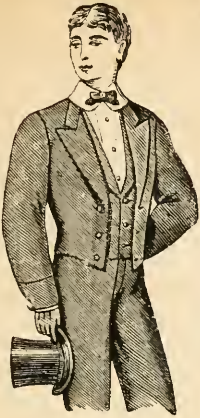

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